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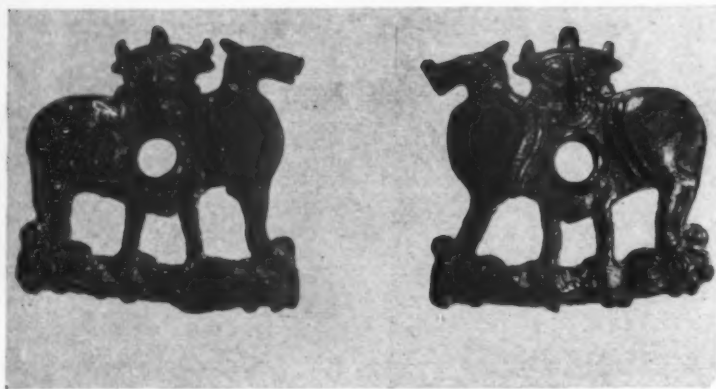
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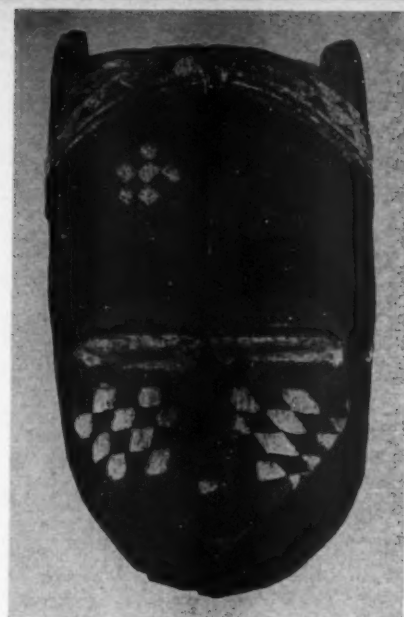
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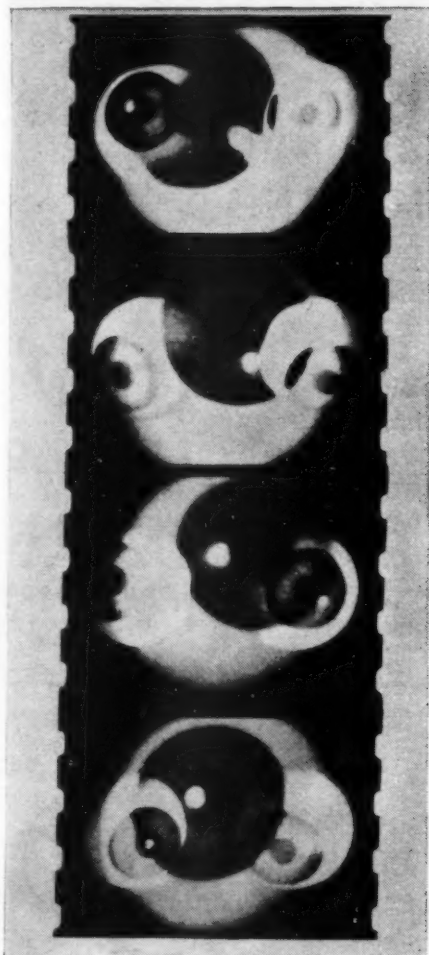
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Pen and ink drawing, 23 × 36 cm., made expressly for  
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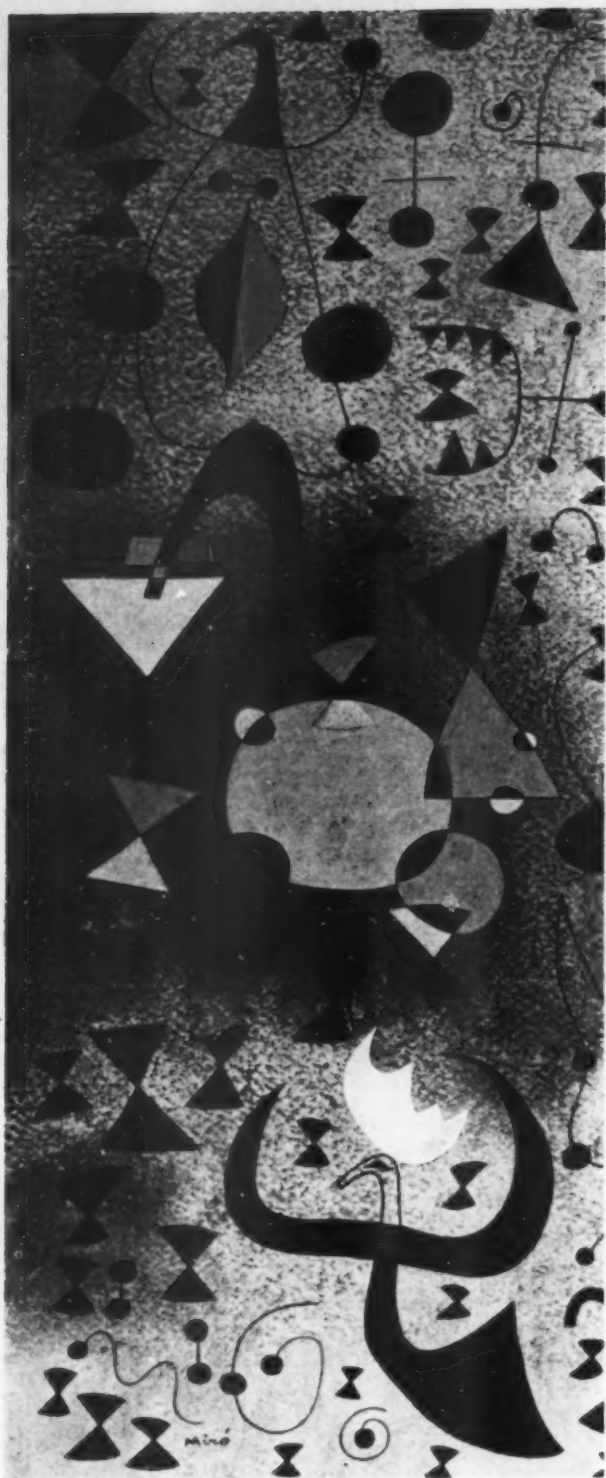
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St. Gall, Switzerland

American readers in particular will be interested to learn of an exhibition which is to be held here by the St. Gall Kunstverein from March 14th till April 26th.

The exhibition consists of paintings by Franz Kline, Joan Mitchell, Mark Rothko, Clyfford Still, Sam Francis, Jensen, Barnett Newman, Alfred Held, Kimber Smith and Alfred Leslie. These have been assembled in part from private collections in Switzerland, and for the rest comprise works purchased in America by Dr. Arnold Rüdlinger, Director of the Basle Kunsthalle, from a sum of 100,000 Swiss Francs (roughly \$23,500) contributed for the purpose by a leading Swiss insurance firm, the Schweizerische National Versicherungsgesellschaft of Basle. The money was used to buy four large canvases by Kline, Rothko, Still and Newman which will be presented to the people of Basle at the wish of Dr. Theler, director of the insurance firm. The Leslie was acquired with a smaller sum contributed by the chemical firm of Geigy. As for the works by the other artists, these too were for the most part selected by Dr. Rüdlinger, acting on behalf of a group of Swiss collectors.

The event marks the first time, so far as the Editor of this magazine is aware, that a European organization, either public or private, has contributed a substantial sum of money for the purchase of paintings by American artists. Insurance companies do not throw their money around, and the event is sure to have repercussions among collectors, dealers and museum officials throughout Western Europe. Its significance may even be grasped in Paris, provoking art critics there—once the best in Europe, in the days of Diderot—to start locking again, to lay down their shovels, put on their thinking caps and leave the stables where most of them pass their time these days.

It is a sign of the times; and the Editor, as an American living in Switzerland, takes special delight in the fact that it occurs here. It confirms him in his belief that opinion in Switzerland, when enlightened, is the most enlightened in Europe.

The event also encourages him to hope that Americans will now take a corresponding interest in Swiss artists. There are many gifted artists here working in contemporary idioms. If their work is not widely known, this is partly because there are deplorably few good galleries in this country—few, that is, that are both courageous and adequately financed—and partly because many of the younger Swiss artists cannot afford to travel and to arrange exhibitions in other countries. Then, too, there is a certain national shyness to be overcome, a disbelief almost that an artist may be Swiss and still able to meet international standards. For in the past this country has not been famous for its art, not so famous as for its schools, its achievements in science, historianship, medicine and psychology, its baroque architecture and precision workmanship. Many Swiss artists therefore suffer from feelings of inferiority, similar to those which have crippled American artists in the past.

But times have changed along the Limmat, Rhine and Rhone, as along the Hudson. Paul Klee, Max Bill, Giacometti, Glarner and Le Corbusier are not the only Swiss artists. New people whom the Editor personally commends to the attention of his readers include the painters Acht, Barth, Rollier, Vera Haller, Lenz Klotz, Franz Fedier and Vulliamy, Hugo Weber, Terbois, Mattmüller, Heselbarth, Mumprecht, Dessauges and Bruno Müller, Froidevaux, von Mühlönen and Diogo Graf. Swiss sculptors of conspicuous talent include Wyss, Koch, Kemeny, Voegeli, Speck, Ramseyer and Robert Müller, Luginbühl, Gürtler, Gisiger, Grossert, Aeschbacher and Condé.

These lists are eclectic, incomplete and uneven. Some of the artists named are more gifted—or at any rate further along—than the others. Some are just beginning; a few are perhaps already over-rated. But all are the "real thing", all deserve your interest and encouragement. —James Fitzsimmons

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# Pittsburgh:

## The Carnegie International

This year's Carnegie International, or Prix Carnegie as it is now called, was probably as lively an exhibition as can be gathered these days, certainly if the intention is to review the activities of artists from all over the world. If outstanding pictures like Franz Kline's "Siegfried" were few in number, the over-all quality of the exhibition was high and gave an impression of great energy and ferment. Carnegie Directors had been subjected to some criticism for not installing the works according to nationality, but I think their mixed presentation was wholly justified, for it tended to underscore international common denominators of style. Only the Latin American pictures were grouped together (they had been selected by Mr. Gomez-Sicré of the Pan American Union rather than by Carnegie Director Gordon Washburn), and this segregation proved meaningless from the stylistic point of view, as it juxtaposed present Parisian ex-Surrealists, like Matta and Lam, with painters like Eduardo Ramírez (Influenced by Ozenfant and Léger) and Cuban auto-didact Jorge Comacho.

In addition to a more extensive selection of paintings than in the past, sculpture was included for the first time, located on islands in the center of the galleries of paintings. The choice of sculptures seemed to me not as distinguished as that of the paintings, partly because of omissions (e. g., Gabriel Kohn) but even more because of the inadequate scale of works representing such diverse personalities as Arp and Stankiewicz. This shortcoming may be due to the tremendous expense of shipping sculpture, a doubly significant factor since the budget must have been severely taxed by the transportation and installation of the over-sized prize-winning works of Calder and Henry Moore, both of which, for my part, could have been omitted from the exhibition.

The vivacity of the present International, as compared with those of 1952–1955, resulted from the increased attention given to non-representational painting. This is the most characteristic, though by no means the only, mode of painting in our time, and any show not based on that premise would be foredoomed. Some people have suggested that it was the prevalence of the Americans that raised the quality of the International; as a matter of fact, there were no more Americans in the present show than in previous ones (about one-third of the total). Moreover, if I remember correctly, the leaders of the New York School—Kline, De Kooning, Gottlieb, and others—were all present in the 1952 International, if not earlier. I feel personally that what made the present collection so successful was the extraordinarily high caliber of the **second generation** of New York School painters who made their debut in force in this exhibition. Angelo Ippolito, Kyle Morris, Ellsworth Kelly, Joan Mitchell, Norman Bluhm, Mike Goldberg, and Jasper Johns (among others) were represented by first rate and entirely independent works. (It is a sign of the quality of these pictures, as well as testimony to a new-found market among American collectors, that all but one or two of these canvases were sold in the opening weeks of the exhibition—a much better showing than that made by the "Old Masters" of either New York or Paris.)

At the same time, the mass elimination of the once ubiquitous semi-abstract and realistic works focussed attention on the few representational painters who survived. If such attention was withering for Braubach, it only helped to illuminate the integrity of Wyeth and Dubuffet. If Lebrun seemed more distasteful, more rhetorical than before, Brodie's modest image radiated painterly freshness.

In the context of the thirteenth year of post-war painting, the few "Founding Fathers" of twentieth century art who remained appeared decidedly weak. Chagall's "Roses and Mimosa" and Braque's sculpture seemed quite alien to the spirit of the works that surrounded them. Picasso's "Children", a quite undistinguished picture, testifies to the continuing crisis of his art. Only Arp held his own and seemed fresh even in the presence of his younger confreres. The impact of his sculpture is felt directly in the work of Viani of Italy and the American James Rosati, while the influence of his collages could be seen indirectly in the paintings of Ubac and Kelly, and in the Motherwell collage.

Compared with Picasso, Matisse, Bonnard, and Braque at their best, these artists of the present School of Paris, who matured during or after World War II, seem relatively effete and limited in scope. At Pittsburgh, Bazaine, Ubac, and Fautrier were the best represented of the group. Bazaine's "Water" has all the subtlety of "cuisine" and delicacy of handling that we expect from this leader of the Parisian tradition. Entirely free of the influence of Cubism, which marked Bazaine's work in the years just after the war, "Water" participates in a world-wide trend toward an art based more on the tenets of Impressionism. Its surface has no figureground structure but an all-over texture that is cohered by the constant thickness of the pigment, the consistent length of the brushstrokes (all about two to three inches), and the ubiquitousness of the crimson and pink tones. The articulation of the field is achieved by subtle shifts in the colouring, and by redirections of the brushstrokes, the prevailing horizontality of which gives way in the upper left and right to more vertical movements.

One-time Surrealist Ubac's handsome "Table" is built on a refined play of tan, blue, grey, and white rectangles, with rough and irregular edges that seem transposed from collage. Fautrier's "Woman", a vague suggestion of a female torso encrusted over an already thick but beautifully articulated field of white lead, seems more alive and less bound by tradition than the Bazaine and Ubac works. He alone, with Dubuffet (who was represented by a recent "assemblage", unfortunately not one of his best), seems to have transcended the new School of Paris while remaining thoroughly French.

The rest of the Parisian painters are not overly impressive. Le Moal's attractively coloured "Archèche", constructed around a loose armature of black lines, closely resembles some of Bazaine's

paintings of around 1950. Manessier's "La Route" shows this artist's style unchanged, but it lacks the variety and compositional freedom of the "Crown of Thorns" purchased by the Carnegie Museum from the last International and exhibited in an adjoining gallery. Though Manessier continues to enjoy tremendous success in France, I have had an increasing feeling that he has exploited all the possibilities of his style and is showing no inclination for change. I have always considered Soulages one of the strongest of the post-Cubist group of French painters, but his formula, too, seems to be wearing thin. The large oil by which he was represented in Pittsburgh did nothing to enhance his stature as a painter. As always, he played at suspending dark bars of colour in front of the glowing space of the picture plane. When previously he allowed diagonal bars into his strongly architectural compositions, he made sure to support them by enclosing them in a framework of verticals and horizontals. This, however, is not the case with the picture in Pittsburgh, where the bars seem to fall without support from the top of the painting like collapsing architecture.

The English were well represented numerically, especially in sculpture, where Armitage, Paolozzi, Butler, and Chadwick showed to advantage. In painting their entries included, however, two forms of realism I find personally distasteful. Old-timer Stanley Spencer's "Four Girls Listening", from a series entitled "Christ Preaching at Cookham Regatta", is a throwback to the Social Realist style of the thirties, without, however, the painterly graces which a Ben Shahn can summon up to sugarcoat his message. John Bratby's "kitchen-sink" style "Interior with Monopoly Board" represents the less idealistic and evangelical, more proletarian post-war version of this tradition. Though, unlike the Spencer, it is painted with at least some attention to the nature of pigment and the possibilities of brushwork, it seems to me more like the work of a promising student than an accomplished professional. The only outstanding British artist shown proved to be Scotsman Alan Davie, whose sumptuously painted "Target for NO Shooting" was one of the notable pictures of the exhibition (and should have been a prize-winner). Against a large and simple geometrical division of the field Davie builds up powerful sequences of organic forms, which have vaguely symbolic but elusive connotations, much like those of Pollock's works in the pre-drip era of 1943-47. He conceives his canvas with a refreshing bigness, and that spirit carries from the compositional architecture to his bold and laureate brushwork. Davie is unquestionably one of the few distinguished talents to have emerged in Europe during the last five years.

If the leading American painters were not as well represented at Pittsburgh as they might have been, the fault lies with the extraordinary demand for their works and in some cases with their distaste for exhibitions of this sort. Rothko, for example, dislikes being shown in mixed exhibitions and so refused to make his work available. (His objections stem not from snobbery, but from his feeling that the particularly architectural character and exceedingly restrained quality of his painting suffers in juxtaposition with other styles. He allows his paintings to be shown only as a group, as was the case with last summer's Venice Biennale. Carnegie Director Washburn was thus forced to borrow a Rothko from a private collector. Unhappily, he chose a picture that dates from 1953 which, in its relative multiplicity of colours, seems to lack the distillation and perfection of the more recent Rothkos. Also, it is exceedingly small (for Rothko), and consequently fails to establish the presence, the sense of environment, that we feel in the more monumentally scaled works. As for Clyfford Still, who objects to this type of exhibition on different grounds, apparently no canvas of his could be found.

Adolph Gottlieb was represented by "Blast II", one of a series of brilliantly conceived pictures that has occupied him over the last year or so, in which his sense of the magic possibilities of pictographic symbols has merged with a large bold style that, for the first time, carries his work beyond the confines of easel painting. All these pictures contain a freely painted disk of colour—in the case of the Pittsburgh picture, green—which hovers over a more complex (and usually darker) form with irregular projections and jagged edges. It is as if his previous symbolic vocabulary had been purified to these two essential and opposing shapes.

Most impressive of the New York School entries, in part by virtue of sheer size and overwhelming intensity of application, was Franz Kline's "Siegfried". Like the work of the last few years, this is less a projection of a kind of giant black calligraphy on a white ground than an exploration of the painterly possibilities of the grey scale. The blacks emerge gradually like giant waves from the play of

grey surf and loom large and ominous as though part of a cosmos whipped into turmoil by Wotan. If any one painting stood out as an obvious prize-winner, it was this one. Regrettably, it seemed beyond the judges.

Which brings us to the painful question of the prizes. As most readers probably know by now, these were awarded for painting to Tapiès (Spain), Afro (Italy), Burri (Italy), Vieira da Silva (France), and Palazuelo (France, born in Spain) in that order, with Camille Bryen (France) receiving honorable mention. In sculpture, the three prizes went to Alexander Calder (U.S.A.), Henry Moore (England), and César (France), with Pietro Consagra (Italy) coming in for an honorable mention. New Yorkers were astounded that in spite of the increasing recognition of the germinal importance of the New York School pioneers, not one of the five prizes in painting went to them. By the same token, the American sculptor who did receive a prize is one who has been associated with European art and whose style, of pre-World War II derivation, bears little relationship to the new American art.

It does appear that the judges went out of their way to avoid acknowledging the advent of post-war American painting. This has caused a great deal of bitterness around New York, which has found expression in criticism of the International, an attitude that is not called for by the well-chosen exhibition itself. It should be remembered that the Directors of the exhibition do not instruct the judges on how to vote and cannot be held directly responsible for their decisions. At the same time, Mr. Washburn and his colleagues most certainly have a voice in choosing the panel of judges and a close look at its personnel reveals a marked predisposition. Superficially, the choices would numerically seem to favor America. In addition to French painter Ubac and art historian Lionello Venturi of Italy, there were Mary Callery (American sculptress), James Johnson Sweeney, Director of the Guggenheim Museum, actor-collector Vincent Price (straightfacedly described in the press release as an "authority on art"), and Marcel Duchamp. But though four of the six jurors are American (I believe Duchamp is now a citizen), their positions in the art world and their views are Europophile, and this was surely known to Mr. Washburn.

Of the prize-winning paintings, only that of Tapiès seems to me to merit any recognition of this sort. His painting is a leathery, completely grey work built upon an opposition of two trapezoidal areas. Though it is in the spirit of the works he showed at Venice, it testifies to his freshness and his ability to keep style from becoming formula. The Afro is a craftsmanly job in the artist's now very familiar style, a picture of perhaps excessive refinement and one that will appeal strongly to interior decorators. The classically ordered Burri, accomplished by gluing large strips of wood veneer to the surface, is very handsome but lacks the vitality and mordancy of his burlap pictures. Since I seem singularly insensitive to the charms of Vieira da Silva, I shall pass over her picture without comment. The effete tendencies of the jury's taste were epitomized in the award of honorable mention to Bryen's "Floral Envelope", a tasteful unadventurous pastiche of elements familiar in the past work of Bazaine, Manessier, et al.

I am afraid that Calder's sculpture has never had the intensity to sustain monumental scale, and least of all in recent years when his imagination has seemed relatively infertile. His 28-foot iron and aluminum "Pittsburgh" may have been made with a view to permanent installation in the Carnegie Museum, but if this is so, Calder has made a serious mistake in scale. Hung in the stairwell so that it is opposite the balcony walks of the second and third floors (where the exhibition is housed), "Pittsburgh" is too large to be taken in comfortably and does not fit in at all with the eclectic "Philistine Solid" interior of the Carnegie Museum. The piece is so large that the spectator becomes painfully conscious of the big hooks and catches which are used to hold it together, and the effect of this sudden awareness of the 'machinery' (which we do not have in Calder's more normally scaled works) is disastrous. If this piece were seen at a distance in another type of architectural setting, its problems would be minimized, but even then it would seem rather inflated. The Moore is a particularly heavy and inarticulate repetition of what has become a tiresome formula, and the César a rather naturalistic looking example of this fantasist's often more interesting work. If, all in all, the sculpture awards caused less hue and cry here than those for painting, it was not so much, I think, because an American won a prize as that the state of sculpture throughout the world is rather depressed and the number of top-flight contenders were few.





FRANZ KLINE: Siegfried, 1958. Oil on canvas. 103 × 81 inches.  
(Courtesy Sidney Janis Gallery, New York.)





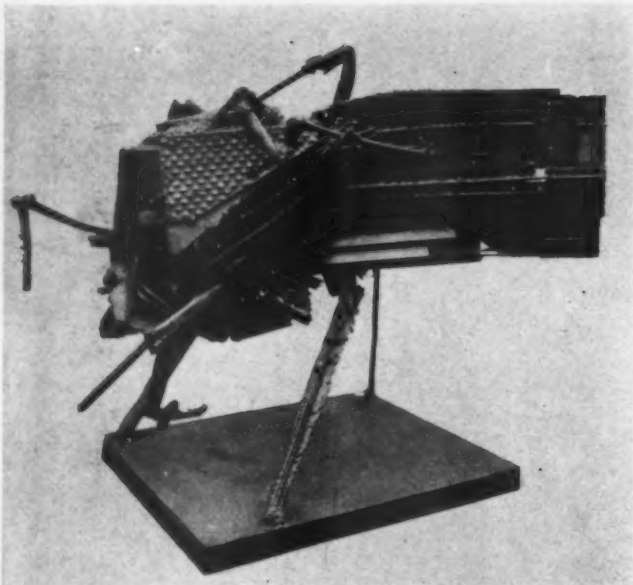
AFRO: Villa Florent, 1958. Awarded 2nd Painting Prize.



ALAN DAVIE: Target for NO Shooting, 1958. Oil on canvas.



NORMAN BLUHM: Squall.



CESAR: Animale Organico, 1955-56. Iron Sculpture. Awarded 3rd Sculpture Prize. (Collection of G. David Thompson, Pittsburgh.)



BURRI: Grande Legno 2, 1958. Awarded 3rd Painting Prize.



GIO POMODORO: Growing, 1957. Metal Sculpture.



MICHAEL GOLDBERG: Mianis Gorge No. 2, 1958.

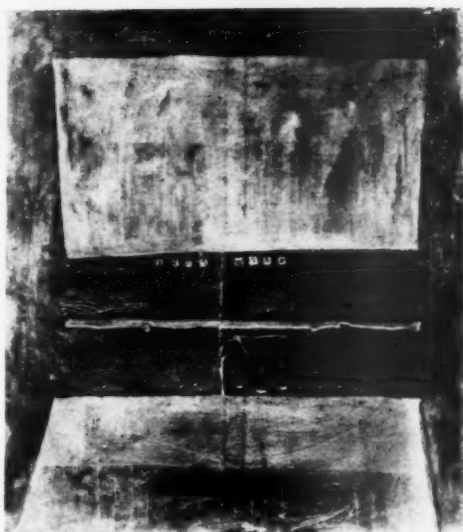
ARP: Three Buds, 1957.  
Marble Sculpture.



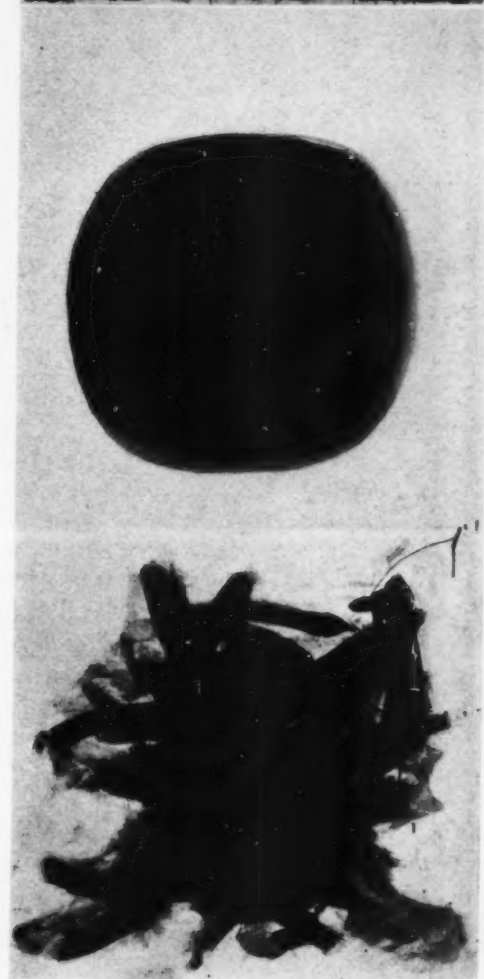
JASPER JOHNS:  
Grey Numbers, 1958.  
(Awarded Anonymous  
Donation to Foster  
Good Will through the  
Arts.)



TAPIES: Painting, 1958.  
(Awarded 1st Painting  
Prize.)



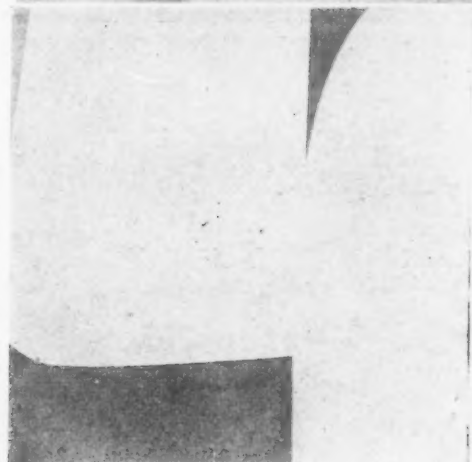
GOTTLIEB:  
Blast II, 1957.  
Oil on canvas.  
(Collection Joseph  
E. Seagram and Sons,  
New York.)

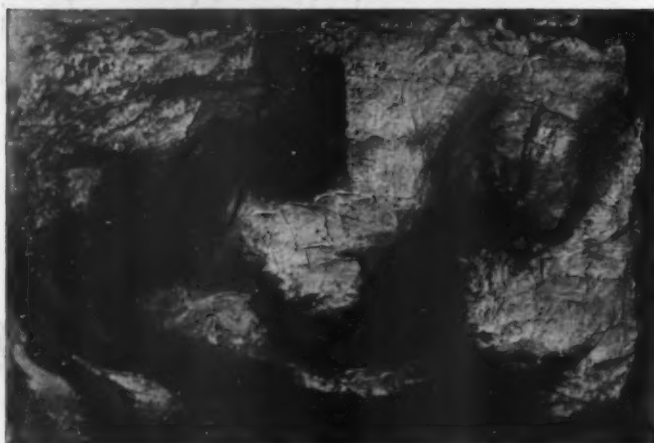
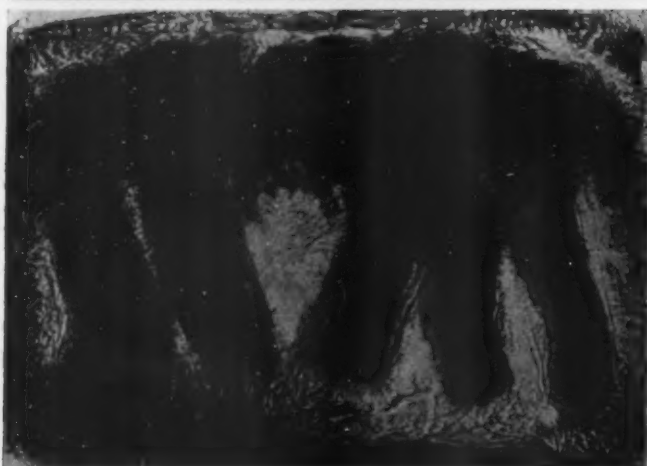
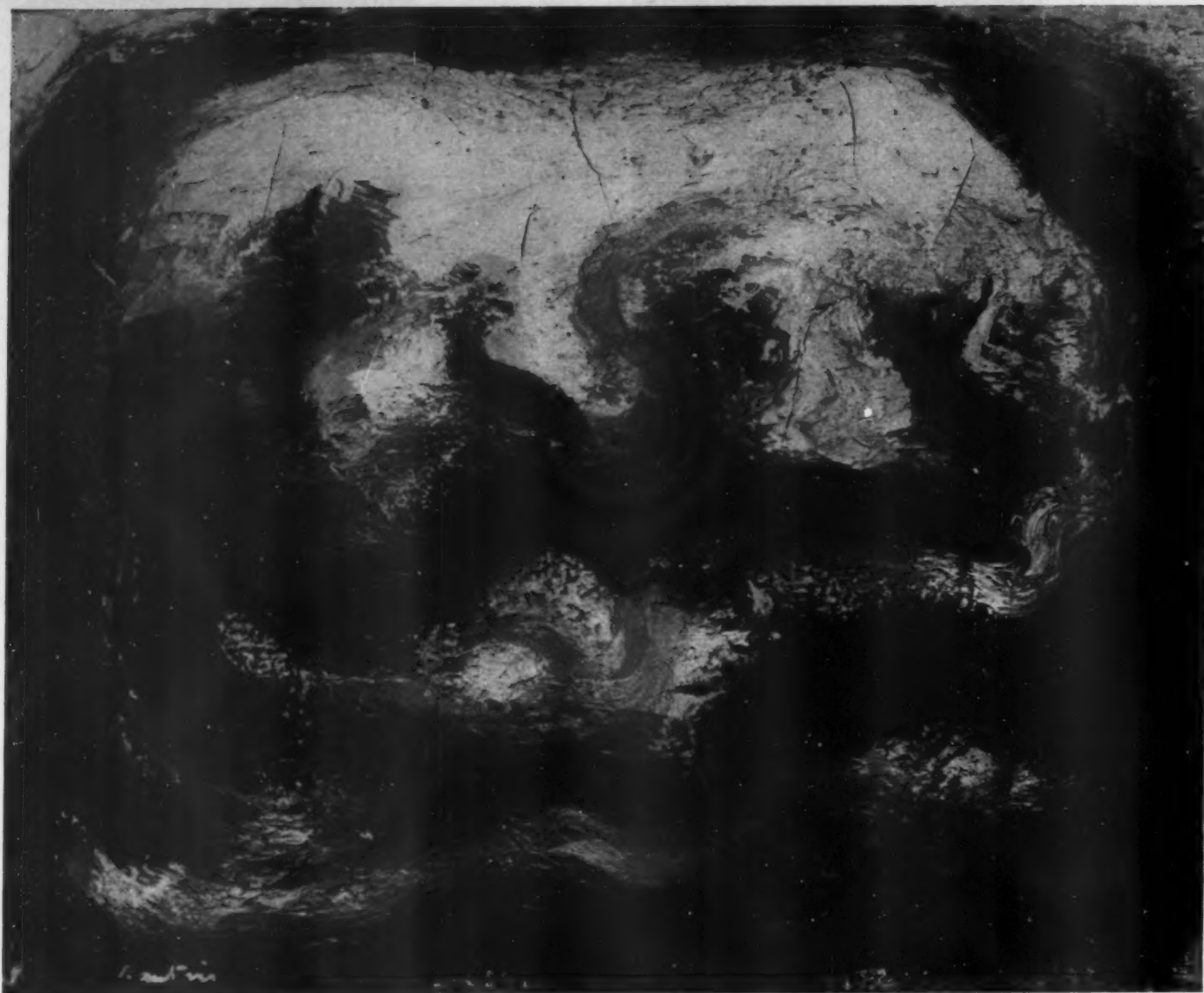


CONSAGRA:  
Deep Colloquy, 1956.  
Metal Sculpture.



ELLSWORTH KELLY:  
Aubade, 1957.





Pierre Restany

## Fautrier

### et l'insurrection contre la forme

Une bibliographie abondante et une série d'expositions anthologiques permettent aujourd'hui de mieux situer Fautrier dans le contexte artistique. Ce précurseur de l'informel, cet inventeur d'une technique originale se rattache à une grande tradition du lyrisme pictural, tout à fait étrangère à l'ordre cézannien ou cubiste des représentations géométriques, celle des Turner et des Monet. Considérée sous cet angle, l'aventure de Fautrier revêt une singulière cohérence, trop longtemps masquée par les ornières du destin ou les soudains silences de l'homme.

Il a 60 ans. Il appartient à la génération intermédiaire, située entre les respectables ancêtres de l'abstraction (Kandinsky, Klee, De-launay, Mondrian, Malévitch, Arp) et les peintres de 30 ans. C'est la génération de 1945, celle de l'immédiate après-guerre: celle des Wols, des Dubuffet, des Bryen, des Hartung. Celle aussi des Bazaine, des Estève, des Poliakoff, des Manessier. Au-delà de l'essentielle diversité de leurs démarches, un dénominateur commun rassemble ces nouveaux maîtres de l'École de Paris. Leur personnalité artistique s'est affirmée dans la période de l'entre-deux guerres, c'est-à-dire à une époque mouvante, de totale remise en question. Ils



ont tous été, par des voies directes ou indirectes, tributaires de l'acquit culturel immédiatement antérieur, celui des divers mouvements qui ont vu le jour dans les 30 premières années de ce siècle. Aucun n'a pu éviter à l'époque de sa formation, ce débat fondamental, cette option entre les voies de la tradition et celles de l'Aventure. Chez certains, l'évolution a été lente, menée sans à-coups, avec le souci constant de justifier chaque étape et le désir de ménager ce qui constituait pour eux les «valeurs permanentes» de la peinture. Leur non-figuration est demeurée fidèle aux impératifs post-cubistes de composition et de structure. D'autres se sont révoltés. Refusant de sacrifier aux dogmes établis, ils ont payé comptant la dure rançon de cette liberté de l'esprit. Ils travaillèrent dans la solitude, l'oubli, l'indifférence. Leurs progrès furent souterrains et tardive fut leur révélation au grand jour. Leur explosivité en fut accrue d'autant. Fautrier se place au premier rang de ces rares aventuriers dont la brusque intervention provoqua en 1945 une extraordinaire accélération de l'Histoire de l'Art.

\* \* \*

Les exégètes de Fautrier placent en 1943 la charnière essentielle de son œuvre. Cette date coïncide avec le début de la série des Otages et la mise au point de sa technique de peinture sur papier avec enduit. Un flash-back sur le premier volet de ce dyptique s'impose.

Fautrier, né à Paris en 1898, part en Angleterre à l'âge de 11 ans. Il y recevra la traditionnelle éducation artistique, à la Royal Academy of Art, puis à la Slade School. Ce sera la rencontre avec l'école Paysagiste anglaise, de Constable à Turner. Le jeune étudiant se pénétrera de ce lyrisme diffus de la campagne anglaise, il fera l'apprentissage de la liberté aux bords-mêmes de cette Tamise où Monet était venu puiser ses panthéistes exaltations. C'est à ce séjour en Angleterre, aux moments décisifs de la formation de sa personnalité que Fautrier doit le panthéisme lyrique qui ne cessera d'animer son œuvre, conditionnant ainsi son profond et constant attachement à la nature.

Cette dimension cosmique affectera d'emblée les toiles expressionnistes de ses débuts parisiens, après la guerre, aux alentours de 1923. Elle justifiera également son constant refus de céder à

l'analyse cubiste. (Il rejoint en ce sens Hartung dans une répulsion commune à l'égard du «statisme» cubiste.) Elle constitue enfin la clé de toutes les anticipations prémonitoires, si troublantes par leur fréquence et leur originalité au cours de son œuvre. Au-delà d'une apparente complexité de détail, les paysages de Fautrier constituent pour l'amateur le fil d'Ariane de ce labyrinthe. Leur étude évolutive permet de reconstituer l'effarante unité du personnage.

A 25 ans, alors que triomphe à Paris le Surréalisme et que les suiveurs du Cubisme en exploitent l'étiquette, Fautrier peint des Nus sombres et des Bêtes écorchées. La remise en question de la Forme commence dès les premières séries de paysages. Ce sont, à partir de 1925, les Glaciers où s'affirme dans l'irradiation blanche de la neige effaçant les contours, le parti-pris de totale réversibilité et d'intégration spatiale assumé par l'auteur. Désormais, le peintre demeurera fidèle à cette vision cosmique de la nature. Les exemples abondent. Ce sont les extraordinaires paysages des années 28 et 29 (la peinture en jaune et gris de 1929 pour n'en citer qu'une) et les gouaches abstraites qui jalonnent cette époque jusqu'en 1939. En 1928 encore, Fautrier réalisa pour les Éditions Gallimard une série de lithographies destinées à une édition de luxe de «l'Enfer» de Dante. Le livre, malheureusement, ne verra pas le jour, mais les illustrations furent exposées en 1939 chez Gallimard. Elles sont depuis longtemps dispersées, mais l'artiste en possède quelques unes, remarquables d'anticipation et d'actualité prémonitoires.

Les plus récents tableaux de 1957 ou de 1958, Oregon, Deep Waters, Sunset in Alabama, rejoignent les «Moraines si l'on veut», les «Vues de Port-Cros» et les lithos de «l'Enfer». Et l'on retrouve chez Fautrier, tout au long de trente années de peinture cette imagination cosmique de l'espace pictural, ce panthéisme lyrique qui conduit à la totale interpénétration des éléments. Ainsi apparaissent les liens profonds qui rattachent l'auteur à la vieille tradition cosmique du paysage, celle des peintres chinois de l'époque Scng, des romantiques anglais, du Monet des Nymphéas. Et se dévoilent en même temps les gestes transcendants d'une spatialité nouvelle d'où naquirent Tachisme et Informel.

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Facing page: Top, Peinture en Jaune et Gris, 1928; Center, La Forêt, 1930 (Collection Alexander Iolas, New York). Bottom, Paysage, 1941 (Collection Jeanne Castel, Paris).

This page: Better than nothing, 1958 (Collection Giuseppe Panza di Biumo, Milan). All clichés courtesy Galleria Apollinaire, Milan.



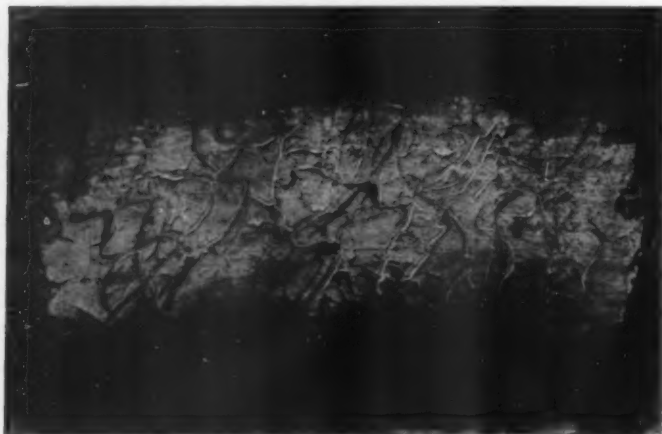
Il n'y a pour les grands de la peinture qu'un seul titre de gloire: leur unité d'être, leur cohérence en soi, acquise, imposée, maintenue tout au long d'une vie de travail. Ce sont ces équilibres fondamentaux et rigoureusement individuels qui donnent la mesure des grandes œuvres. Qu'importe si ces quelques animaux rares font mauvais ménage, s'ils se détruisent les uns les autres à la manière des purs-sang mâles. C'est le rythme-même du progrès de l'Art.

Si dans le contexte actuel, Fautrier est l'un des rares peintres dont l'œuvre nous rassure, il nous rassure en fait comme Cézanne doit rassurer les post-cubistes, c'est-à-dire par la cohérence unitaire d'une démarche. Et si Fautrier bouscule Cézanne, c'est parce qu'il en a le droit, ayant acquis l'altitude nécessaire. La grandeur de Fautrier, c'est celle de l'insurgé vainqueur. Son combat: l'insurrection contre la forme.

Ça a commencé très tôt, de pair avec l'approfondissement de sa vision picturale, par la lente élaboration d'une technique nouvelle. Si Fautrier se situe d'emblée dans la grande tradition des peintres cosmiques, c'est qu'il est le premier de nos contemporains (cette génération de 1945) à avoir refusé l'ordre néo-cézannien et cubiste de la représentation objective. La prise de position est immédiate dès les premières toiles expressionnistes de 1923. Nous en avons situé plus haut les enchevêtrements logiques jusqu'en 1930 et au-delà. Mais cela ne suffisait pas à cet enragé de Fautrier. Pour crier plus fort, il voulait disposer d'un langage nouveau. A partir de 1930, il fait porter tous ses efforts dans ce sens et en 1932 abandonne définitivement la peinture sur toile.

Fautrier s'est expliqué très clairement à ce sujet: «Je désirais me composer une palette bien à moi, un système où le dessin devait avoir sa place et une place importante sans que la couleur ou la pâte viennent déranger son sens, et puis il y avait autre chose: la peinture à l'huile me dégoûtait. C'est un procédé employé depuis 400 ans et où à peu près tout avait été expérimenté.»

Tout est là: la spatialité de Fautrier, sa conception originale de l'espace, réside dans l'équilibre acquis entre ces trois normes techniques: la matière, le dessin, la couleur. Les combinaisons peuvent être complexes, diverses aussi les intrications respectives, mais aucune de ces présences essentielles n'est sacrifiée au profit d'une autre. La technique inaugurée par Fautrier lui a permis de mener ce triple jeu sans tricher, réalisant au sein d'une œuvre unitaire la libre autonomie de ces trois moyens picturaux. Cette technique, c'est la peinture sur papier avec un enduit à la colle et l'emploi des épaisseurs d'huile. Sur la pâte, parfois épaisse comme un bas-relief vient couler un graphisme léger posé à l'encre ou à l'aquarelle. De la matière-même jaillissent des lignes rapides et cursives qui vont et viennent, suscitent des contours pour immédiatement les détruire, s'affirment et se contredisent, bref



Les trois arbres (Collection Galerie Rive Droite, Paris).

laissent libre cours à toutes les antinomies de l'instinct. La couleur est réintroduite en une poussière de pastel broyé qui, saupoudrant le tout, vient s'incorporer à l'enduit mis à chaud.

Il aura fallu à l'artiste dix ans de travail et d'expériences pour mettre au point cette technique révolutionnaire qui venait si parfaitement se mettre au service d'une imagination transcendante de la matière. En 1942, c'est l'aboutissement, avec les premiers Otages, exposés en 1945 à Paris chez René Drouin.

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All Alone (Private Collection).

Voilà donc ce que sont techniquement «Les Otages» comme d'ailleurs toutes les séries postérieures, les Nus, les Objets, les Partisans. Un langage aussi supérieurement dominé est un outil parfait de communication en profondeur. Nous ressentons devant une œuvre de Fautrier une émotion durable et profonde, élémentaire. Devant les Otages ou les Partisans de Budapest nous ressentons biologiquement l'horreur et les soubresauts de répulsion du poète. Les Nus nous donnent une perception quasi-physique de l'érotisme. Les paysages de Fautrier sont des lambeaux d'infini arrachés au néant des apparences et restitués dans leur nature quintessentielle. Là réside la bouleversante grandeur de cette œuvre. Mais aussi sa difficulté de lecture pour les petits cerveaux bien-pensants.

A ce niveau de la vie élémentaire où se situe l'aventure créatrice de Fautrier, l'humanisme des bons sentiments, la claire logique des choses sont radicalement exclus. Il y a dans l'horreur une ineffable tendresse pour l'objet de la répulsion. Pourquoi la passer sous silence au nom d'un quelconque plaidoyer de bon ton? Il y a de bien jolis verts, de bien jolis roses dans les Otages. Ces valeurs chromatiques contrastent étrangement avec la dureté de la pâte, son côté écrasé, arraché. Le secret de l'ambiguïté de Fautrier réside sans doute dans une vérité plus profonde et plus essentielle.

En 1945, ces épaisses omelettes aux tragiques couleurs tendres surprisent et déplurent à un public avide de joies simples et rassurantes qui tolérât mal l'essentielle angoisse d'être qu'entendait assumer cette peinture.

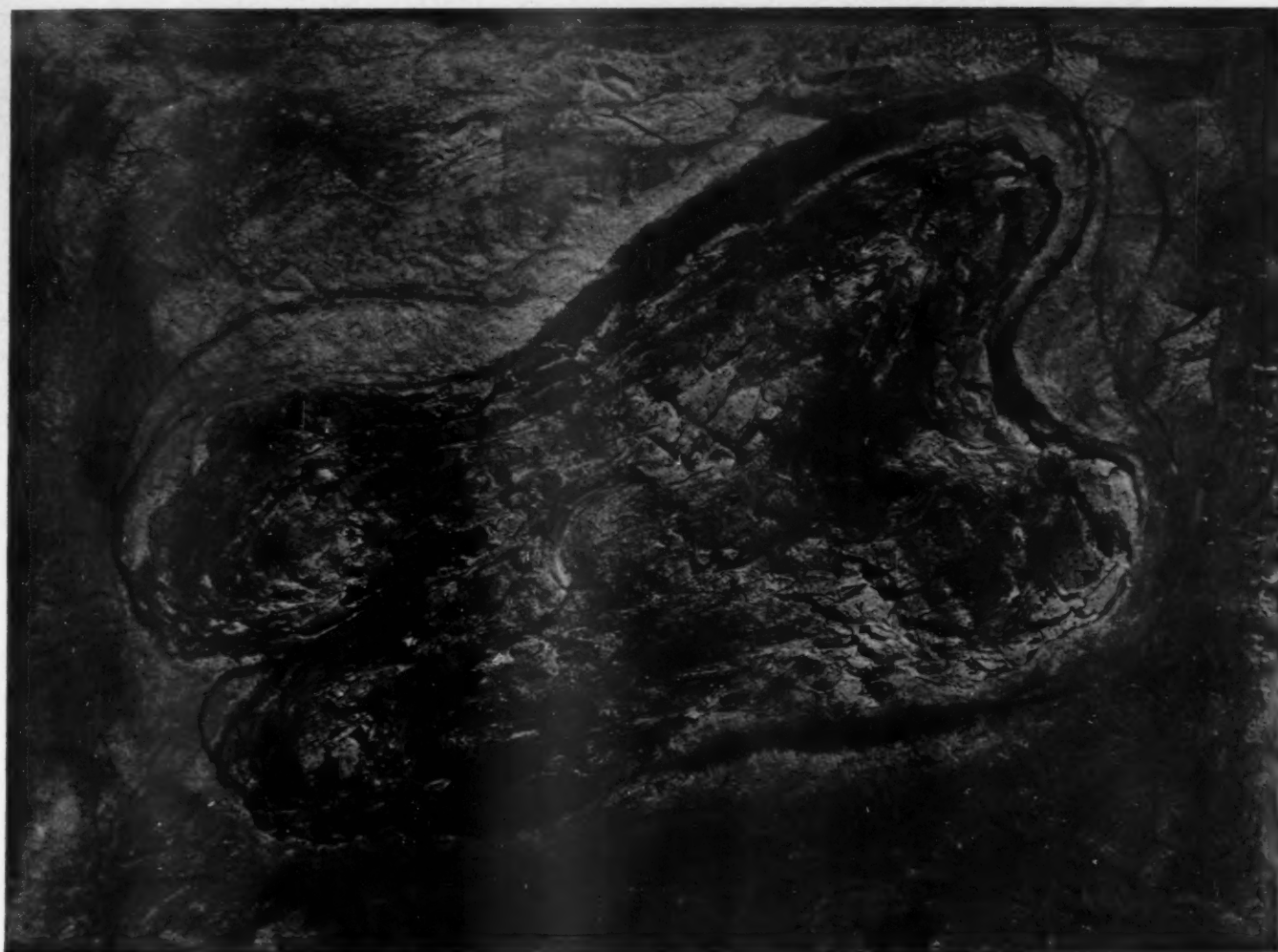
Au-delà même de cet importun tourment, les gens capables de voir plus avant étaient eux aussi décontenancés. Ils sentaient implicitement tout ce que ces tableaux apportaient de neuf, d'étrange, d'explosif, toutes les sous-jacentes virtualités qu'ils avaient en eux. Oui, il se passait quelque chose: l'insurrection anti-formaliste était déclenchée. La lutte constante et ignorée menée par cet homme seul se poursuivait désormais en plein jour.

Les Otages affirmaient l'existence d'une peinture délivrée à jamais de la forme en soi, où la forme malmenée, éclatée, transcendée n'est plus que prétexte à sa négation même. C'est en ce sens et avec toutes les précautions qui s'imposent, que nous pouvons utiliser la notion d'Informel.

Fautrier, en créant cette spatialité synthétique a anéanti la classique notion de Forme. Une œuvre de Fautrier est un espace synthétique où viennent se rejoindre, au terme de cheminements indépendants, les divers moyens picturaux devenus autonomes et libérés de leur traditionnelle interdépendance. Matière, trait, couleur, jouent à armes égales. Aucune hiérarchie de valeurs, aucun parti-pris hégémonique à la base de cette spatialité originale. Tel est le troublant, le périlleux, l'inimitable équilibre de synthèse qu'impose Fautrier à son lecteur. La notion de Forme se présente toujours comme le produit d'un système radicalement contraire dans ses fins. La forme naît précisément de l'étroite dépendance des moyens picturaux, de la supériorité de la ligne sur la couleur, de l'entière soumission de la matière au contour graphique.

Avant Wols ou Pollock, l'Informel est né le jour où fut réalisée cette libération concomitante de la couleur, de la matière et du trait. Cette victoire sur la Forme nous donne l'exacte mesure d'une œuvre et de son auteur. La rage de Fautrier est unique. Il est de ces catalyseurs de l'histoire qui en accélèrent le cours et en libèrent les hypothèques.





FAUTRIER: Baby, on bluish ground. Private Collection, Paris.

Pierre Restany

An abundant bibliography and a series of anthological exhibitions make it possible today better to situate Fautrier in the artistic context. This precursor of the non-formal (the "Informel"), this inventor of an original technique belongs to a great tradition of pictorial lyricism which is completely foreign to the Cézannian or cubist order of geometric representation: that of Turner and Monet. Viewed from this angle Fautrier's career shows a singular coherence too long concealed by the paths of destiny and the sudden silences of man.

He is 60 years old. He belongs to the middle generation, between the respectable ancestors of abstraction (Kandinsky, Klee, Delaunay, Mondrian, Malevitch and Arp) and the painters of 30. This is the generation of 1945, of the immediate post-war, of Wols, Dubuffet, Bryen and Hartung. It is also that of Bazaine, Estève, Poliakoff and Manessier. Beyond the essential diversity of their approaches a common denominator unites these new masters of the School of Paris. Their artistic personalities were affirmed in the period between the two wars, that is to say, in a turbulent epoch when everything was put in question. They have all been, directly or indirectly, tributaries of the immediately anterior cultural acquisition, that of the various movements which saw the light of day during the first 30 years of this century. None was able at the time of his formation to escape this fundamental debate, this choice between the ways of tradition and those of adventure. With some, the evolution has been slow, carried on indecisively, with a constant concern to justify each stage and to preserve that which constituted for them the "permanent values" of painting. Their nonfiguration has remained faithful to the post-cubist tenets of composition and structure. Others are revolutionaries. Refusing to

## Jean Fautrier

### and the insurrection against form

(Freely translated by J. S.)

make sacrifice to the established dogmas, they have paid the full price for their freedom of spirit. They worked in solitude, forgotten and ignored. Their progress was underground and their emergence into the light of day belated. Through that their explosivity became all the greater. Fautrier belongs in the first rank of those rare adventurers whose brusque intervention provoked in 1945 an extraordinary acceleration in the history of art. Fautrier's exegetists place the essential turning point in his work in 1943. This date coincides with the beginning of the "Hostages" series and the perfecting of his technique of painting on paper with plaster. But a flashback to the first panel of the diptych is necessary.

Born in Paris in 1898, Fautrier left for England at the age of 11. There he received the traditional artistic education, first at the Royal Academy of Art and then at the Slade School. This was his meeting with the English landscape tradition from Constable to Turner, and the young student immersed himself in the diffuse lyricism of the English countryside. He made his apprenticeship in freedom along the banks of that same Thames from which Monet drew his pantheistic exaltations. It is to this sojourn in England during the decisive moments in the formation of his personality that Fautrier owes the lyrical pantheism which unceasingly animates his work, conditioning his deep and steady attachment to nature. This cosmic dimension was to affect from the start the expressionist canvases of his early days in Paris after the war, around 1923. It also explains his constant rejection of cubist analysis. (In this sense he rejoins Hartung in a common rejection of the static character of cubism.) And finally it provides the key to all the premonitory anticipations, so troubling in their frequency and originality, through the course of his work. Over and beyond their



FAUTRIER: Hostage, No. 7. Private collection. Block courtesy Städtische Museum, Leverkusen, where an important retrospective exhibition of Fautrier's work was held this past winter.



apparent complexity of detail, Fautrier's landscapes are for the student the Ariane's thread of this labyrinth. A study of their evolution makes it possible to reconstruct the bewildering unity of the man.

At 25, when surrealism was triumphing in Paris and the followers of Cubism were exploiting the label, Fautrier painted somber nudes and flayed animals. The total questioning of form begins with the first series of landscapes. It is in the "Glaciers", beginning in 1925—in the white irradiation of the snow effacing the contours—that the author's option in favour of total reversibility and of spatial integration is affirmed. From there on the painter was to remain faithful to this cosmic vision of nature. Examples abound. There are the extraordinary landscapes of '28 and '29 (the "Painting in

Yellow and Gray" of 1929, to mention only one) and the abstract gouaches which mark this period up until 1939. In 1928 Fautrier also completed a series of lithographs intended for a de luxe edition of Dante's "Inferno" for the firm of Gallimard. The book never saw the day unfortunately, but the illustrations were exhibited in 1939 at Gallimard's. They have long since been dispersed but the artist still owns some of them, remarkable for their anticipation of later things and their premonitory topicality.

The most recent pictures of 1957 or 1958, "Oregon", "Deep Waters", "Sunset in Alabama", hark back to the "Moraines, if you wish", the "Views of Port-Cros", and the lithographs for the "Inferno". And one finds in Fautrier throughout the course of 30 years of painting

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# Le Corbusier

## and some London exhibitions

The large exhibition of Le Corbusier, staged in Zurich in 1957, has reached Britain. It was seen first in Liverpool where excellent attendance broke the usual Winter dead time at the Walker Art Gallery, and now in London, at the Building Centre. It is a handsome exhibition, presented in Britain with prestigious backing from top architects. The show, though it is full of plans and projects, is not really documentary; it is a gesture of "hommage", with the same driving breathless approval given to everything the master touches. He is represented by his friends as a poet; he is certainly a communications expert. He has a dashing mastery of graphic and verbal communications: his knack of coining symbols (the modular man) would not shame an advertising agency; his flair for slogans would not shame a politician. His least notion, as well as his gravest performances, are spread round the world in pamphlets, magazines, the *Oeuvres Complètes*, in exhibitions like the present one.

Le Corbusier's greatness is incontestable, but his genius is, in many respects, at the service of a mischievous view of the world. As an architect of beautiful once-only buildings, of unique structures, he is, as everybody says, great. However, as a man who would rehouse the world, as Mr. Universe, his position is dogmatic and untenable. He is at the heart of the architects' professional delusion that their role is central to the well-being of the world. The profession oscillates between paranoid world-modellers and abject servants of speculators and bureaucrats. The demand of Le Corbusier that we reform our lives in accordance with his buildings is typical of architects' leaning towards omnipotence. His desire to change the world and, hence, our lives, is based on a defective view of "reality". To live in a Corb-world would be to live in a mythology, an "Arabian Nights" on pylons.

Le Corbusier's attitude to the future is of the greatest importance when we consider his plans for a global habitat. The fact that projects of his of the 1920s are being built in the 1950s seems, at first, to be a proof of his ability to look ahead and anticipate the future. Town plans of the kind that he revels in must be future-oriented. Early Utopian planners may easily be criticised for their perfect and static cities without development plans. Le Corbusier's projects, however, are accompanied by talk of flexibility and expansion. The buildings of his cities are projected for the Future History of man against which he plans and builds. However, the forward-lookingness of his "ville radieuse" is based on a highly personal reading of the future; it is a fixed projection of Le Corbusier's decisions about the future which "remain obstinately tied to realities free from political passion" (to quote Le Corbusier's first *Modulor* book.) This freedom is illusory for there are no non-political actions on the public scale on which he works and plans. Compared with existing post-war techniques of extrapolation and prediction Le Corbusier's guesses are wayward and idiosyncratic: compared to a player of the theory of games, for example, Le Corbusier is reading teacups.

Utopianism has, of course, an important ideological function: it is an extrapolation of present needs into future forms. It is, at its best, a creative criticism of the present in the service of the future towards which every human action leads. However, Utopianism can also be, as it is in Le Corbusier's case, I think, the expression of a grand desire rather than the fulfilment of accurate data. The truth of Le Corbusier's diagrammatic Utopia conflicts with the data of reality. For example, the "ville radieuse" is a simple conflation of two ideas: towers for high density combined with green space for everybody. It was an observant non-architect, William H. Whyte,

who pointed out the results of this; though formally handsome in model and plan form, towers in big greens are stark and collective to the occupants. Basically the "ville radieuse" is inhospitable to man, which ought to be the worst thing you can say about architecture. Another American sociologist, David Riesman, has drawn attention to the same social failure when he referred scathingly to Le Corbusier's 'World's Fair kind of city' of the future.

There is a fundamental clash between human use and architectural form. Utopian plans (whether Renaissance—at which Le Corbusier sneers, or his own) increase the friction that already exists between architect and client, between buildings and their users. On the whole, architects of any consequence, like a certain kind of old-fashioned general, tend to place formal and esthetic decisions above human values (Mies van der Rohe is another fantastic and awesome example). Towns are the result of many people's work, but Le Corbusier would deny non-architects the right to make decisions about the visible form of cities. This, of course, postulates instantly an incredible impoverishment of the city as a spectacle. Sociologists, demographers, geographers, the military, would act only as consultants in Corb-land. But the design of cities must be measured by our experiences of real cities as data, and not just be high-level abstractions about the city of the future and the way we 'should' live.

Urbanism is usually an effort at containing diversity. The complexity of appearance of the city is the visible sign of its diversity of function in time and space. Giedion, a brilliant apologist of Le Corbusier's, has discussed the spatial and temporal intricacy of modern architecture. However, what of the existing space-time depth of any city-area? 'Buildings that have existed for several decades', as John Rannells points out, go through 'a succession of uses'. Rannells goes on from a discussion of 'changes in the use of "permanent" structures' to define the city in terms of 'activity systems'. The monolithic town plans of Le Corbusier, for all their Giedion-esque esthetic virtues of "pilotis", free plan, free façade, are inflexible, stubbornly resistant to changes in human use. Le Corbusier's very brilliance as a designer is precisely what makes him so dictatorial about people's fate in space. He sees superb aesthetic possibilities which it would be artistic bad faith to qualify in the direction of multiple use and change. In fact, the city as a compendium of time-binding and successive activities, is the opponent of the ambitious architect. No wonder that the majority of architects (even if they don't hate the city as madly as Frank Lloyd Wright does) seem to regard it as, at best, an ignoble setting for good architecture.

The opposition of human use and architectural ideals might be thought to be solved by Le Corbusier's modular system, an anthropometric system keyed to human proportions. Rudolf Wittkower has pointed out that "by taking, instead of universals, man in his environment as his starting point, Le Corbusier has accepted the shift from absolute to relative standards". That is true, if you approach the modular man from the Renaissance. The main argument for the modular aside from arguable maths, reprinted testimonials from top people, and applications of it to St. Sophia, Cistercian ruins, the Bayeux tapestry, etc.) is that its use aids the achievement of human scale. "These figures pin down the human body at the decisive points of its occupation of space" (foot, solar plexus, head, fingers of the raised hand).

However, human engineers also collect information about human occupancy of space and if one approaches the modular man from



their data, instead of via Palladio, the system appears not so much relative as arbitrary. There was trouble in marrying the metrics of the modulator with Anglo-Saxon feet-and-inches. 'Py said: "The values of the modulator in its present form are determined by the body of a man 1.75 m. in height. But isn't that rather a French height? Have you ever noticed that in English detective novels the goodlooking men—such as the policemen—are always 6 feet tall?"' Thus, the world is to be measured by the tall, goodlooking man. The human engineer, measuring actual occupancy of the environment by the body, defining human operations not only in terms of physical performance but also in terms of psychologically required 'clutter', can only be astounded. The point is, the supposedly anthropometric system, which Le Corbusier has presented with his usual mastery of graphic symbols, is not really based on human data but on an irresponsible improvisation of caricatured ergonomics.

Such a neglect of man's performance is a failure of definition at the heart of Le Corbusier's pretensions to be a world-maker, a future-shaper, for men. The fact is, of course, that Le Corbusier believes himself to be an uomo universale, and his friends encourage him in this belief. It is not my intention to disparage his ambition by naming specialists who could flaw bits of the system. Any unifying formula of the kind that Le Corbusier attempts is bound to be gimcrack today; the wonder is that it has held up this long, not that it can be faulted. I would criticise Le Corbusier as an architect who wants to legislate for people on the basis of inadequate information. I would hate to be operated on by a surgeon who worked by capricious improvisation and reliance on his genius. Equally I dread life in a city designed on this basis.

Given the present state of crisis in modern architecture (of which the general doubt about the early modern movement is one sign), what is needed is publication and circulation of reports by the scientists close to man on our real space requirements and on urban social life. Reports from residents in modern buildings would be valuable. Documentation of the changes made by the original and successive occupants of classic early modern houses, too, is badly needed. (Many classics of the modern movement exist only in old photographs and plans.) Then it will be possible to design for man on a basis of knowledge rather than on a basis of formal aesthetics and chancy guesses.

As a painter Le Corbusier started with purism (1918), in which his forms have an unsubstantial quality, related to his contemporary architecture, such as the Citroën house (1920-22). He drained weight and texture off his still-life objects but retained the radius-ed corners and smoothness of hip-flasks, stacking plates, thermos bottles and glasses notched for fingers (as well as cubism's old-time guitar and pipe). Typical purist still-lives are a hovering complex of smooth contours, whose silhouettes connote the machine age. The effect aimed at was a kind of machine Doric, with the mechanism of siphons integrated like egg-and-dart in a severe entablature. Purism was 'après le cubisme', but as Le Corbusier developed he returned behind the machine aesthetic to cubism, developing a burly version of its synthetic phase.

Ozenfant records that the human figure re-appeared in his own work 'towards 1927'. It was in 1927, also, that a drawing in Le Corbusier's *Oeuvres Complètes* shows the ancestor of the modulator man reading a paper in a Le Corbusier interior; in 1928 he appears in a gymnasium, exercising. The paintings of the late 20s and early 30s, deriving from sinuous synthetic pictures by Picasso, begin to wear the volumetric bulge characteristic of Le Corbusier's powerful form-sense. In 1929 a plump, knobby hand swells amid the post-purist geometrics. During the 30s the human figure dominates Le Corbusier's paintings, in the linear tangles of the Cap Martin murals (1938) as in his easel paintings. These figures, though fractured cubistically, relate to Baumeister's tennis players and Schlemmer's wide boys of the **Bauhaus** stair-well. The women are big-breasted and -buttocked, the men small-headed and -waisted, but big-shouldered. The equation of sports and the 'modern spirit' (more convincing in the 20s than in the 50s) underlies Le Corbusier's human imagery. Significantly the modulator man is closer to Superman than to the nudes that symbolised systems of mathematics and ideal proportion in the Renaissance. The athleticism of Le Corbusier himself has its analogue in his impetuous and belting style, the hectic tableaux which he arranges around knots of tough anatomy. His athletes, fisherwomen, and lusty bathers are a race fit to stand with the machine as described by Ozenfant: 'machines are healthy, and possess an implacable something that stirs us'.

Le Corbusier has a marvellous gift for rhetorically heightened statement which his hustling, "hit 'em hard, hit 'em quick, and hit 'em again" pictures demonstrate. His painting with its fast pace, slashing line, emphatic planes, has had since the 30s a materiality quite different from purist painting and related architecture. The superb spectacle of the play area on top of the Marseilles Unité and of the chapel at Ronchamp are prepared for in the paintings, in which Le Corbusier's torrential biomorphic heraldry was rehearsed.

"In the years 1951-52 in particular, I tried to make use of the modulator" in painting. By its use Le Corbusier discovered "the regulating lines which confer clarity upon the composition of the picture (eliminating imprecisions and bringing out the true concordances)". This belief in mathematics as a stepping stone to truth and beauty, however, seems merely part of that massive absolutism on which so many of Le Corbusier's principles rest. The paintings themselves, even when carrying a modulator key in one corner, have the usual mixture of bounce and bite, of impatience and legibility. The later paintings, such as the series of bulls (1955-57) are based on the Ubu-esque imagery developed in the 30s.

I hope that enough has been said to characterise Le Corbusier's paintings as a personal and valid contribution to modern art. As there are no barriers to appreciating the formal results of his paintings, so one can respond happily to his buildings as amazing man-made places. It is the intellectual framework within which his terrific formal gifts are employed that is objectionable. His Utopianism, based on pride, can be forgotten in the presence of the works themselves as spectacle.

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## ... some London exhibitions

The importance of collage in the 20th century is recognised wherever art is taken seriously. It enlarged the hierarchy of traditional fine art materials and stressed, originally with polemical vigour, the physical surface of the work. In addition to its formal operation its significative role has developed from being a bonus (cubism) to serving as the source of meaning (dadaism). However, it may be that collage is limited in certain directions, precisely as it keeps its 'ready-made' origin. A question raised by post-war picture-sizes is: can collage keep pace with big pictures? One of the best new collagists, Esteban Vicente, believes not: 'As in oil painting the range of collage possibilities is unlimited. However, one of the most important differences (besides the materials) is that the nature of collage requires a certain consideration in relation to size. Painting can be heroic; collage, on the contrary, has to retain its original quality of intimacy. It should even be reduced in size; painting can be all sizes, small or big.'

Collage-size is limited by both the original status of the elements to be pasted and by the function of the bits in the finished work. It is notable that of the four British collagists whose work was seen lately in London (John McHale, E. L. T. Mesens, Gwyther Irwin, ICA; Austin Cooper, Gimpel fils) only one of them works successfully on a large scale. Gwyther Irwin is able to work large because he subjects his material to a process which transfigures it. He takes masses of thick paper, pulled from large poster hoardings, which he weathers, excavates, and shreds to make long ruffled surfaces like abstract paintings (torn edges as brush marks). All traces of the original messages are obliterated as the paper is worked face downwards. His collages have a milky softness of colour which lyricises his material, turning raw matter from walls into skies. To work successfully on a large scale it appears that collage elements must be rendered non-significative. Dubuffet and Marca-Relli make large collages but their 'non-paint' surfaces, as Vicente calls it, are organised in a thoroughly pictorial way.

John McHale, like other British artists, such as Eduardo Paolozzi and Peter Blake, is concerned with the mass media: his studio has magazines the way other studios contain paints. His collages of the human head and figure are built up from patiently dove-tailed incongruities cut from ads and illustrations in magazines. The

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# Paris Chronique

L'année ne s'achève pas dans une grande apothéose picturale: il n'y aura pas eu, au mois de décembre, d'expositions sensationnelles. Que ce mois, malgré tous ses charmes, soit pour les peintres un mois comme les autres, est bien naturel d'ailleurs, puisque l'art fécond produit en toutes saisons. Nous savons cependant que la coutume s'est établie que certaines importantes expositions aient lieu à la fin du printemps ou au début de l'été, entre les fraises et les cerises. Les Galeries de peinture, n'honorant pas la fin de l'année, restent donc modestes et réservées, alors que les autres magasins mènent tant de lumineux tapages.

Cependant, nous autres écrivains qui avons le privilège d'écrire dans les meilleures revues d'art, celles qui ne présentent que ce qui se fait de plus excellent en peinture moderne, nous devons aussi condescendre, par un souci que l'on qualifiera aujourd'hui de sociologique, à examiner les humbles, et il faut bien le dire aussi, souvent fort impures boutiques où l'on vend des tableaux bon marché, accessibles aux ménages et familles modestes. Pour ces magasins qu'en général nous passons sous silence, il est possible que décembre soit un bon mois, car le père Noël est susceptible d'y passer charger sa hotte. Mon attention a été attirée sur ce sujet par une publicité parue dans un journal, où une galerie d'art parisienne, assez douteuse, il est vrai, informait le public qu'en fait de cadeaux, elle détenait les moins coûteux et les plus amusants. Curieux de la fête, et de la féerie, il m'est arrivé de voir des paysages de toutes saisons, ainsi que des rêveries abstraites, éclairés dès la tombée de la nuit, par les chandelles d'un arbre de Noël. Les marchands de peinture modeste ne sont pas allés (mais ils l'ont l'année prochaine!) jusqu'à faire tomber sur leurs tableaux, comme d'autres le font sur les livres, les phonos et instruments de musique, de la neige artificielle. Ce gentil traitement poétique, susceptible d'amener tels tableaux à nous révéler quelque grâce qu'ils nous cachent, devra être jugé sans sévérité. Il y aurait beaucoup à imaginer à ce sujet, mais laissons cette digression sociologique, pour en venir à quelques peintres dont les tableaux supporteraient mal un peu de neige artificielle.

J'ai eu un extrême plaisir à voir, Galerie Benezit, la nouvelle exposition de Kijno. Dirai-je que ce jeune peintre est un de ceux qui cherchent, comme nous en avons vu récemment plusieurs, à renouveler la matière picturale? L'occasion m'a été donnée de suivre le développement de sa singulière technique, en feuilletant un album d'aquarelles antérieures aux tableaux. C'est d'ailleurs un livre à un unique exemplaire. Kijno y a recopié des poèmes de ses amis, et les a ornés d'illustrations. Là commence son ingénieuse invention. Il a pris des feuilles de papier de soie, très fin et très blanc, a froissé ces feuilles de manière à provoquer des plis variés et expressifs, et même des mouvements de torsion; il a collé sur la page du livre ces feuilles froissées, aplaties comme une galette, puis il les a délicatement coloré, laissant souvent des blancs qui apparaissent d'une grande fraîcheur, et comme des pétales de fleurs. Ces aquarelles ont une grâce très particulière. Une de leurs qualités qui m'a fort touché, est que le papier de soie n'est pas froissé au hasard. Justement là où l'on s'attendrait à l'imprévisible du hasard et à des chances heureuses (et sans doute y en a-t-il), il apparaît que les plis menus, les froissements et diverses torsions sont réfléchis et dirigés, comme l'est le crayon du dessinateur. En somme, ces plis sont du dessin, non pas mécanique, mais extrêmement sensible.

Ces petits ouvrages amenèrent Kijno à penser qu'il pourrait employer un tel procédé dans la peinture à l'huile, à condition d'employer un papier plus résistant, quoique souple, et je crois

que celui qui lui a convenu est un papier du genre de celui qu'on emploie pour couvrir les pots de confiture, ce qui ne manque pas d'être assez amusant. Ce papier froissé convenablement va constituer la préparation initiale de la toile, et le dessin que couvrira la couleur. Des plis, plus énergiques que les autres, décidés et aigus comme des arêtes, forment les traits prédominants. Des froissements plus nuancés sont organisés comme des nervures de feuilles, ce qui confère parfois au tableau une apparence végétale. Cependant le peintre met dans cet exercice beaucoup de discrétion, et il n'entend pas que son procédé saute aux yeux. Le papier froissé recouvrant toute la surface de la toile ne forme que d'assez légers reliefs, souvent moins épais et beaucoup moins brutaux que les empâtements que tellement de peintres avides de grosses matières façonnent avec leur couteau. Pour la couleur, brillante ou mate, assourdie, jamais violente, elle participe aux rythmes des froissements, subtile et sensible, si bien que l'on peut se demander si le papier a été coloré avant d'être froissé, ou s'il n'a été peint qu'après avoir été froissé. Cette technique habile ne se laisse pas tout à fait analyser, et garde son secret. Parmi toutes les recherches de matières qui se font actuellement, celle-ci est plaisante parce qu'elle s'accorde avec subtilité à un certain frémissement de la sensibilité. Sans doute un peintre ne pourrait-il s'en tenir toute sa vie au papier froissé. Ce genre de technique est par sa nature éphémère, il s'agit de savoir comment le peintre la dépassera, mais Kijno est jeune.

Les peintures d'Imaï (Galerie Stadler) nous font passer par des sentiments mêlés. C'est un peintre doué, mais aussi très roué. Il a toutes les malices dans son sac, il connaît tous les tours et détours de l'abstraction, et le formulaire du tachisme. Il a étudié cela comme le judo et pratique avec un extrême brio. Il est ceinture d'or, ou ceinture noire, peu importe la couleur; aussi bien il les utilise toutes, et y ajoute encore l'argent. Sa matière est, comme l'on dit, d'une grande richesse, animée par des épaisseurs variées. J'ai dit qu'il recourait à tous les procédés abstractivistes. Je vais en indiquer trois, précis et réglementés comme ceux que dans l'art de la lutte, on appelle des «clés», et qui sont irrésistibles.

1) Faute d'autres formes, qui seraient à inventer, on étendra ou l'on jettera la couleur, par exemple du noir, sous forme de filaments, s'agglomérant de ci de là en ganglions, plus ou moins massifs, avec des dégouffis plus ou moins abondants; supposons ces tracés sur un fond rouge. Je commence à désigner ce genre de travail (assez répandu) sous l'appellation générale de peinture à filaments.

2) On mélangera les couleurs de la manière la plus raffinée, et la plus somptueuse possible (Imaï fait cela remarquablement) de manière à créer un vaste champ, mince ou épais de préciosités. Puis, par la dessus, à la façon de Mathieu, on fera couler directement du tube des tuyaux de couleur pure dont la crudité jurera avec les mélanges raffinés du champ.

3) On tirera également un effet certain en laissant entre les fortes épaisseurs de pâte des percées ou trous plus ou moins larges, où la couleur étendue en couche mince jusqu'à la transparence laissera sentir et voir le grain de la toile. Ces alternances de matières, laissant paraître des dessous communiquent à la toile variété et mystère.

Il me semble que Imaï est très représentatif dans ce genre de travail pratiqué par beaucoup, mais où il excelle. Pour le noir, dont notre époque fait une telle consommation que nous devrions déjà en avoir la nausée, Imaï le sert mat, mais il sait aussi, s'il lui

convient, le faire briller, et alors on n'en a jamais vu de plus brillant. Les petits cireurs de bottes orientaux resteraient confondus devant un tel brio à faire reluire. Et pourtant ils sont aussi de bons artistes, dans le noir.

N'imaginons cependant pas qu'il y ait abondance de noir dans tous les tableaux. J'ai dit que cette peinture était somptueuse et raffinée, d'une somptuosité orientale, elle évoque les décors de théâtres fantastiques, des dragons et des masques. Les œuvres d'Imaï sont de grandes décorations murales, ou de fabuleux paravents. Cependant est-ce là le modernisme? Qu'il le veuille ou non, paradoxale conséquence d'une telle technique, cet orientalisme d'inspiration et ce tachisme ont quelque chose de démodé, font songer à des curiosités très 1900, et imaginer paravents et tentures dans le salon d'Odette Swann.

Après de telles dépenses somptuaires, toute autre peinture risque de paraître bien sage en son économie. De la Galerie Stadler, la Galerie Michel Warren n'est pas très loin, et dans cette dernière, nous voyons les dernières œuvres de Charchoune, qui est justement le plus pâle des peintres, ou tout au moins le plus blanc. Il est rare, dans cet ensemble, que Charchoune use de la couleur. Il l'emploie plutôt pour réchauffer et nuancer les plages de ses blancs divers dans lesquelles aucun dessin n'apparaît, sauf des lignes en creux tracées avec le bois du pinceau. On serait tenté de penser à une ascèse, monotonie et pauvreté. Mais il faut nous acclimater, trouver la voie discrète de cette pudique sensibilité. « Telles de ses compositions blanches, suprêmement sensibles, délicatement avivées ici et là par un rose ou un bleu, semblent saisis en plein ciel, lorsque soudain la pluie devient neige. » J'ai dit dans un précédent numéro qu'il convenait de signaler les bonnes préfaces et petites études qui présentent, assez rarement d'ailleurs, les expositions. Celle de Charchoune est présentée par un texte sensible et émouvant de Patrick Waldberg, qui est un de nos meilleurs critiques ou écrivains d'art contemporain; l'amateur et collectionneur de ce genre de littérature assez spéciale, et qui exige un don pas très couramment réparti, pourra aisément se le procurer.

La peinture de Baram (Galerie A.G.) est également une peinture blanchâtre, nuancée et subtile. On ne peut, en effet, parler de peintre claire, car même en de rares tableaux où les couleurs apparaissent, c'est dans une manière fantomatique, à travers une impression de blancheur. Ces blancs diversement nuancés, ou ces couleurs pâles, jouent par plans assez précis, rigoureusement agencés (tout comme s'il restait là un certain souvenir évanescant du cubisme). Certains plans se détachent légèrement des autres, par une discrète épaisseur de pâte. On a l'impression de se trouver devant des œuvres délicates, qui peuvent avoir la grâce de l'aube, mais — par leur répétition — un peu exsangues, et comme je l'évoquais, oui, devant un cubisme très transformé, qui aurait perdu beaucoup de sang.

Très proche de la Galerie Warren est la renommée Galerie Pierre dont la ligne de conduite est stricte et définie. Elle est à l'opposé de celle de la Galerie Stadler, hostile au tachisme, à l'informel, à l'insignifiant, et en général aux dévergondages et délires de la matière livrée à elle-même. Dufour est le peintre qui y est actuellement exposé, et par conséquent sa peinture sera sobre, méditée, fluide et transparente, dédaignant tout appel aux sortilèges douteux de la pâte. Il y a dans ses tableaux une sensibilité et une sensualité élégantes; des verts séduisants font allusion à la végétation. Ce qu'on pourrait reprocher à ce jeune peintre cependant est précisément que son œuvre reste encore trop allusive. Elle est élégante et pure, et d'un intérêt dramatique, mais à mon sens, insuffisamment évidente et déchiffrable. Là est l'obstacle auquel semblent se heurter quelque peintres qui ont sur le monde une révélation à nous faire: ils fuient, par peur compréhensible d'un réalisme vulgaire, une description trop appuyée des objets, ou des personnages, et finalement dissolvent le réel dans des figures évasives, dont le sens entier risque de nous échapper. Ces peintres se trouvent alors dans une mauvaise et fausse position et, comme on dit, assis entre deux chaises, car ils ont en horreur l'abstraction, mais leurs tableaux, inspirés par le réel, ou une impression vécue ou l'imagination d'un réel, mais ne se faisant pas reconnaître comme tels, tombent dans le même défaut et même plus grave car ils provoquent chez le spectateur un certain sentiment d'insatisfaction et de gêne, que le tableau abstrait ne communique jamais.

Le Musée National d'Art Moderne consacre une retrospective à trois artistes anglais, deux peintres: Hayter et Scott, un sculpteur: Armitage.

Hayter, qui a occupé une place importante à la Biennale de Venise, est, je pense, celui de ces trois artistes le mieux connu du public français. Il vit en France depuis 1926 environ. Excellent graveur et rénovateur de cette technique, il ouvrit en 1927, à Montparnasse, le célèbre Atelier 17, où il initia à la gravure ou fit profiter de ses conseils, aussi bien ses aînés (et parmi eux des peintres déjà illustres) que de jeunes artistes. Ses gravures acquiescent à Hayter une réputation mondiale. Cependant son œuvre picturale est abondante et variée. Il est naturel que cet ouvrier du burin accorde dans ses tableaux une grande place au graphisme, et la première époque de son œuvre peinte est en effet constituée par des tracés, noirs ou colorés courant à des profondeurs différentes sur des fonds. Lorsqu'il arriva à Paris, venant d'Orient, Hayter se lia avec les surréalistes. Les peintres surréalistes de cette époque attachaient beaucoup d'importance au travail automatique, libérateur de l'inconscient. De toute évidence, Hayter a, au cours de sa carrière, beaucoup recherché les avantages de l'automatisme. Le surréaliste de cette époque avec lequel il présente le plus de rapport est André Masson. L'un et l'autre, qui usèrent de l'automatisme, étaient passionnés de Mythes, et de manière différente, ils illustrèrent dans leurs tableaux, ou rejoignirent les grands mythes du passé. Nous avons vu que Hayter avait séjourné en Orient, où il ne manqua pas d'être frappé par les grandes fables solaires. Les toiles de ces dernières années, plus riches en couleurs et plus subtiles que les anciennes, sont généralement de grand format, et d'origine automatique; elles aboutissent à une image dynamique et lyrique. Dans cette période, Hayter recourt à l'emploi de l'argent, qu'il emploie par ou mélangé de couleur. Cet emploi, très étudié, donne à ses toiles un aspect particulier. Hayter a toute une poétique du trait. Ses tracés, d'une «vélocité» différente, courent dans des champs de couleurs plus ou moins transparentes, donnant impression de tourbillons et remous. Ces tableaux, où l'on trouve parfois une sorte de fraîcheur et de lumière impressionniste, s'appellent *Printemps*, *Mer des Sargasses*, *Dan-sours de Feu*, *Ressac*, ou *Néréides*. La peinture lumineuse de Hayter est sereine, et même heureuse: il ne part pas d'un thème prémédité, son premier mouvement est uniquement linéaire et pictural, mais son travail finalement rejoint un des grands thèmes du Mythe, ou un des moments animés et joyeusement illuminés de la nature.

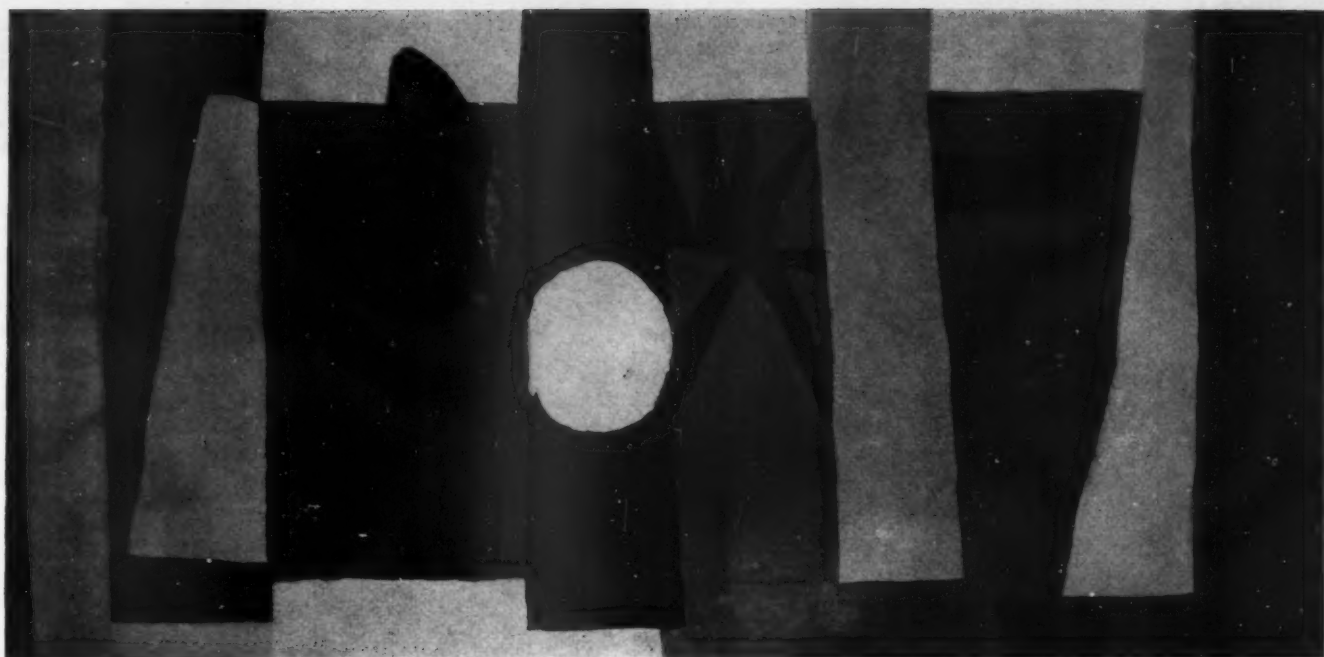
Scott présente certainement beaucoup moins d'invention dans la technique. Ses tableaux offrent des thèmes parfaitement définissables, d'abord des femmes, par exemple une femme rouge étendue sur un fond également rouge. Le coloris est habile, et plaisant, mais la forme, peu satisfaisante, paraît aujourd'hui d'un genre démodé. Le dessin, en effet, rappelle le dessin d'enfant: corps boursoufflé, jambes et bras monstrueusement grêles. Ce corps paraît aussi flotter dans le vide. Nous sommes obligés de penser à certains tableaux de Dubuffet, sinon dans la peinture, du moins dans la forme. Qu'il y ait relation entre ces peintres, ou seulement coïncidence, peu nous importe: il y a des dames que nous n'avons pas envie de voir deux fois. Scott nous présente aussi des natures mortes (Casseroles, etc.), mais on le sent gêné dans la forme à donner aux objets, aussi celle qu'il leur confère reste-t-elle assez incertaine: il ne les forme ni ne les déforme, il les donne plutôt à deviner. Il semble éprouver que la nature morte ne se justifie plus très bien, et tend, à partir des objets à rejoindre l'abstraction. Mais des casseroles approximatives, et d'autres fantômes d'instruments culinaires auxquels on a coupé les queues ou les anses, donnent l'impression d'un monde avorté, et non d'une création picturale.

Il a été fort question d'Armitage lors de la Biennale de Venise. Pour ce qui est des sculptures assez nombreuses, et importantes, montrées à Paris, je les diviserai bien en deux groupes, l'un intéressant et curieux, le second ne me paraissant pas avoir une grande valeur plastique, mais provenir d'une invention pénible et toute gratuite, et solliciter des interprétations hasardeuses.

La première série consiste en personnages juxtaposés (jusqu'à quatre ou cinq): leurs têtes minuscules paraissent émerger d'une très longue draperie unique qui les cacherait entièrement et qu'ils tiendraient étendue sur leurs bras horizontalement écartés. Cette draperie tombe jusqu'au sol; cependant elle est trouée vers la base par des crochets qui figurent les jambes. C'est un procédé fréquent chez Armitage, d'unir des personnages doubles ou triples dans une large plaque métallique, d'où émergent les têtes en forme de tampons de Wagons. De petits bras chétifs peuvent se dresser en l'air. A la rigueur les trous des nombrils sont les seuls signes apparents sur la plaque, ainsi que des tétons qui ont l'aspect des fentes dans les têtes de visse. Cependant certaines

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MOTHERWELL: *The Voyage*, 1948 (Collection Museum of Modern Art, New York). All photographs courtesy the Sidney Janis Gallery, New York.

E. C. Goossen

The seriousness of subject in abstract expressionism should not be overlooked. It is true that, oppositely to the past, abstract expressionist painting must not be approached **first** from the point of view of its subject matter, but through the forms and manner in which the subject is immanent. In our times manner and forms seem to provoke subject rather than the other way round. They have become our mode of understanding, our logic and our rhetoric. They have given us new keys to the old kingdom; we look at the Pyramids and discover the Egyptians. We are beginning to develop a complex psychology of forms and we are beginning, I believe, to see that they are not as "abstract" in their essences as they seemed a few decades ago. The success of the abstract expressionist movement was perhaps largely due to an inner realization that the notion of pure forms was an impossible fiction, that forms exist in a situation and situation implies involvement and thus subject matter.

I mention these things in connection with the painting of Robert Motherwell, one of the prime eight or ten Americans who launched the abstract expressionist style, because Motherwell has never been confused about the seriousness of subject. He has painted as many pictures as his colleagues which seemed hermetic in this respect when they were first exhibited. Later the public has begun to accept much of what must seem to it meaninglessness in current art simply through familiarity or some sort of "pure sensuous enjoyment". Yet none of the original (though this is not true of all of the younger) artists who created the new style would accept the idea that their paintings were about nothing.

Historically, of course, the roots of abstract expressionism are in surrealism. Motherwell, who was a decade younger than such men as Pollock, De Kooning, Rothko and Gorky, first began painting in 1940 when he was a close friend of Matta, the Chilean surrealist. (These first paintings, by the way, are most amazingly able, and leap directly into a remarkable plastic understanding based upon Picasso.) It was with Matta that conversations led to a discussion of "plastic automatism" and to the belief that surrealism could be combined with a stronger sense of the plastic and formal aspects of painting, and that it could emanate, not from the "association of images" but from the kind of "unconscious" that produces doodling.

## Robert Motherwell

### and the seriousness of subject

Motherwell and Matta, feeling the need of milieu, approached Pollock with their ideas, suggesting that what was needed was a group in order to get them across. Pollock refused to "join any groups", but did introduce them to De Kooning with whom they met occasionally and composed "automatic" poems. Later, Motherwell says, Pollock admitted that "the surrealists are right; all painting comes out of the Unconscious". For the duration of the war there was a good deal of rapport between the refugee surrealists from Paris, Masson, Breton, Tanguy etc. and the young American painters. (In 1942, three Americans were included in Marcel Duchamps' surreal show; Bazziotes, Barbara Reiss and Motherwell.) Motherwell also visited and talked over "automatic" painting with Noguchi, Kamrofsky, Peter Busa, David Hare and Poussette-Dart, all of whom began making automatic paintings.

In terms of what painting became with Pollock's work of 1949-50, these pictures of the early '40's hardly seem very "automatic". In Motherwell's case, especially, (and in Pollock's too,) the compositional organization is carefully and handsomely achieved, in the classic sense, and the violent immediacy we associate with the style has yet to appear consistently. Obviously this was the first wave of a feeling rather than an applicable understanding of the implications these ideas would have for the act of painting itself. The subject matter, however, in such pictures as "The Red Skirt" and "The Emperor of China" (both 1947) is raised to the fantastic and is conceived primarily for its permission of a plastic occasion. But this paint-for-the-painter's-sake approach had not quite reached the point where the act of painting would produce its subject the way doodling will produce the preoccupations of the inner man. One of the problems of the younger painters who have come on in what is called in New York "the second generation" of abstract expressionists is that they lack the training which gave the initiators of the movement an established position from which to depart and return as attackers. One could trace through Motherwell's work, for example, the continuous sparring with his own tradition, mainly the sense of the composition and form of cubism. The wall-painting, "The Voyage" (1948) for instance, is a gigantic (6' X 3') collage, and conceived, as the collages of our time have been consistently (of necessity?) conceived, in the flat planes of synthetic cubism. "The Voyage" was so named because of its



revelation to the painter. He has stated that it "surprised" him, and he felt that he had made a long journey. In the same year he was making such pictures as "The Homely Protestant", whose style was far from collage and in a manner, loose, liberated and immediate. Throughout his career so far, Motherwell has kept parallel lines going, from the freest, active brushwork to the carefully considered design. At times the two converge. I am inclined to think that he has produced his finest work when they do, as in the Spanish series called the "Elegies". Many of the large, flat forms in these and other pictures began as broad-brushed swirling calligraphies which patently demanded to be absorbed into a simpler mass. Part of this demand could be traced, I am sure, to Motherwell's feeling for pictorial space.



The Emperor of China, 1947 (Private Collection).

Spatial ambiguity is rare in Motherwell's work, which may be due to the fact that the largest number of his pictures are "figurative". Convinced that subject matter is part of painting (he does not "object to literature in painting"), he employs forms as if they were of the same moment today as in the past. His forms are "abstract", perhaps better called "metaphorical", but they are involved in pictorial drama just as are the figures of Titian, Veronese and El Greco, etc. Of course this drama occurs in one, two or three planes rather than in the continuous depth of classical painting. The transitional passages are left out and the guided eye is not led along a greased path to the vanishing point. (Despite all the talk about the "continuum", art in the present refuses to make a specific stereometric or volumetric statement.) There is either an atmospheric vagueness or a collage-like placement of forms upon each other without transitional passages, like a series of mile-posts each immediately behind the other but intended to be read as marked distances. The compression of distance necessitates the elimination of extraneous detail; extraneous, of course, in the value judgement of our day; the airplane, the missile and the space-ship play leap-frog through a vacuous ether.

The planular use of forms relative to the absent but suggested space began to appear in Motherwell's work about 1947. It was during the same period that his style took leave of the influence of Picasso, except perhaps in his selection of a title for a series of large paintings called "Elegies to the Spanish Republic". The next few years constitute his most well-known and major phase. The paintings of these years are bold, powerful and tremendously sad. It is to the "Elegies" and other Spanish titles that we may turn for evidence of the seriousness of subject in Motherwell.

At first thought it is odd that a young American who had never seen Spain, who was born eight thousand miles from Madrid and whose antecedents were Anglo-Saxon, should have found himself as an artist involved in an idea of a lost cause which would influence him many years after the revolution was over. One is curious to know the psychological and visual history of a man who made such a selection of subject.

Motherwell was born (1915) in the Northwest and grew up in California, once Spanish territory. On his first trip to Spain in 1958 he discovered that "the light, colour and the shapes were almost exactly like California". Both have the rocky highlands, the sensuous leonine hills, and a blue sea glaring harsh and bright. The clear light is steady, often yellow and killing over the ochreous land. One hides in the shade.

The Spanish Civil War was fought when Motherwell was in his early twenties. One may assume this was for him that War in which all young men participate either in reality or in spirit. It was the daily topic of his university, and later, his artistic circle. It was a war which suggested the virtue of Cause and the violence of men to a degree not even true of World War II. And it fitted the unshrinking view of sordid reality in a debunking age while it served the romantic urges of one who, like Motherwell, was schooled in contemporary philosophy and the symbolist poets, and who as a student was familiar with the "tragic sense of life" as promulgated by men like Unamuno. Here was an image for a projective mind, an objective correlative for a man of feeling; Spain and the lost cause; the Spanish Republic, with its infelicitous (as Orwell discovered) echo of Plato and justice; here were Goya's Calibans and Velasquez's dwarfs reawakened. A world of Black and White, the kind of extreme contrast comprehensible to an American; (we have a long history of over-simplifications and dualistic representations, even as Spain is the country of the gypsy and the gentleman). In Motherwell's work Black is the active agent, White, the chaos of light against which human symbols move; death in the afternoon, grief under the sun.

Motherwell uses the Spanish theme as a metaphor of a metaphor, a distillation from the second alembic. The huge ovarian forms hang in heavy precariousness between broad male uprights; or perhaps it is the phallus and *cojones* of the sacrificial bull hung on the whitewashed wall. Or drops of blood, congealed, lodged as a ripe plum in a pipe, waiting, as if commitment was its own irremedial doom.

The sexual implication in Motherwell's work can always be found, if one is inclined to make interpretations of this sort. But I take sexual assertions in high art, even when discovered rather than obvious, as secondary to whatever is ultimately the inner secret the artist wishes to share but dares not make explicit. Dares not, not because of lack of courage, nor because being explicit would destroy a calculated mystery, but because plastic art speaks in a language as complex as the spoken and written language; it, too, masks its meanings, because a language, visual or verbal (and I take the visual to be even more primary than the verbal) is a personalization of the conventional, and the conventional element is like any medium, at one or another point inadequate and intractable. To make his meaning explicit the artist would have to

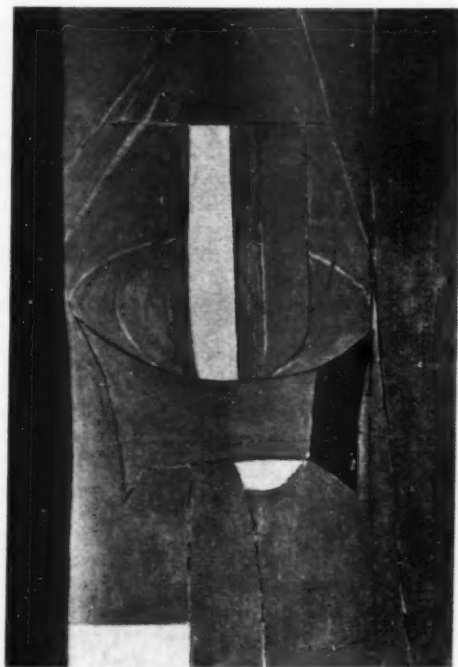


Figure in Pink and Green, 1944.

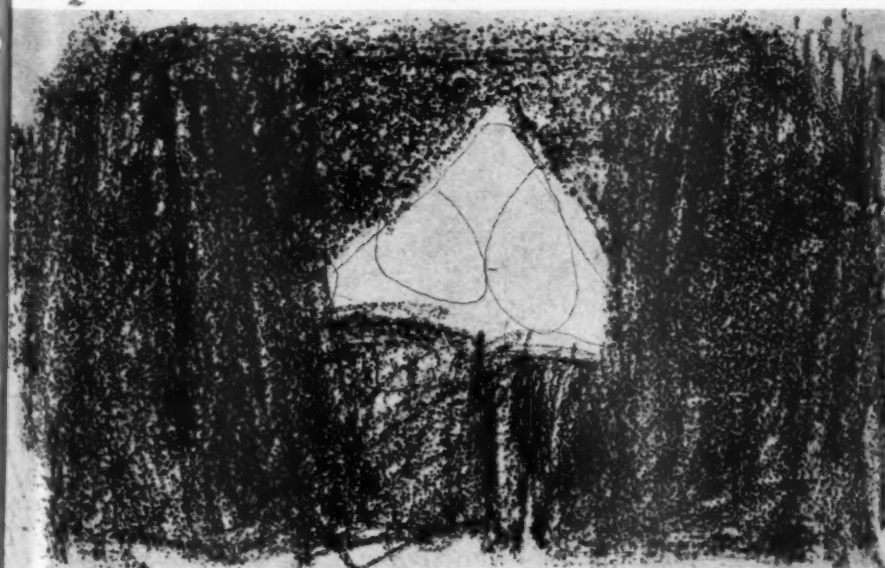
Elegy for the  
Spanish Republic,  
No. 34, 1954-55  
(Collection  
Albright Museum,  
Buffalo,  
New York).



succumb to the ease of conventional signs (which is what the second-rate artist does). Ignoring the precise reading of Motherwell's subject forms as literally sexual symbols, one can nevertheless note those aspects of the matter in which certain sensualities can be seen in their primary content, i. e. such as the idea of tangency, of pressures, of rhythmical motion suggested, of skinlike textures magnified, and tactility presented along edge as well as across the surface. In these latter I refer to actualities effected through the handling of paint and draughtsmanship, but never as presented in magic realism or illusionism. Rubens' sensuality, for example, is due only half so much to his erotic subject matter as to his sweeping, caressing manner, indeed, his *élan vital*. In the great artist, the true subject always refers inward toward the secret of itself; this is what is usually and rather loosely meant by the artist's "emotion" or his "personality". But it is that emotion or personality, the subject in other words, that is only expressible in

terms of other things, the concrete and conventional signs in which existence is manifested. The road in and the road out are one and the same, but only those who will take the journey and return will find the picture, and, of course, the picture must provide the way. Though the blunt force of the "Elegies" is tragic and fatal, often an area of ochre, the dry Spanish earth, seeps into the picture. The Spanish dryness, like the California dryness, is a source of comfort and of death. British ancestry makes one aware of the rheum in the chest. For wet, oleaginous lungs dryness is both a heaven and a hell. (M. had asthma as a child). The paint is pumice dry, light-absorbing, and the edges of the forms are the result of dry meeting dry. With dryness goes unwieldy awkwardness.

The shapes in the "Elegies" and companion pictures, though dedicated to Spain, are assertively American, and deny the European sense of form, symbolic or conventional. Though Motherwell speaks



Madrid Nr. 2, 1958. Pencil drawing.



Painting, 1958.

# From Daumier to Picasso



CLAUDE MONET: *Sur la Falaise, Dieppe*. 1897.  
Oil on canvas. 25 × 38 1/2 inches.



RAOUL DUFY: *The Fountain in Avignon*. 1913.  
Oil on canvas. 28 1/2 × 23 1/2 inches.



# at The World House Galleries, New York

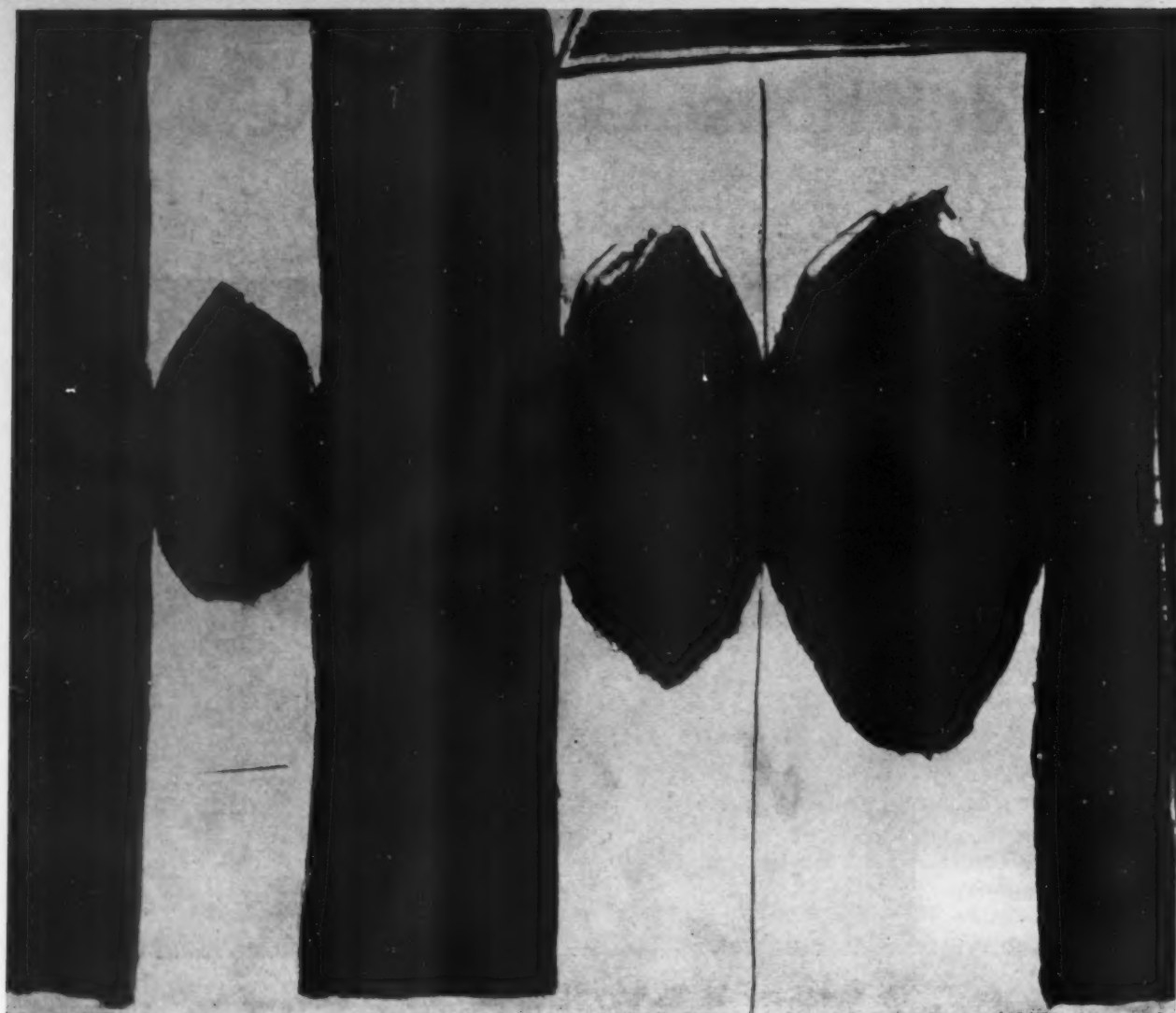
HONORÉ DAUMIER: *Children Playing*. Circa 1870. Oil on canvas. 12 1/4 x 16 1/2 inches.

We are happy to present herewith four of the paintings which are currently on display in the World House Galleries, New York, in an exhibition of paintings and drawings by masters and little masters of the School of Paris of the past 100 years.

The exhibition comprises 51 works in all, ranging from Boudin, Courbet, Daubigny, Daumier, Harpignies, Jongkind and Théodore Rousseau, through the Impressionists, post-Impressionists, Fauves and Cubists to Soutine and Picasso.



PABLO PICASSO: *The Atelier*. June 1956. Oil on canvas. 28 1/4 x 36 1/4 inches.



Granada, 1949 (Collection Governor Nelson R. Rockefeller).

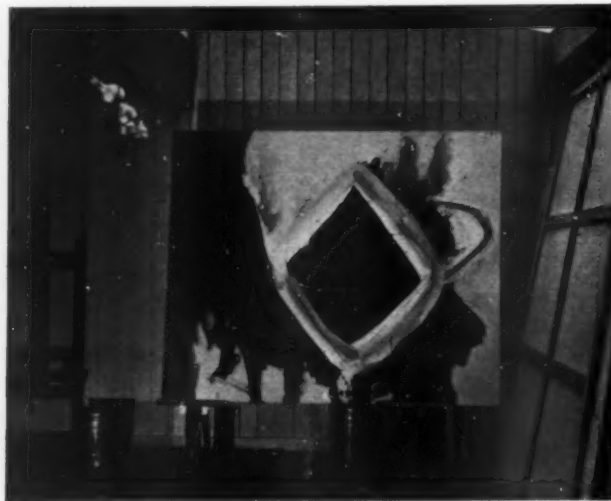
firmly of the fact that American painting exists only in full contemplation of the European heritage (and who would deny this?) he is also one who happens to have created that particular kind of image which is the American contribution to the possibilities of form; the totally disrespectful, antilovely and aggressive distillation of the ugly which refers to the historical tastelessness in American life, the putrid architecture and the failure of cultured sensibility to either reproduce exactly or invent successfully a group of forms similar in retrospect to those cultivated on European soil. It is the haphazard, folk image, the expedient material-saving and material-wasting found in backwoods carpentry; an environment created not by children but by adults preoccupied until lately with survival rather than aesthetics. The European brought to America only an imperfect memory of the world at home, one he

never made himself. Now these "gaucheries" have been raised to art and have not been found wanting in hands like Motherwell's. Only the best of American painters (and none of their European imitators) have been able to create beauty out of this native clumsiness. (Still, Pollock, and David Smith have sometimes succeeded). It has nothing to do with "distortion", so completely exhausted by Picasso, though Picasso's work may well have provided the confidence that art can be made out of anything. It is probable that this American-type form was only able to come forward in its honesty when the painters such as those whom Motherwell proselytized relied upon the "unconscious" and found there, not the handsome literary and realistic Freudian objects the European surrealists were fond of, but rather the uncouth ugliness

(continued on page 51)



The Cockfight, 1958.



Corner of the artist's studio, showing a recent (1959) painting in work.

Der Atavismus ist mitten unter uns. Kokoschka und Schmitt-Rottluff sind wandelnde Denkmäler eines petrifizierten Heeres. Seine Werke sind posthume Lebenszeichen. Dass etwas gleichzeitig mit uns geschieht, bedeutet noch nicht, dass es zeitgenössisch ist. Aber «zeitgenössisch» hat, ob wir wollen oder nicht, etwas mit Qualität zu tun, positiver oder negativer, je nach dem, was die Zeit gilt.

Zeitgenössisch ist zweifellos nicht das Reiseservice der Maria Theresia, das sie einem Vertrauten ihrer erzherzoglichen Tochter schenkte, und das ein rheinischer Industrieller für 33 000 DMark bei einer Versteigerung erwarb, ebenso wenig «der teuerste Sekretär der Welt», ein Louis-XV.-Möbelchen, für das kürzlich 34 000 Guineas bezahlt wurden. Zeitgenössisch sind schon eher die Rekordpreise und auch die allgemeine Abneigung gegen voluminöse Gegenstände und Möbelstücke, und seien sie noch so alt, so schön, so kostbar und authentisch, denn auch der reiche Sammler wohnt nicht mehr in Hundert-Zimmer-Schlössern mit Riesen-Spiegelsälen, sondern im modernen Flat, wo Air und jede andere moderne Condition den Raum beschränken. Ueber 50 Punkte fassen die Wände nicht, es sei denn ein Buffet oder ein Picasso wäre unterzubringen. Dann wird die Mauer vergrössert oder das Flat gewechselt.

A propos Picasso. Oder Ghirlandajo oder Greco. So genau kommt es nicht darauf an, denn keiner, der an der kleinen wahren wunder-deutschen Geschichte beteiligt ist, machte einen grossen Umstand um den Unterschied. Auf jeden Fall gab es zwei Experten. Der Verkäufer war da, ein kunstliebender Konfektionär, begleitet von seinem Rechtsanwalt, und der Käufer, vertreten durch einen Bankprokuristen, und als Neutraler ein anderer Rechtsanwalt. Man war von weither gekommen und hatte sich am Banksafe ein Stelldichein gegeben, wo das Bildchen lag. Eine Million Mark dafür. Grösse 40 x 50 cm etwa. Eine Menge Geld. Dafür ist der Prokurist Fachmann, nicht für Bilder. Und verlangte deshalb noch eine dritte Expertise. Ein Kunsthistoriker wurde zugezogen. Ein Blick genügt: schlecht oder gefälscht. Es bestätigt sich: schlecht gefälscht. Der Konfektionär erblasst, aber verzweifelt ist der Bankprokurist. Was soll der arme Mann mit der Million seines Kunden machen? Er hat sie in der Tasche. Wohin mit dem schönen, guten, heimlichen Geld?

Was sollen wir mit dem Geld machen? Das ist zeitgenössisch. Nach einer neuen Statistik hat der durchschnittliche Bundesbürger, einschliesslich der Unbemittelten und Unmündigen, im Wirtschaftsjahr 57/58 20 Kilo weniger Brot und 25 Kilo weniger Kartoffeln verzehrt, dafür aber 200 Eier, einen halben Zentner Fett und einen ganzen Fleisch gegen 5 Pfund Fett, 9 Pfund Fleisch und Null Eier, die für das Hungerjahr 1947 ausreichen mussten. Aber viel mehr als einen Zentner Fleisch und einen halben Fett kann der Mensch im Jahr nicht vertilgen — und das ist schon zu viel und unzutraglich, nachdem die Aerzte festgestellt haben, dass zu reichlicher Fett- und Fleischgenuss Ursache für den zeitgenössischen Herzinfarkt sind. Furchtbar ist der Aspekt. Da helfen nur Bilder, Bilder, Sekretäre, Reiseservices (natürlich nur kleine Formate). Die Preise werden steigen.

Es gibt zu viel Geld und zu wenig Qualität. Da die Preise für die Qualität sich nach dem alten Gesetz von Angebot und Nachfrage richten — das Gesetz vom Grenznutzen ist längst überholt —, sind sie hoch und steigen weiter. Denn das meiste Beste ist in festen Händen, der Rest — nun ja, in sterblichen. Man wartet, dass sie sich zur letzten Ruhe falten und der Nachlass zur Versteigerung kommt. Bis dahin begnügt man sich mit Qualität IIa und IIb, die auch entsprechend teuer werden. Bis dahin horcht man auf Gerüchte, erfindet Gerüchte, rumort, sucht und flüstert, gibt Tips und

Optionen — es geht zu wie auf der Börse für Aktien und Investmentscheine. Deshalb war es nur zeitgemäss, dass letztthin einige seriöse Tageszeitungen ihren täglichen Börsenrubriken und Versteigerungsberichten für Kautschuk, Kakao und Getreide auch solche für qualifizierte Kunst zufügten. Das kam einem dringenden Bedürfnis der Leser entgegen, die voll Spannung die fernschreiberwarmen Notizen erwarteten und sie erregt besprachen, privat nach der Vorstandssitzung oder nachts in der Filmbar «Chez Jimmy». Die Deutschen sind ein kunstliebendes Volk geworden und unterscheiden sich nur noch wenig von den kunstliebenden Nordamerikanern und Engländern und verstehen schon mehr von Kunst als die zurückgebliebenen Franzosen, die sich nicht entschliessen können, die hohen Steuern und Abgaben auf Versteigerungen zu ermässigen. Eine neue deutsche Chance für den zukünftig zukünftigen Gemeinsamen Markt.

Sucht und Suche nach Qualität haben nichts mit der allgemeinen Verehrung für Perfektion zu tun. Perfektion ist das Vollkommene, das immer noch vollkommener und preiswerter dazu hergestellt werden kann. Sie ist, setzt man die Entwicklungsspesen beliebig ein, praktisch und theoretisch beliebig vermehrbar und deshalb Hoffnung und Zuversicht einiger Hunderttausender, auf ihrem perfektionierendem Weg zu einigen überflüssigen Millionen zu kommen. Würden diese wiederum in den Perfektionsmechanismus eingesetzt, müsste das Vollkommene sich selbst überschlagen und ad absurdum führen. In diesem Dilemma stellt die Qualität zur rechten Zeit sich ein. Sie ist quantitativ beschränkt und, was das Verbriefte angeht, nicht zu vermehren — sie ist nicht vollkommen, nur menschliche Kunst! —, aber dafür vermehrt sie ihren Wert (ohne dass es auf den Steuerbescheiden schwarz auf weiss in Zahlen zum Ausdruck kommt). Eine nicht zu unterschätzende Beigabe, die den Genuss würzt. Und die Stimme geschmeidig macht, die bei der Cocktail-Party flüstert: «Mein Picasso!», «Mein Louis-XV.-Sekretär!», «Mein Klee!» (als sei er auf dem eigenen Mist gewachsen).

Snobismus beiseite! Ich kenne einen hochberühmten, hochdotierten Arzt, der täglich 14 Stunden lang an Frauen herumschneidet und sich dann abends still vor seine Klees und Informellen setzt, um sich dort zu erholen. Er hat, wie man so sagt, eine direkte Beziehung zu den Bildern; sie geben ihm innere Sicherheit, Kraft und Gleichgewicht gegenüber der Menschheit letztem Jammer. Und ich weiss von einem Grossindustriellen, der sich vor jeder wichtigen perfektionierenden Entscheidung in sein Impressionisten-Kabinett einschliesst, um beflügelt von der künstlerischen Qualität über die Vollkommenheit zu meditieren. Die Qualität im Dienste der Perfektion.

Als die Bührle-Ausstellung in München (Haus der Kunst) eröffnet wurde, fragte ein factenhungriger Journalist den verdienstvollen Initiator der Veranstaltung, Generaldirektor Martin, nach dem Wert der versammelten Bilder. Der Generaldirektor reckte sein markantes Kinn in die Zukunft und meinte, sphinxisch lächelnd, dass der Wert sich täglich ändere. Arme Erben, die eine Elektronenrechenmaschine brauchen, um alltäglich ihrer Versicherungsgesellschaft den neuesten Stand mitzuteilen! Aber vielleicht ist sie schon so weit, dass sie es automatisch treibt, einschliesslich unterschreiben, kuvertieren, zukleben und frankieren. Die Perfektion im Dienste der Qualität.

Der Sammlung sieht man es nicht an, dass sie ein beiläufiges Ergebnis eines Perfektionsstrebens ist, das ein einst deutscher, dann neutralschweizer Rüstungsfabrikant zu realisieren verstand. Die Bilder konnten erst nach 1934 zusammengebracht werden, zu einer Zeit also, in der sich dank Hitler die internationale Situation



versteifte, um dann die Welt wie ein Diluvium zu erschüttern, mit Ausnahme der Schweiz, die sich ängstigte und produzierte und der dafür als Spritzwellen und Abfall der Sintflut herrliche künstlerische Qualität über die friedlichen Grenzen geworfen wurden.

Im Jahre 1934 begann der weiland Emil Georg Bührle, einst Literar- und Kunsthistoriker und Bankfachmann dazu, mit dem Kauf einer Degas-Zeichnung und eines Stillebens von Renoir. Mit dem Absatz seiner Kanonen vermehrte er seinen Fundus an französischen Impressionisten, dann kamen Cézanne, van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec an die Reihe, und schliesslich dehnte er sich nach vorn in die École de Paris bis Picasso und rückwärts bis Rembrandt, Greco und ins Plastisch-Griechische gegen 450 v. Chr. aus. Soweit es die Münchner Ausstellung zeigt. Alles, was gut und teuer ist. 180 Werke, nur ein kleines Drittel der ganzen Sammlung, die in der staunenswerten kurzen Zeit von 20 Jahren zusammengebracht wurde. Während des Krieges und kurz nachher war die Qualität, die künstlerische, wenig gefragt und deshalb relativ billig auf dem Markt; um so höher bezahlt wurde die Perfektion der Zerstörungs- und Mordmaschinerie. Herrliche Kriegsrelikte — die Bilder, die jetzt unser Herz entzücken, die deutschen, französischen, amerikanischen und japanischen. An den Bildern klebt kein Blut, es sei denn das Herzblut der Maler, aber das ist längst in Farbe übergegangen. Und ist mit Nullen zu messen. «Das Wichtigste für den Sammler ist die Qualität», sagte 1954 der weiland Emil Georg Bührle.

Mit ihr hat er es. Vor Cézannes Dame à l'éventail und dem Selbstbildnis mit der Palette (von 1885/87) vergesse ich den ganzen Friedens- und Kriegspersonenzauber. Vor dem Knaben mit der roten Weste und dem Stilleben mit der Blumenvase und Äpfeln, vor den Manets, dem Selbstmörder, der Rue de Berne im Flaggen-schmuck und dem Blumenstilleben, vor Signacs Modistinnen, einigen van Goghs, Delacroix's... es ist unmöglich, die Aufstellung fortzusetzen.

Gewiss sind nicht alle 180 Nummern exquisite Qualität. Dass Bührle sie suchte und zahlen konnte, darüber besteht kein Zweifel. Aber schon in den dreissiger und vierziger Jahren war auch für einen perfektionierten Kanonenkönig das Beste einigermassen knapp. Und bescheiden begnügte er sich mit kleineren Werken grosser Meister, mit Studien und Skizzen zu ausgewachsenen Bildern, wenn diese nicht greifbar waren, und brachte so sehr Delikates zusammen — und über die Massen Interessantes, als er es wagte, auch Nicht-Vollendetes zu sammeln (z. B. Cézanne). Der Bescheidenheit wie der Knappheit ist es wohl zuzurechnen, dass der Sammler mit dem grossartigen Instinkt und den guten Beratern sein Interesse den Malern der École de Paris zuwandte und, was er da von Bonnard, Boudin, Chavanne, Derain, Dufy, Marquet, Matisse, Rouault, Soutine, Utrillo und Vlaminck einbrachte, dem kann man das Adjektiv «entzückend» nicht versagen. Entzückende Bilder, mehr nicht. Gewiss nicht Bührles Schuld. Die grossen Werke standen nicht mehr zur Verfügung, und selbst sie hätten nur den grossen Abstand zu Manet, Cézanne und Picasso manifestieren können, die Differenz zwischen Toderntem und Verspieltem, zwischen dem Bau einer Welt und eleganter Arabeske. Wer sich die Qualität vor den Karren spannt, den verpflichtet sie.

Auch die Witwe will es so halten; der Katalog versichert uns, dass sie das Werk ihres Mannes «behutsam weiterführt». Zum Beweis dessen wird ein Poussin präsentiert (Johannes taufte im Jordan), der erst kürzlich vom Londoner Duke of Rutland erworben, zum erstenmal, gereinigt und von einer kleinen Uebermalung befreit, der nichtfachmännischen und nichtsammlenden Mitwelt zugänglich gemacht wird. Ein schöner Poussin.

Wahrscheinlich würde die Hälfte vom Wert der 14 Bührle-Cézannes genügen, um sämtliche Weihnachtsausstellungen in ganz Deutschland auszukufen, und es bliebe noch Geld übrig, um einsame Seelen am Heiligabend mit einem Christstollen zu erfreuen. Aber was ist sentimentale Weihnachtsmilde wert, die 364 und in Schaltjahren 165 Tage hart im Geben und hart im Nehmen ist wie Lemmy Caution nach dem vierten Glas Whisky. Und überhaupt: was haben Mildtätigkeit und Kunstübung miteinander zu tun!

Doch angenommen, eine gütige Hand öffne sich weit und kaufe den ganzen Inhalt der Ausstellungen. Was wäre damit erreicht? Ein Schenkelchen von der Weihnachtsgans für alle, und einige Verbitterte mögen den Glauben an die Menschheit, andere Zweifelnde an die eigene künstlerische Mission wiederfinden, und sie werden bestärkt werden fortzufahren und so der Gesellschaft tüchtige Handwerker und Graphiker entziehen. Nicht genug damit. Aus der Tatsache, dass einer seinen Achtstundentag damit zubringt, schöne reine Leinwände mit teuren Farben zu bedecken, erhebt er die

mehr oder weniger un-verschämte Forderung, von der Gesellschaft ausgehalten zu werden. Mit welchem Recht? Die Bilderproduktion ist heute ein Erwerbszweig wie jeder andere. Wenn auch nicht so produktiv. Und jener wohlwollende Kritiker einiger Weihnachtsausstellungen hatte schon recht, als er melancholisch feststellte, dass die Summen, die die «Produzenten» jährlich für ihre Werke erhalten, zweifellos geringer sind als die Millionen, die für Farben, Leinwand und Rahmen in die Wirtschaft fliessen.

Man muss schon Gruben- oder Gutsbesitzer sein, um vom Staat mit Steuergeldern subventioniert zu werden. Im allgemeinen aber trägt der Patron das Risiko. Der Konfektionär, der auf seinen falsch disponierten Sackkleidern sitzen bleibt, macht mitleidlos Bankrott. Von ihm könnten die Maler etwas lernen: er als smarter Kaufmann wird zum gebe- und geldausgebefreudigen Fest nicht Aus- und Ueberschuss zu herabgesetzten Preisen offerieren, sondern nur das Beste und Teuerste. Aber ein Künstler ist kein Konfektionär. Sein Calcul bewegt nicht Zahlen, er sei denn ein «Konkreter», aber auch dann sind sie «ideal» und stehen nicht für Arbeitsstunden, Stoffbahnen und Generalunkosten. Und da es so ist, versteilt sich vieler Maler Weltbild. Atavistisch glauben sie noch immer auf der Menschheit Höhen zu wandeln und sich an ihren Brüsten nähren zu dürfen. Sie haben den Blick für das Leben und, was das gleiche ist, für die Kunst verloren. Sie entziehen sich ihrer künstlerischen Verpflichtung und fälschen sie um in ein Guthaben der eigenen Firma. Und ihre Brust ist moralisch geschwellt (auf anderer Leute Kosten). Auf die klassischen Vorgänger verweisen die Humanisten. Doch wie widerlich klingen heute noch die Oden, die des Maecenas Speichel lecken. Und dergleichen lernt man in Unter- oder Oberprima und bekommt es ins Lebensgepäck zur späteren Nutzanwendung — je nach dem.

Kunst ist hart. Wer sich mit ihr einlässt, hat sich des Mitleids begeben, des süss-passiven und bitter-aktiven. Es gibt nur ein Anrecht ans Opfer: ans eigene. Und Stolz ist notwendig, an sich zu glauben, und Mut, «alle Thesen, einschliesslich der eigenen, jederzeit anzuzweifeln». Dieser schöne Satz gegen spießhafte Selbstgefälligkeit, Vergottung des Bestehenden, nur weil es besteht, findet sich in dem neuen Manifest der Göttinger Atomfrondeure und ist so gewichtig wie ihre Warnung vor den sogenannten lokalen Auseinandersetzungen. Keine Angst vor dem Experiment und dem Einsatz der eigenen Person. Es gibt angehende Atomphysiker, Diplomkaufleute und auch einige junge, Maler, die sich still als Zeitungsverkäufer und Aushilfskellner durchbringen. Das gewährleistet gewiss noch keine Qualität, aber ist eine menschliche Voraussetzung für sie: Integrität und Unabhängigkeit, die in die Werke eingehen.

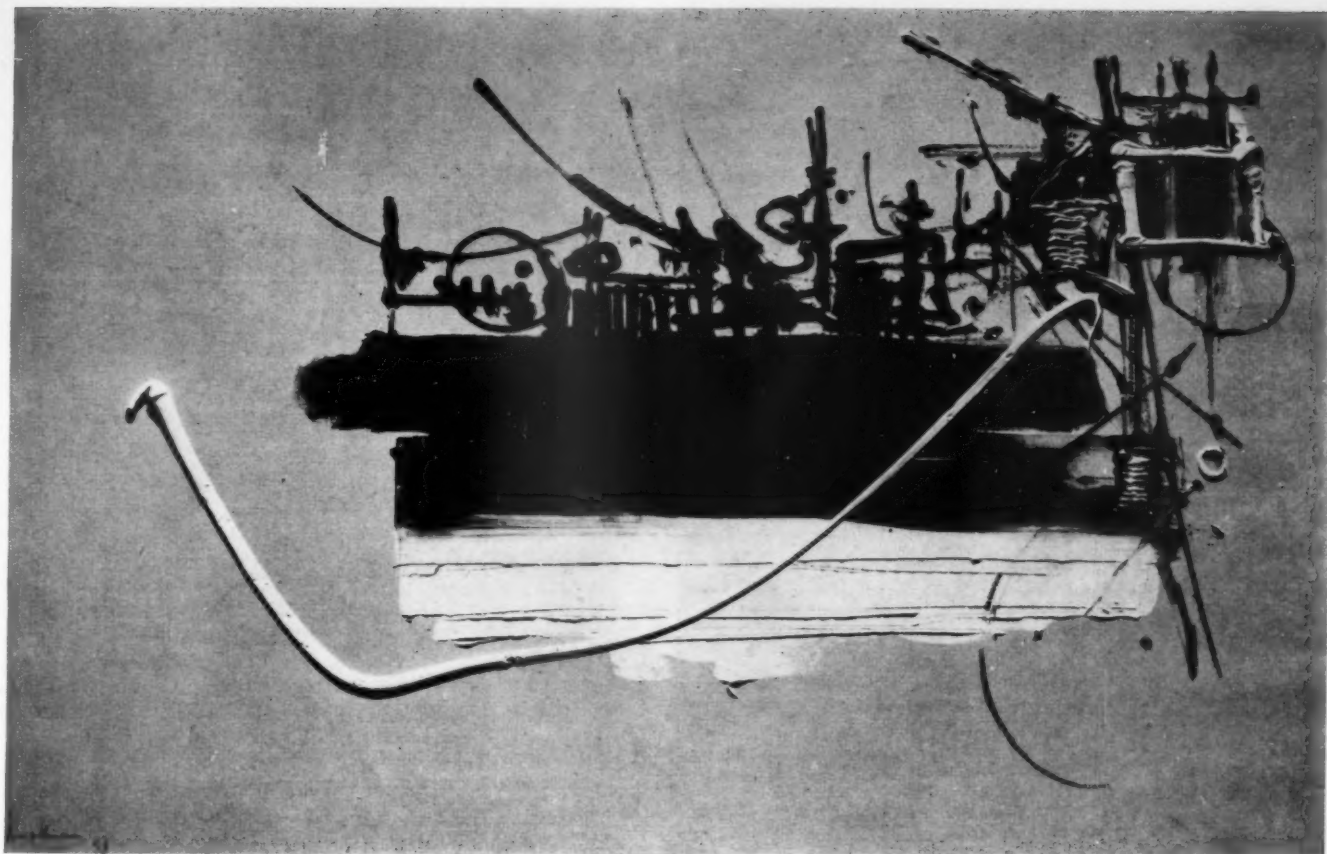
Die Bilanz der Kunst kennt keinen Ueberschuss. Sie wird immer mit einem Defizit abschneiden, mit der Erkenntnis des nicht voll Erreichten. Gegen dieses Risiko gibt es keine Versicherung noch Sicherung. Kunst ist Risiko, nichts anderes als das. Sie ist Experiment, in dem der Künstler Osmose mit Gott und der Welt, mit Vergangenheit, Gegenwart und Zukunft versucht — es kann nie ganz glücken, dafür sind die nichtmenschlichen Elemente zu mächtig. Die Frage ist nur, dass es so wenig wie möglich missglücke. Dass wir, die Zuschauer, vom Halb- und Dreiviertelgelungenen hoch beglückt sind, steht auf einem anderen Blatt. Wir wissen um die Relativität des Möglichen, Prometheus kennt sie nicht.

Die Kunst frisst ihre Kinder, die ihre Väter sein möchten. Wer nicht gefressen werden will, lasse beizeiten die Hände von ihr und werde ein guter Konfektionär, meinetwegen Haute Couturier — die Frauen werden es ihm danken.

Qualität und Mildtätigkeit sind zweierlei, und man kann nicht beiden zugleich dienen. Was man der einen gibt, entzieht man der anderen. Eine Gewissenfrage, die jeder für sich entscheidet. Das Schöne und das Gute sind getrennt und nicht mehr zu vereinen. Nur Kunsthändlern gelingt es noch manchmal von ferne — vielleicht auch einigen wenigen Sammlern. Die findigen, cleveren Händler, die die Welt bis in den letzten Winkel nach Talentkeimen durchschnüffeln und sie in vertraglichen Warmhäusern hochpäppeln — tun sie etwas Gutes oder etwas für die Qualität? Für die Qualität (bravo!) etwas Gutes, solange... Alles hat seine Grenzen nach unten und oben.

Nichts gegen die Händler! Ihnen ist es zu danken, dass nicht wenige Künstler auf die Mildtätigkeit pfeifen können. Aber die Qualität? Gewiss, der Preis ist noch kein Qualitätsmerkmal, wenigstens in der modernen Kunst. Eher im Gegenteil. Das Gutverkaufliche ist meistens nur kommun. Trotzdem gibt es ein paar Maler der neuen Generation, deren Bilder gut sind, obwohl sie sehr gut

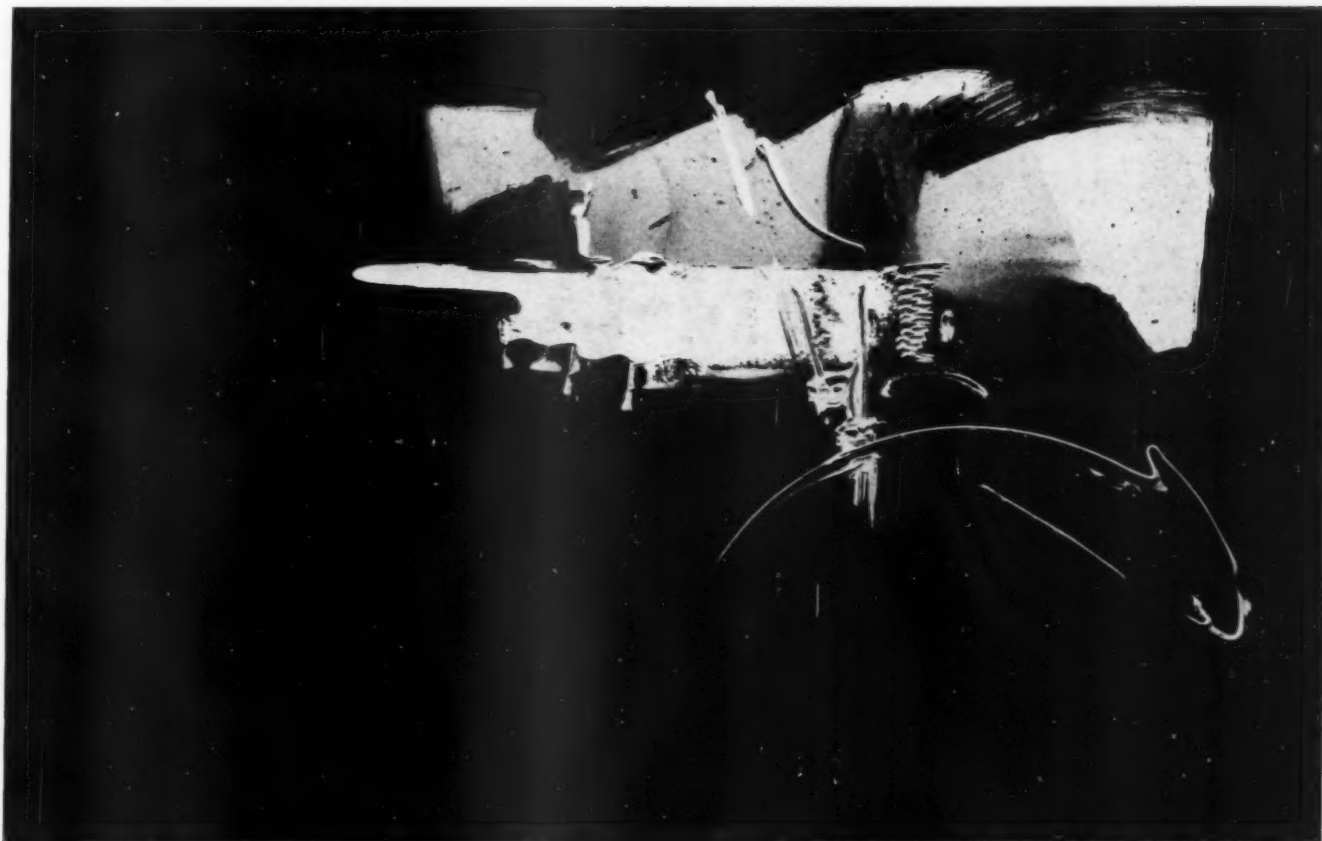
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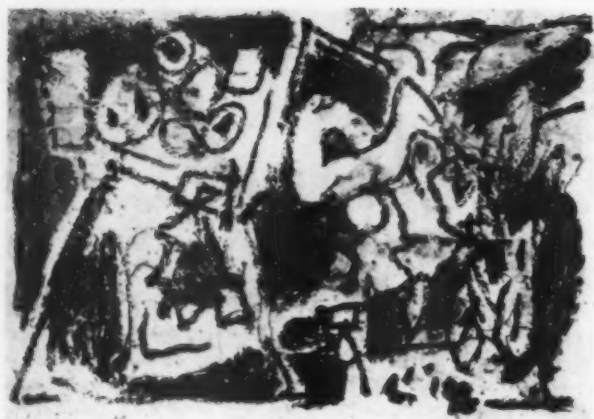
Above,  
GEORGES MATHIEU: *The Decline of Yang*, October 1958. 34 x 58 cm.

Below, *The Emergence of Yin*, October 1958. 33 x 58 cm.

Note: Both of these paintings are in the important retrospective exhibition of Mathieu's work which was held recently by the Cologne Kunstverein, together with exhibitions of Tobey and Burri, and which will now visit a number of other German museums.







Left, from top to bottom:  
**PIERRE SOULAGES:** Painting, 14 April 1958. Exhibited during the past season at the Kootz Gallery, New York. Soulages' work was also to be seen recently at the Guggenheim Museum (where he was one of the candidates for the Guggenheim Prize), in the Carnegie International, and at the Howard Wise Gallery in Cleveland.

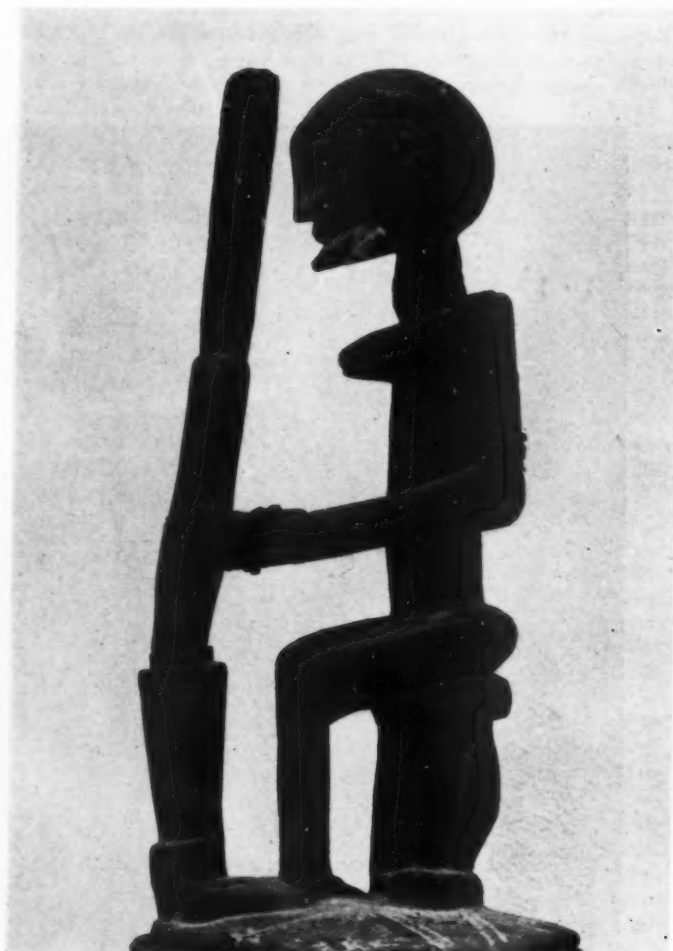
**ALECHINSKY:** Ink painting on paper, 215 x 150 cm. Exhibited recently at the Michel Warren Gallery in Paris.

**MARCA-RELLI:** Night Freight. 4'9" x 6'5". Oil and collage. In the artist's exhibition at the Kootz Gallery, New York.

**L. KIJNO:** Painting, 1958. Oil on creased and crinkled paper. 146 x 97 cm. In the artist's exhibition at the Galerie Henri Benezit, Paris (see review by Georges Limbour).

Above,  
**SAM FRANCIS:** Blue and White, 1958. Oil on canvas, 96 x 129 cm. Included in the artist's recent exhibition at Klipstein & Kornfeld, Bern.

Below,  
 Cover of the goblet of Hogon, spiritual chief of the Dogons. 42 cm. high. Courtesy Charles Ratton, Paris.



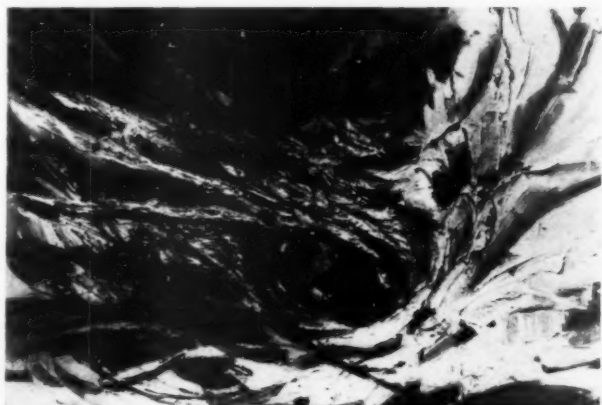




BRYEN: Contr'espace, 1958. Oil on canvas, 146 x 114 cm. In the artist's current exhibition at the Musée de Nantes.



REICHEL: Composition No. 35, 1957. From the exhibition of oils and watercolours by this recently deceased artist at the Hanover Gallery, London.



DOMOTO: Ectoplasm, 1957. Oil on canvas, 31 1/4 x 47 inches. From the artist's recent exhibition at the Martha Jackson Gallery, New York.



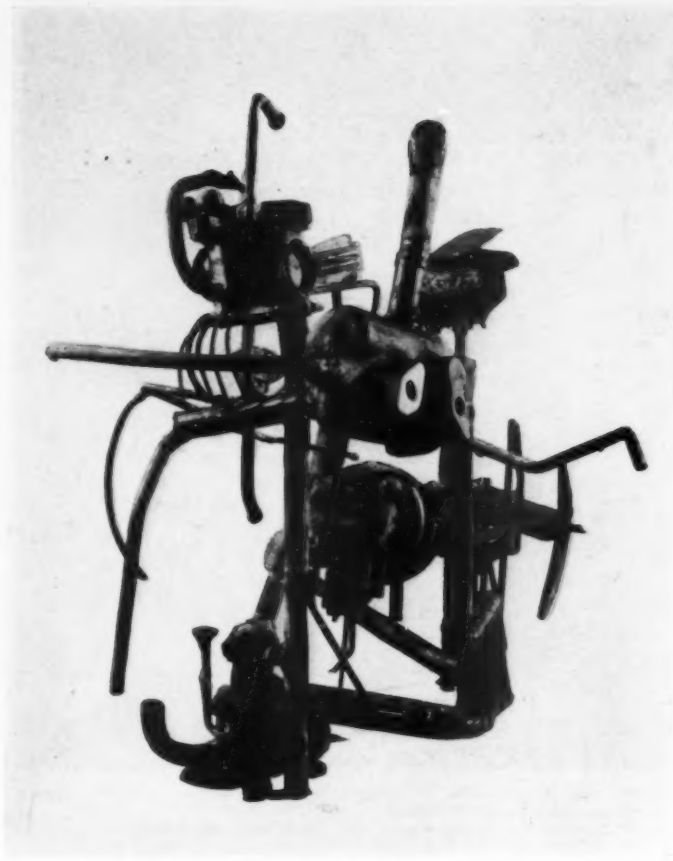
HAMAGUCHI: One of the works in the artist's recent exhibition at the Galerie Berggruen, Paris. (See review by Georges Limbour in ART INTERNATIONAL, Vol. 11/9-10.)



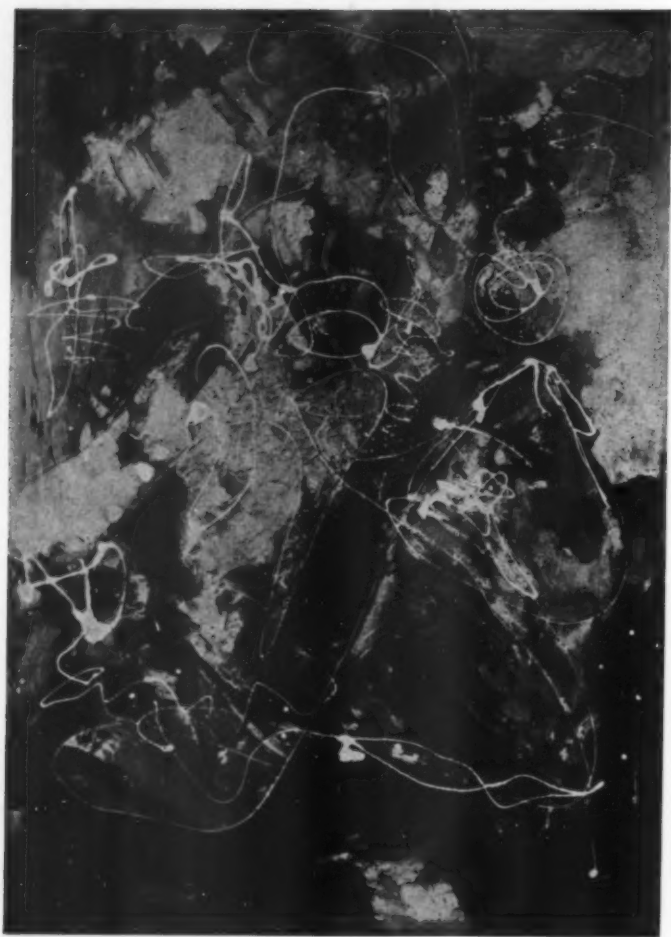
ADRIANO PARISOT: Esistenza, 1958. Oil on canvas. Among the paintings recently on exhibit at the new gallery, Il Grifo, Turin.



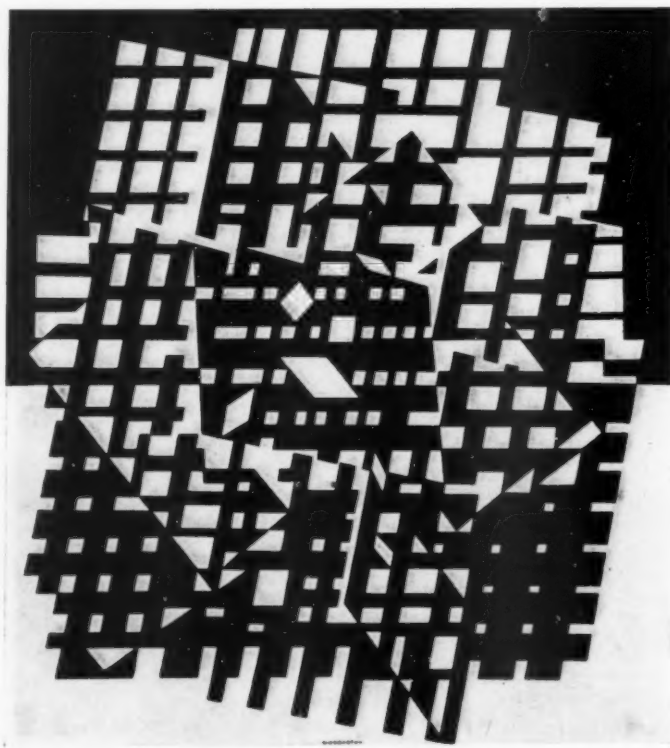
PASCIN: *Les Amies*, 1928-30. Oil on canvas, 39 1/4 x 31 1/4 inches. Courtesy Perls Galleries, New York.



STANKIEWICZ: *Microscopy*. Iron and Steel. 24 inches high. Courtesy the Stable Gallery, New York.



HANS HOFMANN: *Fantasia*, 1945-46. Courtesy Kootz Gallery, New York.



VASARELY: *Ixion*, 1956. Oil on board. 80 x 87 cm. Courtesy Rose Fried Gallery, New York.

Note: The artists whose works appear on this page are discussed by Martica Sawin in her New York Letter.

# New York Letter

A small memorial exhibition held at the Hansa Gallery from December 15 to January 10, paid tribute to Jan Müller, the remarkable young German-born painter who died just a year ago at the age of 35. Although Müller painted a number of large canvases, one of which, "Faust I", was purchased by the Museum of Modern Art in 1957, this exhibition was devoted mainly to his smaller works, the polyptychs and vertical series of connected panels and individual oils and pastels, and included just one large painting, the unfinished "Jacob's Ladder" on which the artist was working at the time of his death. The selection was comprehensive, however, in that it offered examples of nearly all the various themes and images which constantly recurred throughout the full cycle of Müller's work, images which involve the viewer in a labyrinth of implications, touching on mankind's primeval origins, on the mythological traditions which are imbedded in our culture, and on the fantastic projections of dreams and imagination.

An artist whose concern with a significant thematic material overrode the enthusiasm for abstract expressionism which prevailed among his friends, as well as at the school of Hans Hofmann where he studied, Müller remained intrinsically a German painter, reflecting the Germanic love of exaggeratedly graphic illustration, the romantic excesses, morbid fears and psychic unrest which seek an outlet in the drive for expression. Yet his association with the "New York School" painters perhaps gave impetus to the freedom and abandon with which he set forth his images, defying all conventions of representation, and to the crudely direct and inventive manner with which he brought immediacy and conviction to his unorthodox paintings. His principal themes were "Bacchanals", chalk-white nudes depicted in orgiastic revels, "Trysts", in which riders on dark horses approach supine women in shadowy groves, the "Quest" or "Search for the Unicorn" in which the participants are again the horsemen and nudes, illustrations of the "Walpurgis Night" scenes from "Faust", filled with lewd and grotesque naked witches, and related paintings of witches wildly cavorting or arrayed in unholy chorus; there are also jousting equestrians, sometimes with a human mount, scenes of devastation with mounds of fallen bodies against a desolate background of fallen trees, and, finally, landscapes, some with deliberate allegorical structure and others which are simply joyously serene recollections of Southern France where Müller lived in a refugee camp before coming to New York in 1941.

In addition to one of his earliest oils, "The Cyclops" (1943), in which his interest in narrative, his gifts as a colourist, and his compositional inventiveness are already manifest, there are several examples of the mosaic paintings from 1952-53, fashioned of small squarish touches of colour shifting subtly in size and direction to convey within an abstract format the structure of figures or landscape. In subsequent paintings the figures emerge full-fleshed and the mosaic recedes gradually until all that remains is a horizontal band of red or yellow in the distance and an understanding of colour properties totally independent of local description. A transitional work, "The Heraldic Ground", consists of an irregularly squared-off field of colours in which are embedded the larger forms of four lance-bearing horsemen, that same equestrian who is to appear again and again as chivalric questor, lover, abductor and vanquisher in the course of subsequent work. There follows a host of smaller paintings, among them "Earl King 6" (from the Schubert song) showing the naked woman seated on a tree stump, the rider disappearing on a curving path; the dappled pastel, "Study for Bacchanal in Sunlight, Search for the Ball 2", with its

glowing red circle, flanked by two riders and a pair of yellow and orange nudes with outstretched arms; the "Shadow Pastel 1", introducing a new theme from the last weeks of the painter's life, the devil seizing by the arms the shadow of the man who stands beside him, as well as small abstractions and the larger polyptychs. Far too numerous to detail here, the wealth of images and the cryptic symbology unfolded in this work, with its lingering atmosphere of both pagan primitivism and medieval preoccupation with demonology and heroic sublimation, seem to transpose into removed yet legible form those anxieties of the human psyche which have found their expression in the fabrication of myth and fable throughout the history of mankind.

The diametric opposite of this highly emotional painting is represented by the equanimity of Nassos Daphnis' mathematically deduced formulae for perfection, transcribed onto canvases which were exhibited at the Leo Castelli Gallery from January 6 to 24. Mathematics enter into the calculation of the intensities of given colours per square inch, and consequently are involved in determining how many square inches must be allotted to each colour. The canvases are banded horizontally or vertically (in several instances there are intersecting bands) in shades of red, blue or yellow, with white serving as "infinity" or space rather than form; and there is also an impeccable black, the artist's pride and joy, which is absolutely matte and reveals not the slightest flaw or gradation to the naked eye. Each colour band is carried over to the side-edge of the canvas, which is mounted on white board, so that no distracting frame or molding impinges on the visual purity and composure of the painting. What one sees is the vibration of one or two colours, a glowing scarlet or royal blue, between the absolute density of black and the "nothingness" of white. Although formulas for perfect harmony in art have been allied to mathematics for several thousand years, the coming of non-objective art and of light meters has greatly expanded the possibilities of the role of mathematics in determining the face of art if not its character.

An art of incredible cerebration is also practiced by Victor Vasarely, Hungarian-born Parisian exponent of International Non-Objectivism, whose work has an acuity and subtlety which taunts the eye and challenges the brain to unravel its secrets. His major works are black and white lattice paintings in which simple shifts in the pattern of light-dark alternation, and almost imperceptible variations in the size of repeated shapes, establish abrupt reversals of the positive-negative relationships and create larger intersecting shapes enmeshed in an overall grid of squares or rhomboids. The countering forces of grouping and regrouping forms, the shifting yet tautly balanced planes, the complexity of effects achieved by deceptively simple means combine to make these canvases among the most engrossing of their genre; they have both a physical and metaphysical significance which lead the perceptions to tentatively extend themselves beyond established boundaries.

One of the most individual and novel talents among contemporary American sculptors is that of Richard Stankiewicz whose assemblages of discarded machine parts and scrap metal have been on view at the Stable Gallery this month (January 5-24). With a very precise and deft touch Stankiewicz takes the ready-made object, the leavings of machine age progress, and joins them together in witty configurations without appearing to force an image on them. The impression is one of understatement; that by delving into the scrap heap and making a few slight adjustments in his findings, and several careful juxtapositions, he has revealed something that was inherently there all the time. Actually the work is a great deal



more subtle and complex than this implies, but it is important to note that the air of contrivance is missing, and that the art resides in the delicate balance between the finding and the arranging; each piece of junk retains its identity, yet is very deliberately related to the entity of the whole, both conceptually and as a sculptural unit. A strong sense of plastic form imposes itself on the ultimate shape of each work and is sufficiently in control of the multiplicity of protuberances to ensure that the silhouette will be striking from any angle, while the smaller fecundities apparent in the details are a constant source of surprise and entertainment. The "double-entendres", which are to be found in the relationships of the actual objects and their original functions to the image in which they presently participate, flow forth in a seemingly endless stream of spontaneous invention.

Stankiewicz has been exhibiting sculptures of this kind since 1952 and has, during the past several years, attracted considerable attention, yet there is no indication of a pat formula coming into being. On the contrary, his work gives every evidence of growing in richness and flexibility; he constantly adds to his vocabulary rather than working over already mastered phrases, and he attempts new pieces of greater scope and dramatic force than anything previously accomplished. With absolute candor he varies his mood from the purely playful, as in "Fish Lurking", an old tank amid the swaying grasses of perforated metal strips, and the sinuous folds of "Beach Sitter", to the sometimes angry or sarcastic comments of "Our Lady of All Protections", or the mingled humor and poignancy of "Reminiscence of Suzy". Yet there is one thing about which he is deadly serious, and that is the integrity of his art and the particular kind of purity residing in the naked impurities of industrial shards and waste materials, amid the synthetic glitter which is a cultural trademark.

It is quite superfluous to subtitle an exhibition of paintings by Jules Pascin, "The Nude", as the Perls Galleries have done in an excellent assemblage of 27 canvases covering nearly the full span of the artist's career, from 1909, a few years after his arrival in Paris, to 1930, the year of his suicide at the age of 45. After all, the very name Pascin is synonymous with paintings of naked or most casually draped female bodies, and it is the flesh which speaks most insistently, not the generally vacant and languid faces or the light-dissolved surroundings of rumpled bedclothes and incidental furnishings. There has been no painter of stature who has brought to the female nude quite the quality of Pascin—the mingling of necessity and scorn, so different from the dispassionate observation of Toulouse-Lautrec, or the overt aversion of Degas—and the complete anonymity, so markedly contrasted with the numerous painters who have celebrated one model after another. He paints the female nude as an object, an object with which he was obsessed, but which he will seldom dignify as a human being. Nor, except in group scenes in brothels, does he imply degradation or depravity, but prefers the tranquil indolence of passive yet mysteriously sanctified flesh.

The strong delineation and pronounced contrasts of Pascin's earlier work, and the passing influence of Modiglianesque stylization, give way almost entirely during the 1920's to a soft, diffuse rendering which combines firm but fragile drawing with delicate gradations of light, and an absorbing luminosity which fixes more and more imprecisely the fleeting moment.

Adolph Gottlieb elaborates on a single theme in half a dozen large canvases in the exhibition of his recent work at the Emmerich Gallery (January 6—31). He reiterates a preoccupation with an abstract symbolism originally voiced in his pictographs of a decade ago, and proclaims more strongly than ever his independence of "action painting" through his technique of sponging on paint in flawless surfaces and his display of brushwork only in elegant flourishes. Each of these vertical canvases consists of a closed form that is neither circle, ovoid or square, but lies indeterminately between the three, suspended above an open form whose dense nucleus breaks into straggling brushstrokes which are sometimes spun out in calculated spatters. The grounds are generally of a single hue with occasional faint modulations, a pale green flecked with white or soft strokes of white on white; they are infinite space in which nuclei of matter are formed, or they are the neutral field on which antithetical forces are arrayed. The forms are negative and positive, masculine and feminine, electron and proton, the classical contained form and the Baroque open-edged form—or whatever set of opposites one chooses to bestow on them.

This is preconceived, deliberate painting of a concept, however ambiguous, as opposed to directly, impulsively executed expressionist works, abstract or otherwise; but its strength lies in the fact that it is portrayed in painterly terms which are more intuitive than intellectual. Only a painter of Gottlieb's abilities could manage to stage such an exhibition without an assembly-line look, but the subtleties of his variations, the definiteness of colour and indefiniteness of form, add up to six very distinct paintings, each a provocative work in its own right.

Two of the artists already discussed, Jan Müller and Richard Stankiewicz, studied with Hans Hofmann during the late 1940's, and Hofmann's influence has made itself felt and continues to do so on a generation of young painters who left the Art Students League in search of greater vitality and ended up at the Hofmann School.

That his influence has been even more significant as it extends farther back is made apparent by the selection of paintings from 1940-47 displayed at the Kootz Gallery as the second installment of a 2-part Hofmann show, the first half having been devoted to 21 paintings from 1958. As early as 1940 Hofmann was exploring the possibilities of paint and painting activity as subject matter in themselves. The only possible antecedent that comes to mind is Masson's theory of automatic writing, but the Hofmann paintings are so free, so energetically muscular, and so turbulent with dynamic activity of paint that the connection is a distant one at best. A small canvas of 1940, "Spring", is composed almost entirely of spun-out dribbles and drips of white, red, blue and yellow paint in the tangled skein that most of us thought was original with Pollock. This technique is subsequently combined with other innovating means: the flooding on of large lakes of colour, the vehement and chaotic brushing of the paint to indicate motions and clashing directions rather than forms, the glimpses of multilayered underpainting—all of which later entered into the repertoire of Abstract Expressionism.

Yet, while Hofmann celebrated the act of painting per se, it would be difficult to claim that he effectively channeled it into statements of power or conviction—Clement Greenberg writes of these early abstractions, "They were so far out that they did not even disturb us"—and although he may have revealed startling possibilities to other painters, he also left it to them to realize the full significance of these innovations. I think this holds true for his recent paintings as much as for the earlier work, although there are many who disagree, and I find it saddening that Hofmann, with all his exuberant daring and vision, his marvelous feeling for the substance of paint and his boldness as a colourist, should have failed to produce paintings of coherence and intelligibility. To do this, however, it is perhaps necessary to limit oneself, to focus one's concentration at a given time on a given objective, and Hofmann has never been willing to admit any limitations at any one time to the diversified possibilities of painting.

Robert Delaunay was a visionary of a different sort who also failed in most instances to give convincing plastic form to his pioneering theories. The twelve paintings on view at Fine Arts Associates during the month of January testify to the experimental nature of his work and also reveal the extent to which he was limited by theory. Light was his first major concern and he attempted to disassociate light and colour from form, to make them describe motion and fractured planes, which he does most successfully in "Woman with Parasol", 1914, and less successfully when he attempts to combine his bull's eyes of colour with more realistically treated images, as in "Reading Nude", 1915. Two large canvases of 1922 and 1926 show views of the Eiffel Tower from aerial vantage points which flatten it completely into the pattern of surrounding paths and streets in a much more rigid arrangement than the earlier views of the tower, which put into practice his concept of simultaneity. The "Portrait of Philippe Soupault", 1922, dramatizes the conflict which repeatedly plagued the artist; it shows the freely—but realistically—drawn figure standing at the window, while beyond the static iron grillwork rises the tower in its familiar staggered and broken planes.

A gouache of 1919, "The Eiffel Tower", which he duplicated in a larger version twenty years later, best represents the hazards of the synthesis he was trying to achieve; the central tower with its enlarged base and diagonally off-shooting upper portion is flanked by rings and circles of colour which on one side appear to rise as smoke from a locomotive, while an arch beneath the tower is like a rainbow enclosing four figures—it is too much of a composite of styles and symbols to be an effective unit.

Pierre Restany



FEITO: Peinture, 1958. 85 x 65 cm. Collection Italo Magliano, Milan. Courtesy Galerie Arnaud, Paris.

## Louis Feito:

### Grandeur et Misère de la Castille

La spectaculaire rentrée en scène de la jeune peinture espagnole constitue l'un des faits marquants de la vie artistique internationale. Le triomphal succès du pavillon espagnol à la XXIXe Biennale de Venise, l'attribution à Tapiès des plus hautes récompenses internationales (1er prix Carnegie), en témoignent suffisamment.

Feito à 29 ans apparaît comme l'un des plus sûrs espoirs de cette génération nouvelle. A la différence de Tapiès et de Saura, moins directement liés au contexte parisien, ou même de Cuixart qui se fixa un temps à Lyon, Feito a choisi la capitale. C'est à Paris qu'il travaille depuis plus de quatre ans, loin de toute publicité tapageuse, dans la solitude et le recueillement.

L'évolution de l'artiste s'est opérée très lentement, en pleine cohérence, chaque stade de sa démarche répondant aux nouvelles exigences d'une constante nécessité intérieure. Le point de départ en fut une stylisation géométrique très sobre, la couleur, en riches nuances, venant animer le strict rapport des formes. Le parti-pris graphique s'accroît très vite. Dès 1955 le trait n'enserme plus la forme colorée, il se répand, libre et aérien dans l'espace pictural. Ce réseau de structure finira lui-même par se réduire à quelques jonctions de lignes horizontales et verticales, dont le tracé semble fuir à la surface du tableau, sans s'incorporer jamais à la matière.

Ce refus d'intégration du graphisme conduisait Feito au seuil de la spatialité lyrique: il refusait ainsi le discours, l'écriture, l'emploi du signe, bref, tous les modes calligraphiques d'extroversion. Dans le courant de l'année 1956 ces options étaient prises, une volonté lucide et totale d'intégration spatiale se manifestait. A l'extériorité et à la véhémence du geste expressionniste, l'auteur avait préféré le monde intérieur et secret de la matière, son traitement en soi, l'animation de ses rythmes fondamentaux.

En opérant ce retour définitif vers la nature essentielle des choses, ce parisien d'adoption a obéi aux exigences profondes de sa nature castillane. Feito est un terrien: son œuvre d'art est intimement pénétrée de l'ascétisme mystique du paysan espagnol. A travers ces terres brûlées, ces cendres grises, ces blanches poussières, ces ocres et ces argiles rouges, c'est toute la vieille Castille, ingrate et amère qui revit. On y sent l'attachement atavique du fermier pour une nature hostile, impitoyable et chérie pourtant en dépit de sa cruauté même. C'est ce même désir d'amour, cette appétence d'absolu que l'on retrouve dans la mystique d'une Thérèse d'Avila. Il marque les toiles de Feito d'une blessure sourde. De 1956 à 1958, le peintre a singulièrement approfondi sa vision. En même temps que s'enrichissait sa personnalité artistique, il atteignait peu à peu à cette élévation d'esprit qui seule rend

possible l'entière domination de la matière et l'imagination originale d'un espace pictural.

Ce qui importait pour Feito au début de cette période, c'était avant tout le contact physique avec la matière, cette plongée vers l'élémentaire. Sables, graviers, épaisseurs de pâte paraissent alors traités désespérément à l'aveuglette.

Mais de cette anarchie d'expression a jailli soudain un ordre transcendant. Une rigoureuse distribution de la lumière organise et ordonne ce chaos. Un rayonnement diffus à partir de vives taches blanches, rouges, jaunes — de craie, de sang ou d'ocre — anime désormais les plus secrètes profondeurs de ce néant farouche. L'esprit a dominé le limon: l'œuvre de Feito a conquis les plus hautes altitudes spirituelles, elle a vaincu la désespérante paralysie de l'inerte. Elle se situe désormais à ce niveau supérieur du lyrisme d'où naissent les émotions ontologiques et les gestes premiers. Les toiles récentes exposées à la Galerie Arnaud nous en fournissent l'indiscutable évidence.

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de ces plaques (qui peuvent d'ailleurs être regardées de quatre côtés), montrent une certaine envolée lyrique, du fait que les corps paraissent de larges manteaux ouverts dans le vent, ou des ailes déployées. En outre, il y a un mouvement très sensible, de gauche à droite ou d'arrière en avant. Il y a là une invention de formes, que l'on interprétera selon ses tendances personnelles, et je crois que ce qu'il faut en retenir est l'impression de vie et de mouvement.

Au contraire, les personnages que je fais figurer dans le second groupe sont, ou paraissent des personnages immobiles, assis ou couchés, rigides, durcis, figés, pétrifiés et parfois même racornis. Tel personnage est assis sur son derrière, raide comme un ours en peluche, bras et jambes allongés horizontalement devant lui dans le vide. Tel autre personnage est étendu de tout son long sur le côté dans la rigidité cadavérique, mais les deux longues jambes fort grêles ne reposent pas sur le sol, elles sont assez durcies pour se tenir parallèles dans le vide. Une troisième statue nous montrera un personnage couché sur le dos et dont le corps informe est gonflé comme une outre. Pour parler vulgairement, il a les quatre fers en l'air, c'est-à-dire que ses membres se dressent obliques et rigides dans l'espace, comme ceux d'une personne peu souple, et même atteinte de paralysie, qui vient de faire une chute sur le dos.

Comme ces personnages ne sont pas faits pour nous donner une idée de beauté et d'harmonie, informes et déplaisants comme ils sont, on est forcé de chercher ce que leur étrange attitude peut signifier; et comme leur rigidité est vraiment cadavérique, on a vite fait d'y voir des individus victimes de catastrophes ou de terribles cataclysmes. Ils pourraient avoir été brûlés dans un incendie, pris sous les décombres au cours d'un bombardement,



avoir été remontés de la mine après un coup de grisou, ou comme la boulanger de Pompeï, être restés un bout de temps sous l'édredon de lave d'un volcan. Est-ce là une représentation de la mort? Or, un personnage, dont je n'ai pas encore parlé, est, couché sur le côté, un torse informe et comme défiguré; ses jambes maigres et rabougries comme des pattes d'insecte sont repliées, et de ses bras décharnés, il enveloppe, comme s'il cherchait encore à se protéger, son visage dépourvu de signes humains. Ce personnage fait penser exactement à l'aspect que prennent, desséchés et recroquevillés, les insectes morts. C'est bien pourquoi je me demande, sans en être certain, n'ayant jamais lu de commentaires évitant trop souvent, hélas! de serrer le sujet de trop près, et d'éclaircir précisément les questions douteuses), si ce n'est pas un dramatique et sinistre côté de la condition humaine que ce sculpteur a voulu évoquer. Certains attachent aujourd'hui une valeur particulière à l'atroce, comme si cela était une révélation de notre temps, comme si les autres époques n'avaient jamais connu l'horreur, la guerre, la torture, le cataclysme et la fameuse angoisse. Il s'est installé dans notre temps une pédanterie du pessimisme, et par suite du laid. Mais ce qui est par nature sinistre et horrifiant, est-ce par des moyens hideux qu'on le rendra le mieux? Les formes dont use Armitage dans la représentation de la vie restent parfois élégantes. Celles des personnages inanimés sont grotesques ou infantiles. Nous voilà encore ramenés à cette histoire de l'art des enfants, qu'il faudrait bien définitivement rejeter. Mais cette allusion à l'art des enfants, comme on dit, me jette dans un nouveau doute: qui me dit que cette interprétation que je viens de faire de cette sculpture est la bonne?; qui me dit que cet artiste — très moderne — n'a pas voulu faire autre chose que des bonshommes assis ou couchés, à la manière des enfants, ou comme le peintre Scott lorsqu'il peignait cette bonne femme rouge informe sur son lit? Alors, il n'y aurait plus de drame du tout, plus de condition humaine, seulement de pauvres figures, bien misérables et navrantes.

C'est une magnifique vision du ciel, des «Constellations», et de leur rapport avec les hommes et les animaux, les oiseaux, que nous communique Joan Miró par le moyen de vingt-deux magnifiques gouaches, exposées chez Berggruen. Ces œuvres, de belle imagination lyrique, sereinement, joyeusement inspirées, sont d'un extrême brio. Comme une nuit pure, transparente, profonde et enchantée, l'espace en est archi-peuplé: les formes diverses, élégantes, tournoient avec grande aisance, et en dépit de leur multiplicité et de leur très proche voisinage, fourmillant comme les étoiles, mais dans un accord total de parfaite harmonie, sans jamais le risque d'un heurt, elles sont emportées dans le rythme de la grande respiration divine. Ce sont les formes familières à Miró, sphères approximatives, étoiles, quartiers de lune, triangles (approximatif également!) joints inversés comme des diabolos, lignes noires en spirales partant d'une petite boule noire. Ces formes, à des échelles différentes comme les étoiles de première à dernière grandeur, se répètent de manière quasi innombrable en des associations multiples, et cela est fort admirable, car il n'y a pas de monotonie dans le ciel, quoiqu'en réalité on puisse dire que tous les astres sont pareils. Ces «constellations» sont d'une extrême précision et leur couleur également sans mélange, noire pour les tracés et maintes figures, les rouges, bleus, jaunes ou marron en aplats réguliers. Ces systèmes purs, linéaires ou de volume assez strict, mènent leur danse nocturne (mais la nuit c'est une image de la splendeur) sur des fonds transparents, profonds, aérés, traversés de souffles, nuancés et diversement raffinés.

Cette exposition est faite pour présenter un album «Constellations», (Pierre Matisse, éditeur) reproduisant, à un format très proche de l'original, ces vingt-deux gouaches de Miró, accompagnées d'autant de poèmes, **proses parallèles**, de André Breton. L'introduction du poète est elle-même fort belle, qui nous apprend que ces gouaches ont été peintes en 1940-41, les premiers à Varengeville, les autres à Palma de Majorque, donc au moment de l'invasion de la France et au premier temps de l'occupation. A cette époque, la défaite des armes risquait d'entraîner une soumission de l'esprit. Hitler botté dansait dans une forêt de France, mais Joan Miró faisait tourner le ciel aux lumières de sa poésie.

Tout en soulignant la différence qu'il y a entre les deux peintres, il convient de rappeler qu'André Masson avait donné en 1925 le titre de «Constellations» à plusieurs tableaux, et que ce thème est resté dans sa peinture l'un des plus personnels et importants.

Je ne sais trop si Julio Gonzalez fut un grand sculpteur: il y a dans son œuvre des pièces faibles dont le caractère cubiste apparaît

superficiel, car il n'est alors pour lui qu'une façon actuelle de revêtir une idée ancienne. Cependant Gonzalez reste un grand inventeur, et ses personnages en fer, innovation qui ouvrit une voie à maints jeunes artistes, forment un beau moment de l'art contemporain.

C'est pourquoi l'exposition de la Galerie de France est assez remarquable, qui offre des pièces nombreuses, de toutes dimensions et factures, et de toutes les époques de Gonzalez (1876—1942). Des dessins, gouaches et pastels, où nous retrouvons le souvenir de Lautrec et de Degas, ainsi que de petites sculptures des environs de 1912 nous montrent que si, jusqu'à cette époque Gonzalez n'a pas encore fait son invention personnelle, il est doué d'une extrême habileté, il a un métier plein de brio, du goût, de la sensibilité, et aussi de la sensualité. Et sans doute est-ce cette sensualité qui nous sera, si secondaire au premier abord qu'elle paraisse, une de ses plus précieuses qualités, car lorsque après 1927 cet artiste va inventer le travail du fer, après abandon de la peinture, ce qu'il y a de plus vibrant, de plus chaud et enfin de plus humain dans son être, ne sera jamais de trop pour sensibiliser les plaques rigides de métal rétif qui reçoit mal la vie, y résiste et dont il faut ployer à force les jointures à la soudure autogène.

Ce qu'il y a de très curieux dans la période cubiste de Gonzalez, ce sont ses découpures dans des feuilles de fer, d'où il tire des silhouettes de personnages, ou les plans de ses visages. Gonzalez était espagnol, et fort lié avec Picasso. Je ne sais quels ont été ses rapports avec Gris. En tout cas nous connaissons des personnages de Gris, œuvres secondaires ou familières, mais particulièrement bien venues, auxquels le terme de sculpture serait trop ambitieusement appliqué, et construits avec des morceaux découpés dans un carton léger. C'est à ces petits ouvrages que me font songer, sans que je puisse dire quelle put être la part d'influence réciproque, certaines découpures dans le fer de Gonzalez.

Les belles œuvres originales vont apparaître vers 1930. Nous retrouvons avec plaisir à la Galerie de France quelques statues dont certaines sont célèbres, et connues par la reproduction: «Le Rêve», «l'Ange», «Femme Au Miroir», «Femme Se Coiffant», «Homme Cactus», etc. Comme tout sculpteur, Gonzalez avait ses problèmes: l'espace et surtout la capture de l'ombre. Laissons les de côté. Ces sculptures sont certainement parmi les meilleures faites «à notre âge du fer». Elles sont harmonieusement calculées et articulées. Légères, elles respirent, et la forme, si abstraite qu'elle soit, n'est pas gratuite, mais très sensible. Gonzalez sut imposer au fer une extrême souplesse, le réduisant en tiges minces susceptibles d'être courbées ou légèrement ployées, dressées en aligettes ou ondoyant comme des oriflammes. Aussi avec ce brutal matériau put-il réaliser des œuvres fort suggestives comme «Le Rêve» ou «Femme se coiffant», sculpture agile comme un mouvement de chevelure ondoyante, encore que les cheveux soient quasiment absents.

De belles peintures de Max Ernst ont été exposées chez Edouard Loeb et à la Librairie La Hune. En ce dernier endroit on faisait la parution du livre MAX ERNST par son ami Patrick Waldberg (Éditions Jean Jacques Pauvert). Ce livre comporte quelque deux-cent-cinquante photos et reproductions, dont quelques dépliants en couleurs. Le texte, richement documenté et vivant, pourrait servir de modèle à ces grandes entreprises que sont les études exhaustives faites sur les peintres. Patrick Waldberg, ami de Max Ernst, a connu les peintres et poètes surréalistes. Esprit mordant, débordant d'imagination, c'est lui qui rédigea jadis le dictionnaire humoristique qu'il appelait le «Da Costa». D'une manière fort captivante, il raconte — sans recourir aux trucs de la psychanalyse bien qu'il relate quelques rêves — l'enfance de Max Ernst, et ce qu'il en dit éclaire si bien les œuvres du peintre, que même les anciens admirateurs de Max Ernst puiseront trouver dans ce livre une plus profonde compréhension.

Il est heureux que Patrick Waldberg, qui devait entrer dans l'armée américaine en 1942, ait pu suivre le surréalisme aux États-Unis durant la guerre, et visiter Max Ernst jusque dans les solitudes de l'Arizona. Sur la technique de ce peintre, qui a été reprise de diverses façons, notamment sur les «frottages», nous apprenons des choses importantes, susceptibles de nous faire reviser quelques-unes de nos idées. Si Patrick Waldberg est fin critique et conteur attachant, il est aussi un portraitiste qui sait animer un personnage, et outre les femmes qui ont joué un rôle dans la vie de Max Ernst, il fait apparaître, avec beaucoup de verve et de psychologie, les artistes qui ont été compagnons ou amis du peintre, Schwitters, Arp, Miró, André Masson, Tanguy, Giacometti, Man Ray, beaucoup d'autres, et André Breton.



Giuseppe Marchiori

## Corpora a New York



CORPORA: Il Mostro, 1958. Oil, 100 x 81 cm.  
Courtesy Galleria Pogliani, Rome.

Un anno intero di lavoro impegnato in un'unica direzione, questo 1958, rimarrà memorabile nella storia di Corpora, come una svolta decisiva per un approfondimento di quei mezzi linguistici, che appaiono ormai adeguati all'immagine, in uno stato di recuperata libertà interiore.

È la risposta della chiarezza agli ambigui problemi: è, come dice egregiamente Argan, la convinzione sicura che «il sentimento come fondamentale naturalità dell'essere umano è un valore costante e inalienabile, che nessuna crisi o catastrofe storica potrà cancellare dal mondo».

Alle alchimie formalistiche, nelle quali spesso si livellano gli assolutismi aprioristici delle posizioni razionali o irrazionali a oltranza, Corpora contrappone la verità fondamentale della propria scoperta poetica. Quanto tempo ci ha messo per arrivare a quel punto di chiarezza e per quali vie, non importa.

Le vie obbligatorie della cultura artistica italiana si diramano, tra il '38 e il '45, dalla matrice picassiana, come, qualche anno prima, da Ensor, da Soutine, dagli espressionisti tedeschi. Anche «Corrente» è un episodio che riguarda un certo gruppo d'intellettuali animati da intenzioni polemiche, incapaci di «entrare nei ranghi» della ortodossia e della noia fascista.

Dal 1948, cioè dall'anno della affermazione del «Fronte» alla «Biennale» di Venezia, Corpora ha esaurito in cicli sempre più ricchi di umori pittorici quel processo fatto di convinzioni e di tentativi, che conduce al momento imprevedibile della maturità.

1958: era scritto. Gli arabi dicono così (o, per lo meno, dicevano), a evento compiuto. E questa data, oggi, è fondamentale, perché si riferisce a un pittore, che ha espresso il meglio di sé senza cedere alle suggestioni o al fascino di una «modernità» indiscriminata. Infatti (cito ancora Argan): «Corpora sa che, se essere moderni è comunque un obbligo di civiltà, l'esser moderno non significa certo uscire dalla storia, ma definire la novità e la ragione della propria posizione rispetto e dentro la storia.»

La domanda da farci è: come le definisce? E poi, e si riuscirà a rispondere, nei limiti di ogni interpretazione, per quanto obbiettiva, si verrà a stabilire una base meno precaria per un futuro giudizio.

La «precarietà» è appunto il termine che comprende i troppi aspetti provvisori dell'arte «autre», lungo la gamma completa delle sfumature informali. Sarebbe sciocco negare il valore di certe ricerche, la vena di umorismo, che ravviva certe zone opache della pittura moderna: ma ci son tanti modi di essere diversi. Uno di questi, forse il più ovvio, è di rinunciare alla eccentricità del linguaggio. Partendo da un simile principio morale, si eludono i pericolosi sofismi dell'attualismo dialettico, e vigorosamente si afferma la individualità dell'espressione pittorica.

I titoli delle opere di Corpora sono molto suggestivi. Ci fanno ricordare la giovanile esperienza letteraria del pittore. Un bel titolo ci salva dalla noia infinità delle anonime serie di composizioni con numeri progressivi, dei «paesaggi», delle «nature morte». E i titoli sono: «Incantesimo», «La memoria», «L'età della terra», «Morte nel pomeriggio», «Natura ostile», «Le ore inafferrabili», «Drago alato», «Cristallizzazioni», «Immagini», «Guerra di tabù», «Le chiavi del poeta», «Sacrificio vegetale», «L'ora divisa in due tempi», «Muro dell'infanzia», «Il grande amore», «Il vecchio fiume», «Il mostro».

Non si tratta dunque di definizioni generiche. Il pittore ha voluto esprimere qualcosa di molto preciso. E Lionello Venturi ha saputo da par suo individuare i caratteri della realtà poetica evocata nelle immagini dipinte da Corpora. Siamo lontani dal mito metafisico, dalle rielaborazioni letterarie delle «prospettive quattrocentesche», malgrado le ore inafferrabili e le chiavi del poeta. La mummia di De Chirico è nelle segrete del castello di Ferrara e gli enigmi metafisici sono stati facilmente risolti. (Ma erano poi veri enigmi?) Il disegno prospettico è distrutto dalla vitalità del segno che costituisce la trama e l'architettura del quadro e che esprime

il ritmo segreto dell'immagine, completata dalle macchie e dalle masse di colori sovrapposti.

C'è un tempo della memoria fissato nella composizione dell'opera, cresciuta per gradi di successive approssimazioni e risolta nell'attimo indefinibile della raggiunta unità. È impossibile rifare con le parole il processo dei segni e dei colori. Ma con orgoglio si può affermare che in quell'attimo il pittore ha concluso, senza aggiungere o senza lasciar nulla di sottinteso. È l'affermazione responsabile del critico che riconosce la misura unica, insostituibile del quadro e la sua durata nel tempo.

C'è un livello di qualità nelle pitture che Corpora ha dipinto nel 1958 e che ora sono esposte alla Galleria Kleemann di New York, dove hanno ottenuto un grande e meritato successo di pubblico e di critica.

Questo livello è la prova di un particolare momento di vena, di sicurezza, di felice abbandono alla 'necessità' della pittura, come ragione prima di vita. Corpora sa che i suoi sogni, per non essere soltanto confessioni private, devono apparire comunicabili, riconoscersi in quella 'legittimità storica' di cui parla Argan.

Essi assumono l'evidenza e l'impeto di una emozione vitale non tradita o dispersa per rivoli sperimentali. E l'unità dello stile rivela la coscienza delle possibilità espressive aperte a chi sa essere 'moderno' senza ricorrere ai richiami più vistosi e più esterni della modernità distaccata da ogni tradizione. Un discorso come questo non può far pensare a una impossibile storia dei mezzi espressivi; bensì serve a individuare il procedimento dell'artista, da non confondere con la pratica artigiana dei 'tecnici'. Corpora è rimasto fedele alla pittura a olio; e da essa riesce a ricavare, nel modo più semplice, gli effetti più rari, e, vorrei dire, più ricchi, per la intensità e il rilievo della materia colorata e per lo stacco dei contrasti luminosi.

La superficie, in cui il colore si modella in nessi e rapporti coordinati con sicura intuizione, è articolata in un tracciato di segni e di solchi. Il pittore opera sui colori freschi, appena distesi sulla tela in un primo equilibrio di masse opposte o concordi, e lascia poi asciugare lentamente la preparazione, che sarà, come s'è detto, lo scheletro di un'immagine maturata in seguito con aggiunte e correzioni continue, fino a raggiungere quella luce interna, che costituisce il fascino e il mistero dell'arte di Corpora.

Luce interna, cioè luce dello spirito, nelle sue reazioni mutevoli, di fronte ai fatti e alle occasioni che saranno i motivi dominanti di armonie e di urti, d'impulsi e di violenze, di magie e di abbandoni pittorici.

È assurda la pretesa di descrivere un quadro, che non è soltanto quello che appare. La elaborata superficie dipinta nasconde una vicenda ogni volta diversa: racchiude un tempo, in cui lo spazio affonda le sue radici. E la pittura non è nemmeno un oggetto distaccato contemporaneamente da chi lo fa e dal mondo al quale è destinato. Altre radici lo legano al tempo, agli uomini, alla cultura, per la sua origine e per la sua stessa ragion d'essere.

All'improvviso Corpora è andato al di là di uno schermo brillante, al di là dei confini della sua formazione di pittore, iniziata nell'orbita picassiana e matissiana, e ha visto in un baleno un mondo nuovo di forme, scoperte nel momento stesso in cui nascevano; ha visto dischiudersi un mondo meraviglioso aperto con le «chiavi del poeta». E il mondo appariva nei momenti unici di «Morte nel pomeriggio», di «Drago alato», di «Muro dell'infanzia», delle «Ore inafferrabili», intonati sugli azzurri, sui blu, intensi e profondi, come i rossi, i verdi, le terre, digradanti in mezze tinte verso le ombre o verso le luci velate, in un registro ricco di effetti ogni volta inattesi. Della visione cubista non rimane più nulla, come della fase dimenticata di un'esperienza che tendeva al superamento di schemi esauriti in un manierismo riconosciuto dal confronto con altri aspetti meno noti, ma infinitamente più vitali, dell'arte europea.

Mi piace pensare a quel «Muro dell'infanzia» come a uno spazio aperto all'avventura organizzata di Corpora, perché il dominio delle forme, tanto evidente in questi suoi quadri del 1958, esclude l'azzardo delle scritture automatiche o il gesto orgoglioso tradotto nelle macchie informali.

La soluzione offerta da Corpora vale per sé, nella storia del pittore, ma conta soprattutto perché afferma un tipo di condizione 'moderna' giustificata dalla storia, in contrasto con l'arbitrio e con la gratuità.

Può darsi che il successo ottenuto a New York voglia significare un consenso più vasto a un indirizzo che non si fonda sulla novità

a ogni costo, sul desiderio di sbalordire. Sembra che Corpora abbia tenuto conto, con molta intelligenza e con giusta misura, di alcune indicazioni significative dell'arte contemporanea, ma per sottrarle al dominio del gusto, per renderle strumenti efficaci di una più complessa espressione poetica.

La cosiddetta 'generazione di mezzo' è ormai il bersaglio preferito dei giovani e dei vecchi per ragioni opposte. Ma in dieci anni essa ha dimostrato una consistenza non intaccata da alcune defezioni, d'altronde prevedibili, e una vitalità negli svolgimenti, molto spesso imprevedibili, dei singoli artisti. È una generazione che ha mantenuto l'impegno assunto con fiducia e con coraggio nei primi anni del dopoguerra.

Corpora ha contribuito validamente a consolidare l'affermazione nel mondo. La sua storia si lega alla storia della pittura italiana contemporanea attraverso le difficili conquiste dell'autonomia e della libertà, nell'ambito di una tradizione 'moderna', tanto diversa dalle vuote accademie del manierismo internazionale.

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## Mostre in Italia

Giuseppe Marchiori

Al «Naviglio» di Milano le mostre di Poliakov e dei «Nudi» di Gentilini meritano particolare attenzione per opposte ragioni.

Poliakov è al limite di un genere di pittura che si consuma nella sua stessa preziosità bizantina. Il giallo è l'oro spento dei mosaici, e gli altri colori son tessere troppo grandi inserite in uno spazio inorganico. Gli accordi non sempre son rari: si perdono spesso in una specie di morbida ambiguità. Forse codesta estenuata raffinatezza costituisce un motivo di fascino per il gusto decadente di una élite intellettuale. Poliakov talora è meglio della sua stessa sigla: sfugge alle insidie decorative e invade con purezza di toni il campo assoluto della musica. La malinconica nostalgia slava dà il tocco finale a questi canti armoniosi sussurrati in sordina.

Gentilini invece non lascia niente di accennato o d'inespresso. Le sue figure 'pesano', definite nel curioso limbo di una innocenza precaria, in cui sono ben presenti gli amori e i ricordi, molto più veri, di una cultura in rapporto con quella sognata innocenza. Nella storia di Gentilini, i «Nudi» rappresentano una maggiore concretezza d'immagine. Al «Millione», espone un Tamayo più patetico, più spirituale, col passar degli anni. E il suo incontro è particolarmente gradito in un tempo di esperienze comuni di laboratorio, che vedono il sacrificio quotidiano della personalità in un livello medio dominato dalla mediocrità.

Questo è un fatto allarmante, già segnalato nel padiglione italiano della Biennale e confermato dalle mostre collettive di pittori giovani alla Galleria San Fedele di Milano e nelle sale del Wallraf Richartz Museum di Colonia. Tutti i luoghi comuni della pittura internazionale contemporanea appaiono rimasticati in un linguaggio senza impegno, senza stile, senza quei fermenti di protesta o di ribellione, che costituiscono il nucleo germinante e la giustificazione storica dell'arte d'avanguardia del primo novecento. Si direbbe che nei giovani manchi una convinzione sicura a giudicare delle ricerche contraddittorie in cui l'espedito tecnico sostituisce l'ispirazione. Sono ricerche senza avvenire, concluse nei limiti di una cifra, della quale è facile stabilire l'origine. Non mancano le eccezioni in questo panorama sconsolante e che potrebbe esser corretto con aggiunte forse sgradite agli organizzatori delle due mostre. Comunque, a San Fedele, le eccezioni sono Soffiantino, Saroni e Ruggeri; e, a Colonia, Moreni, Scanavino, Bendini. E perché, da certe scelte, sono esclusi Perilli, Dorazio, Novelli, Licata, Strazza?

Forse certi nomi non servono al gioco delle documentazioni impossibili e delle proposte di valori inesistenti. Vero è che non si può forzare una situazione molto diversa da quella presentata a Milano e a Colonia. Il rigurgito surrealista, con tutti gli automatismi inconfessati, domina il gusto internazionale di oggi. Segni e macchie tuttavia si cancellano di fronte a un piccolo quadro, a un ironico collage di Max Ernst, che diventa un metro severo di giudizio per le prove fallite di tanti 'esistenzialisti' moderni.

Ai drammi e alle angosce dichiarate (e non vere) non è forse preferibile l'autentico humour? Ma questo è un prodotto troppo raro per i tempi che corrono dominati da polemiche teologiche, da fanatismi irriducibili.



La libertà di Luigi Russolo (Galleria Barbaroux) è ben diversa dalla libertà dei calligrafi e dei 'tachistes' contemporanei. Russolo era un'anima candida: un puro. E le sue curiosità di novatore si esprimevano in campi differenti, con una sorta di tranquilla audacia, impassibile e tenace, che accordava teorie e risultati nello spirito di una vera ricerca d'avanguardia.

A Roma, tra discussioni e distrazioni, le mostre si susseguono con ritmo incalzante. Noto quella dei 'Disegni' di Cagli al 'Segno'. Anche Cagli è un artista che ha sperimentato più e meglio di tanti altri i particolari aspetti della 'cultura' d'avanguardia; ma molte scoperte le ha fatte da solo, mosso da un'inquietudine spirituale non dispersiva, anzi con spregiudicata libertà di giudizio, unita a un estro inventivo continuamente sollecitato. Le carte strapazzate e dipinte di oggi, per quanto sottintendano un omaggio a Dadà, rappresentano una nuova conquista di Cagli, sempre in moto e incapace di accontentarsi di una conclusione che lo classifichi.

L'altra, grande sorpresa della stagione, ai suoi inizi, è data dai 'Ferri' esposti da Burri alla 'Galleria Blu' di Milano.

I materiali sono completamente mutati (lamiere di ferro, ritagliate e bruciate col saldatore, fondi di scatole di latta sfiorati dalla fiamma), ma i risultati migliori si collegano alle famose composizioni coi sacchi e con le cuciture di spago e di filo.

I materiali metallici danno una nuova dimensione all'arte di Burri e una diversa espressività. Si tratta di piani in rilievo, saldati forati e sovrapposti, sui quali talora fanno spicco i fondi di scatole di conserve, in un gioco continuamente variato e mosso delle superfici. Burri ha un'abilità diabolica nel mettere insieme i discrediti relitti che diventano, all'improvviso, strumenti di una composizione addirittura perfetta. Ci sono, nell'impostazione spaziale, contraddittori ricordi dadaisti e costruttivisti, ma il senso di queste intelligenti strutture appare avido di mistero, di conquista al di là di certi limiti della conoscenza visiva.

I 'ferri' di Burri, salvo nel caso del grande pannello, di lamiere unite sul medesimo piano da una saldatura che le delimita come zone campite di colore, assumono l'aspetto di 'plastici', di 'oggetti', nei quali scultura e pittura si uniscono, come s'è detto, in una nuova dimensione. Burri ha superato questa volta un punto difficile e si rivela più convincente che nelle prove precedenti (lastre di frigorifero ridotte col calore della fiamma a superfici gibbose, con crateri di piaghe putrefatte, colanti liquidi velenosi).

È la tecnica del **collage** rinnovata in funzione espressiva della materia che assume significati inattesi.

Il carattere surrealista non prevale nell'arte di Burri, malgrado le apparenze contrarie. C'è, dietro il gioco divertito della fantasia, l'architettura che lega insieme anche le più arbitrarie parvenze.

Goossen on Motherwell, continued from page 38

which had been on hand all along. The current artistic confidence in New York undoubtedly grew out of this realization of a peculiarly American image.

If one were to interpret a recent picture, "The Wedding" (1958) on the basis of some of the remarks made above in connection with the "Elegies" one would immediately note, not only the clumsy raised to the realm of proper art, but also note that the colors, figures black upon an ochre ground, no longer proclaim the extreme contrast, the tragic distance between Black and White. There are but two great nuzzling shadows cast upon dry earth. It is a simple picture, without the fire of his great ones; yet it represents in précis one of the basic principles of good subject matter in that it results from the coalescence of subject and form. Though "The Wedding" is not quite ambiguous enough, quite vibrant enough, to suggest a continuous ringing of inner bells, it perhaps states all that can be said about that happy condition when there is no strong conflict within the painter, in his art or in his life.

A group of new paintings will soon be on view in New York at the Janis gallery. With these works from an especially prolific year, Motherwell proves that he has an enormous capacity for continuous invention, both in form and subject. The general aura around the new pictures, large and small, is that of a masterly inner contentment combined with the excitement of the creative dance. In terms of subject he has ranged from reminiscences of the nude handled with the grace of Matisse in the inkdrawings,



MOTHERWELL: The Wedding, 1958. Oil on canvas, 70 x 76 inches. From the artist's current one-man show at the Sidney Janis Gallery, New York.

to the release of a new form, a diamond shape thrust into a slightly floating world. It might be a geometricized human orifice, but it recalls to me the diamond-shaped windows on the landings of 19th century American houses. This form first appeared twelve years ago in "The Red Skirt".

A few of the new paintings, such as "Iberia 2" and "Spanish Picture with the Face of a Dog" continue, and at the same time seem to end, the black and ochre distance. His color is cautiously widening, not in the direction of the strident oranges, yellows and reds of the "Je t'aime" series, but toward harmonious blues, grays, browns and tile reds. Altogether, the flood-gates of his welling river appear to have burst, promising a richness in variety such as we have seen in only one or two other major painters in the late decades.

Friedrich Bayl, Fortsetzung von Seite 40

bezahlt werden. Diesen jüngeren und älteren Burschen ist von Herzen zu gönnen, dass sie am heutigen nicht mehr luxuriösen Luxus teilhaben. den der qualifizierte Arbeiter als selbstverständlich beansprucht. Aber dieser schafft ihn sich als Entgelt für beliebig vermehrbare Produkte, aus einem Reservoir, das mit guter Nahrung und Laune aufgeladen wird, jener jedoch nicht nur mit Pinsel und Farbe, im Akkord und mit Ueberstunden, aus einem Zentrum der Meditation und des Experiments, auch wenn das Bild selbst dann in einer Stunde beendet ist.

Gewiss, dulce et decorum est, nicht nur fürs Vaterland zu sterben, sondern auch einen Mercedes 180 zu fahren. Aber unterhalte deinen Mercedes mit Bildern, schaffe den Betriebsstoff und die Garage mit Bildern, den Kühlschrank und den Pelzmantel für die Frau, den abendlichen Mosel, den weichen Borsalino mit Bildern! Und wer sich einmal an das dulce et decorum gewöhnt hat, möchte es nicht mehr missen, nur noch steigern. Mercedes 220, zwei Flaschen Mosel. Schaff' es, schaff' es mit Bildern! Bilder, die nicht nur Wiederholung dessen sind, was du in deiner armen Zeit riskiert, experimentiert, erreicht hast, keine technischen Mätzchen, keine blind gehäckelten Maschen!

Es ist zum Weinen! Ich kenne junge gute Maler mit Erfolg. Für Weihnachten ist das Auftragsbuch voll und das Lager ist leer, aber die Anzahlungen sind geleistet. Da stehen sie 14 Stunden am Tag und malen, malen, was man so malen nennt, kopieren und variieren sich selber, und die Frau reicht die Pinsel und wäscht die Pinsel und mischt die Farben mit Gummihandschuhen an den Händen, damit die Nägel, die sich an Manicure gewöhnt haben, nicht dreckig werden. Und der Sohn trägt die nassen Leinwände zum Rahmenmacher. Abend erholt man sich im «Carlton». Und schmiedet Pläne und erfindet Ränke gegen zukünftige mögliche Konkurrenten, deren Verkäufe und Preise anziehen, die vielleicht gar noch jünger sind und deren Absatz an der nächsten oder übernächsten Weihnacht

gefährlich werden könnte. Da wird intrigiert um Preis und Preise, Hintermänner von Jurymännern und Zeitungsmännern werden beredet, und die Frauen, die Soziet der Firma, stänkern, klatschen, wispern. Bewundernswert die Energie, staunenswert der Erfolg. Gewiss treiben es nicht alle so, aber die Gefahr, dass sie es so treiben, ist für alle gleich gross. Da hilft nur Integrität und Unabhängigkeit.

In den ersten Novembertagen erhielt ich eine kostbare Ausstellungseinladung mit der polychromierten Reproduktion eines Bildes, dessen Titel «September 58» hiess. In sechs Wochen gemalt, photographiert, kilschiert, gedruckt, versandt und wohl auch verkauft — das ist das «Kunsttempo» unserer Zeit. Dass der Maler Tachist ist, entschuldigt ihn nur teilweise. — Wenn aber die Maler ihrerseits überflüssiges Geld haben, müssen sie zur Perfektion übergehen, Pferde züchten oder heimlich weibliche Briefmarken sammeln. Bestimmt nicht ehrlos, und mit sich selbst kopierend verdienendem Geld kann jeder machen, was er will. Doch jedes Bild, das allein für den Absatz gemacht ist, kompromittiert sich selbst. Und prostituiert den Maler.

Da liebe ich mir Herrn Bührle. Er hat aus dem non olet seine Musse und Muse gemacht und uns ein wahres und echtes Vergnügen.

Die Bührle'sche Ausstellung war zu dieser unersten Zeit eine geradezu ungehörliche Veranstaltung. Was sich sonst tut, tout petit landauf, landab, Graphik, gängige Ware. Weder einem echten noch unechten Künstler, noch weniger einem Händler ist es zu verübeln, dass sie sich, wenn auch nur den Umständen entsprechend bescheiden am Rande, an der gigantischen Geld-hol-aus-der-Tasche-Maschinerie beteiligen, die zum Fest der Nächstenliebe zum Wohl und Unwohl der Menschheit angekurbelt wird und stärkere atmosphärische Strömungen ausübt als zehn Atombomben. Warum sollen allein die, die mit Kunst handeln, zurückbleiben? Aber das Leicht-verkäufliche ist noch keine Kunst.

Die bischöflichen Ordinariate und Konsistorien wettern gegen die weihnachtliche Kommerzialisierung. Mit Recht: wir sind gottlos geworden, haben die religiöse Mitte, unsere Mitte verloren — wir sind ohne «Ontologie».

So sagt Sedlmayer. Der berühmte Begründer der Strukturanalyse in der Kunstgeschichte, berüchtigt durch seine «verlorene Mitte» und seinen fanatischen Kampf gegen alle moderne Kunst, deren Beginn er in die zweite Hälfte des 18. Jahrhunderts in gefährliche Nähe der gefährlichen Französischen Revolution ansetzt. Er benutzt die Vorweihnachtszeit für eine Busspredigt unter dem Titel «Kunst jenseits der Kunst». Womit kurz und gut alles nach dem Barock gemeint ist. Mit nicht neuen Argumenten und diabolisch ausgewählten Bildbeispielen biegt er die Geschichte in seinem Sinn zurecht. Auch das ist nicht neu, denn falsche und gefälschte Zitate sind ihm schon schockweise nachgewiesen worden.

Als ob er den ganzen Aufwand an unrichtigen und richtigen Zitaten, an echter und unechter Wissenschaftlichkeit notwendig hätte! Denn letztlich bezieht er sich doch nur auf nicht mehr beweisbare Thesen des Glaubens. Das ästhetisch und das christlich Gute decken sich nicht mehr; sie waren eins in der «wahren Zeit». Wird die Zeit auf Ewigkeit bezogen, kann das Gute nur Gott sein und das Schlechte — ästhetisch und ethisch — die Abwesenheit Gottes. Die Qualität wird zur theologischen Frage, die Aesthetik zur Eschatologie. Die Qualität des Kunstwerks wird an der Vollkommenheit Gottes gemessen; da wir nach Sedlmayer Gott aus unserer Mitte verloren haben, kann es keine Qualität mehr geben, weil es nach seinem Glaubenssatz keine mehr geben darf, denn ohne Mitte ist nur Gänsefüsschen-Kunst (im Bereich einer pseudowissenschaftlichen ästhetischen Theologie) möglich.

Wir wollen friedlich sein, wenn es auch schwer zu vergessen ist, was eigentlich nicht vergessen werden sollte, dass Sedlmayer mit seinen scheinwissenschaftlichen Pamphleten gegen die moderne Kunst vielen Tausenden junger Menschen den Kopf vernebelt und vernagelt und in ihnen falsche Vorstellungen und charlataneske Erwartungen weckt. «Diejenigen, denen dieses Bewusstsein gegeben ist und die es bewahren — dass in der verlorenen Mitte der leergelassene Thron für den vollkommenen Menschen, den Gottmenschen steht — werden die «Neue Zeit» sehen, auch wenn sie sie noch nicht betreten dürfen». Der kleine Moses in der Westentasche.

Aber wir betreten die neue Zeit (ohne Gänsefüsschen) — gewiss nur mit einem Fuss, während wir mit dem anderen in der alten stehen. Denn das bedeutet, in der Zeit leben, zeitgenössisch sein. Wir erleben den universalen Wandel, der jenen der «Ontologien» einschliesst, das Metamorphotische alles Sinnvollen. Das im unaufhaltsamen Wandel gerade durch den Wandel seinen Sinn erhält. Kunst als geistige Aeusserung des Menschen katexochen kann sich nur auf das Universal-Metamorphotische richten, vom Besitz des Vergangen-Gegenwärtigen aus auf Sondierung, Umreissung, Erforschung und Inbesitznahme des Zukünftigen. Aber der Sedlmayer'sche Gott ist unwandelbar, die Vollkommenheit selbst, und so geschieht es, dass dem Kunsthistoriker die Menschen durch die Finger rinnen und ihre Kunst ihn nicht mehr erreicht, dass sie ihm als infernalisches Geplapper, als «Transzendieren nach unten» erscheint.

Ein furchtbares Selbstporträt des zeitgenössischen Gläubigen und Wissenschaftlers, wie es nur Picasso, der «Entmenslichter» und «Verführer» treffend zeichnen kann: gespalten, verzerrt, zähnebleckend, einen Schuh auf dem Kopf. Es ist nur lächerlich, wenn Sedlmayer alle Kunst nach dem Barock in Acht und Bann tut, aber anstössig ist es, wenn er, der Wissenschaftler künstlerische Qualität mit Glaubenssprämien verwischt und wenn er die Antwort auf die Frage schuldig bleibt, bleiben muss, wie in einer mitte — gottlosen Zeit mit Gott und Mitte zu malen ist und wie das «hässliche, dialektische oder paradoxe, ironische und diabolische Bild» — Sedlmayers Kategorien der modernen Kunst — zu vermeiden ist. Wahrscheinlich, indem überhaupt nicht gemalt wird. Dann wäre das Bild vollkommen. Und Sedlmayer dürfte sich getrost zeitgenössisch-strukturanalysierend auf Fischer von Erlach und Barockarchitektur zurückziehen.

14 Tage später stand am gleichen Pult Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler. Vor halbleerem Saal — die Nichtanwesenden hatten wohl schon alle ihre Weihnachtspicassos und -braques eingekauft — sprach er über seine Erfahrungen als Kunsthändler. Auch für Kahnweiler hat die moderne Kunst eine Grenze: den Kubismus. Alles, was danach kommt — Picasso ist immer noch Kubist! — ist Nachahmung und Verwässerung. Man glaubt es ihm: er ist im Alter jung, bei seinen Erfahrungen von 1913 geblieben. Bescheiden lächelnd, mit ausgekosteten Anekdoten und seiner historischen Stellung bewusst, sucht er dem eigenen Erfolg auf den Grund zu gehen. Aber gibt es eine Erklärung, wenn ein Mensch, ein «Händler», 1912 vor den Demoiselles d'Avignon alles stehen und liegen lässt und sich zu dem Maler dieses damals abstrusen Bildes bekennt, ihn stürzt und finanziert? Flair, Intuition, Calcul? Wenn man es erklären könnte, wäre auch die Qualität zu kodifizieren.

Jetzt ist alles gesichert: es gibt Nachfrage und wenig Angebot — und es ist leicht, von Geschäften und Vertrauen zu reden, aber damals ging es hart auf hart. Es gab mehr Bilder als Käufer — ein paar, die vorwärtsstürmten, und eine Masse, die mäkelte, schimpfte oder schwieg. Kahnweiler spricht mit leiser Wehmut von dieser Zeit des Kampfes und wirft den heute jungen Malern vor, dass sie nicht mehr kämpfen müssen und dass sie deshalb eigentlich keine Marchands mehr brauchen.

Wirklich, die neue Malerei findet, abgesehen von der kommunen Ablehnung alles Abstrakten, erstaunlich wenig Widerstand. Sie wächst hypertrophisch, treibt Luftwurzeln und Blüten, gebiert kleine Früchte und grosse taube Nüsse. Sie treibt und wird getrieben. Findet Anhänger, Käufer, Verschworene, Spekulanten. So viele kleine und mittlere Sammler wie im Augenblick gab es noch nie in Deutschland. («Was sollen wir mit dem Geld machen?») Wie auch immer, jeder Sammler zeitgenössischer Kunst trägt etwas zu Markte, sei es die oberen Schichten seiner Haut oder auch nur den Smoking. Anders geht es nicht, und das ist die Chance für unsere jungen Maler, ein Mercedes-Glück — dein Stern auf allen Strassen —; wenn sie es gelassen nehmen und selber mehr als die farbenbedeckte Leinwand zu Markte tragen, ein wahres Glück.

Aber die Qualität? Sie ist kein Abenteuer des Geldes (beim Nehmen so wenig wie beim Geben). Neben der Qualität der Malerei, sagt Worringer, gibt es eine Qualität der Gesinnung. Womit er die Qualität ins Zeitgemässe rückt, denn «die Gesinnung, die wir heute vom Kunstwerk verlangen, heisst Mitarbeit am Neuen». Das heisst auch, dass wir autonome Menschen, die wir wegen dieser Autonomie von Sedlmayer verdammt werden, von dem Recht Gebrauch machen, alle Thesen, einschliesslich der eigenen, jederzeit anzuzweifeln



colour range of the original printed pages establishes the tonality of the collages which are an Archimboldesque version of Man the Consumer, consisting literally, an irony possible only in collage, of what he uses (cakes, furs, citles). This worked when McHale's collages were small, anchored to the page-sizes of *Vogue* and *Saturday Evening Post*. He enlarged his work, however, without a change of source with the result that the individual elements were lost in the new format. To recover legibility McHale was forced to paint flat, simple backgrounds around the figures composed of small, complex parts. Obviously, however, a perfunctory use of pictorial means was no solution, and recently he has started preparing the elements of which his collages are made by enlarging and duplicating photographically pre-selected bits. This rather involved process makes the final collage more coherent than before, though the dimensions of the printed page still seem to contest the easel painting format, perhaps because of the basis of McHale's imagery in the printed forms of the mass media.

E. L. T. Mesens keeps his work small and secure: his collages are witty and conservative exercises in dada and surrealist style. Whereas McHale keeps to technically-polished, visually-fantastic aspects of the mass media, Mesens' elements are souvenir-like, both sentimental and anti-sentimental. He is fastidiously neat, though not squeamish, in his arrangement of bits that might include other people's old sweetpaper. It seems that significant use of collage elements limits scale, whereas non-significant use (denial of the symbols associated with original status—wrapping paper, poster, magazine) permits, as in Irwin's case (and in the case of Rotella in Rome) expansion.

Austin Cooper keeps well inside the intimate canon. His works are rarely bigger than one page of the family bible. He has a curious background which bears on his present technique of making collage. Between the wars he was a successful poster-designer; he was, in fact, the author of a how-to-do-it book on posters. But in the early 1940s he moved from a sphere of clear, simple, repeatable messages to one of mysterious, evocative, unique configurations. His collages are built up slowly over long periods, so that each one is densely-layered with a multitude of small, worked, torn scraps of paper. He says that often his hands work blindly on the collage, like organisms building a reef. Cooper is less the heir of Schwitters than a kind of craftsman whose fanatical devotion to a strange technique acts as a trigger for visions. He calls his hermetical collages *trajectories* ('attempts to capture spiritual aspects of the contemporary world'); earlier series were called *congeries* and *papagos* (from a tribe of American Indians). The finished works, which are firmly and rigidly fixed with a medium that Cooper uses at every stage, recall, by their clotted, provocative, grotto-like textures, the colour-printed drawings of William Blake.

The long-awaited exhibition of *Russian Painting* at the Royal Academy is of interest only because it is Russian, not because it is painting. The show is crippled from the outset by being a meagre choice of second-level works. In a show which is supposed 'to acquaint the British public more fully with the development of our painting from the 13th century to the present day' (to quote the official catalogue) what can one think of the presence of sixteen icons to cover five centuries? The icons interest specialists, apparently, but the representation was thin and without impact. Even the realistic pictures of the 19th and 20th centuries give the impression that the Russians, motivated by distrust or by contempt, are withholding their best works of art.

The main interest of the show as it stands is as the biggest sample yet seen of social realism and its background in 19th century genre and history painting. G. Nedoskivin, from the State Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow, has charted this development in the catalogue. He points out complacently that an anti-academic group of Russian nationalist painters, formed in 1870, is 'still clearly felt in Russian national culture' as a 'guiding influence'. Nedoskivin continually writes of genre painting in glowing and elevated terms: Venetianov's 'small pictures of peasant genre opened up new avenues'; 'the urge to be in the very midst of the life of the people brought genre painting to the forefront' (my italics). This is odd praise to

apply to the Russian end of what was after all the general 19th century democratisation of art. Genre painting, like novel-reading and play-going, was a means of making art accessible to those without specialised classical or religious knowledge. In Russia genre has been preserved as reverently as an icon, as in the scene of 'Delegates from the Villages visiting Lenin during the Revolution' which was painted nine years ago. The delegates resemble actors from Russian historical movies, which is a reminder that everywhere else in the world the democratic interests catered for by genre painters have been assimilated by the cinema, by mass-circulation magazines and books, by comic strips. In Russia, however, democratic iconography has been embalmed at a pure easel painting stage, and so has the history picture. This, too, has continued currency in the cinema but in the USSR the old artistic machine grinds nostalgically on. While it is untrue to say that photography has outdated realistic art (the shallow and flashy generalisation of an earlier generation) it is true that the mass media have overtaken anecdotal painting.

The Soviets, accustomed to propagandising on all channels, have not exempted art from the duty of rapid communication. The result is that Russian realist art (from 19th century village scenes to 'The End'. The Last Days of Hitler's Staff in the Reichs-Chancellery Bunker) is a very poor relation of the mass media. In any case, 19th century genre and history is not, to Western eyes, one of the highpoints of art, though it is iconographically fascinating. The best that the exhibition could have been, therefore, is a display on the level of a museum that contained only genre by Frith, portraits by Fantin-Latour, histories by Alma-Tadema.

The banal programming of Soviet paintings excludes 'formalistic tendencies' as tightly as ever. 'We are deeply convinced', Nedoskivin again, 'of the fruitlessness of any directions in art which lead away from the great realistic traditions of artistic culture throughout the world'. These 'realistic traditions', however, have no place for Daumier, Courbet, Manet, or Pissarro. They are strictly limited to that 19th century comparison of the arts which made the picture space equivalent to a theatrical tableau, a few pages in a novel, or a chapter of history. The West has this kind of art, too, but not to the exclusion of everything else.

A large collection of paintings by Lovis Corinth was shown for the first time in England at the Tate Gallery, arranged by the Arts Council. Over seventy paintings, ranging from 1863 to 1925, traced his development from monochromatic tonal painting, through impressionism, to expressionism. There has been a good deal of indecision and evasion about whether Corinth crossed the threshold of modern art or whether he stopped short. One reason for this problem is that Corinth (like Kokoschka and, later, Beckman) was a plastic expressionist. That is to say, his art is not flattened like the characteristic works of the *Brücke* artists, nor formalised decoratively like the *Der Blaue Reiter* artists. Flatness, however, is not the sole and absolute badge of 20th century modernity. Corinth noted in his diary that 'painting is a pictorial expression of our emotional reaction to reality', which is orthodox expressionist theory. Also typically expressionist are his nudes in spectacular colour and lowering proximity, though the painter is recorded to have been personally shy and continent. The forms of Corinth's 1916—1925 pictures swell and ripple, like sails in a wind, like substances under pressure. Thus his world of firm and massive volumes is tipped and distorted: the strategy is that a tumult in the artist shakes the world that he represents.

This spectacle of dynamic forms was achieved by Corinth as the reconciliation of his early taste for solid forms in clear space with the influence of impressionism. Impressionism performed its usual work (lightening the palette, pushing the artist into the streets) but it did more than this for Corinth. He worked back through Manet to the 17th century, to Hals, Rembrandt, and Rubens. Significantly, he visited Holland often and it was not for the water, as it was in Monet's case. In the 17th century he found, as Manet had, a rich surface of lavish bruskstrokes; but Corinth restored the plastic form, the sense of mass, which Manet has drained away. Thus a revival of baroque plasticity occurred sanctioned, in the first place, by impressionism. Now that the rule-of-thumb about the flatness of the picture-plane is no longer sacred (De Kooning ignores it mightily, for example), an art like Corinth's in which big volumes crowd rhetorically in the opened-out picture-space, seems solidly of the 20th century.



HANS RICHTER: Graues Triptik, 1957, New York.

Hans Richter, eine der schon legendären Figuren des Ur-Dada und der beginnenden abstrakten Malerei, hat seit einem Menschenleben wieder Ausstellungen im alten Europa, nach Berlin in Rom, wo mit seinen Zeichnungen, Bildern und Rollenbildern auch seine Filme zu sehen sind. Andere Ausstellungen in europäischen Städten werden folgen, Zürich, Paris, Hamburg usw. Ein come-back zur Feier seiner jugendlichen 70 Jahre unter dem Titel «Ein Leben für Bild und Film».

«Bild» steht an erster Stelle, und es ist der Maler, der den Film ergreift. Die Werke von damals: erst Expressionistisches, dann Kubistisches, später was man heute Konkret nennen würde, dynamisch aufgeladen durch die Abfolge sich steigender Formen und Farben. Und zwischendurch die Filme, die ersten exemplarischen abstrakten und dann die herrlichen surrealistischen.

«Konkret» für seine Zeichnungen gefällt Richter so wenig wie «surrealistisch» für seine Filme. Er möchte sich nicht auf eine Schablone festlegen lassen. Man muss mit ihm darüber reden. Und da ich infolge widriger Umstände die Ausstellungen bisher nicht sehen konnte, benutzte ich die gute Gelegenheit, um mich bei einem Besuch Richters lange und ausführlich mit ihm zu unterhalten. Natürlich ging es um die Frage: Bild oder Film, Maler und/oder moviemaker, die Art in dem vorbildlich schönen Ausstellungskatalog wieder einmal treffend in den Satz gebracht hat: «Obwohl er als Dynamiker und Konstruktivist angesprochen wird, der die Wirklichkeit in Bewegung, Werden als Wirksamkeit auffasst, bin ich überzeugt, dass insgeheim Südwind und mohnblumenfarbene Tränen in seinen Träumen vorkommen.» Südwindträume — dynamische Konstruktionen — wie lässt sich dergleichen vereinen?

B. Wir kamen Sie zu diesen abstrakten Experimenten, auf denen Ihre Arbeit beruht? Wann begann es, wie entwickelte es sich?

R. Ich bin dem heute so aktuellen Problem der Zeit nicht nachgelaufen, aber es hat mich schon vor 40 Jahren eingeholt und seine Ansprüche gestellt. Damals, 1918/19, kamen Eggeling und ich darauf, Linien und Flächen zu artikulieren, indem wir einzelne Elemente abwandelten. Es wandelte, bewegte sich etwas dabei. Wir folgten der Anregung und nannten das «orchestrieren», da wir nach dem Prinzip des Kontrapunktes, der conjunctio oppositorum voringen. Um die fortlaufende Veränderung und die ihr innewohnende Spannung deutlich zu machen, übertrugen wir die sich abwechselnden Zeichnungen auf Rollenbilder, die wir waagrecht oder in Art der chinesischen Kakimono senkrecht ablaufen lassen konnten. Es war uns möglich, die Zeit anzuhalten, vor- oder rückwärts zu erleben. Konsequenterweise war der nächste Schritt der Film, und ich machte den ersten abstrakten Streifen, in dem ich weisse, graue und schwarze Vierecke mit- und gegeneinander bewegen liess. Ich benutzte dabei die positiv-negative Spannung, in der das Positive so wichtig ist wie das Negative und am wichtigsten vielleicht die Spannung zwischen beiden, der Prozess, von dem ich schon in meinen Dada-Köpfen 1918 ausgegangen war.

B. Warum haben Sie sich in Ihrer Formsprache so beschränkt, nachdem doch in Ihren Rollen eine reiche Formsprache erschien?

R. Indem ich die rechteckige Form der Projektionsleinwand als gegeben annahm, als Formelement, konnte ich mich ganz auf die Orchestration von Zeit konzentrieren, wie vorher auf Form. Zeit sichtbar gemacht durch kontinuierlich sich wandelnde Formen! Das ist das Thema meines ersten Filmes «Rhythmus 21» (1921), dem «Rhythmus 23» und «Rhythmus 25» folgten. Da Film die Zeit einschliesst, ist er potentiell stärker als das Bild. Darüber hinaus kann er Möglichkeiten und Versprechungen verwirklichen, die zwar in

Friedrich Bayl

## Gespräch mit Hans Richter

der bildenden Kunst anklagen, aber nicht zu erfüllen waren. Aber die Arbeit mit dem Film lehrte mich, dass Film und Bild ihre eigenen Probleme haben, die sich zwar gelegentlich ergänzen, aber darüber hinaus wieder ausschliessen. Es war daher unmöglich, auf die Dauer beiden Herren zu gleicher Zeit mit gleicher Kraft zu dienen. Ich brauchte eine Zeitlang, bis ich das erkannte.

B. Wie und warum kamen Sie nun von der reinen abstrakten Form zur gegenständlichen und schliesslich zu Geschichten?

R. Bis 1927 habe ich mich mit dem Film nur als eine Verlängerung der Malerei beschäftigt, dann nahm ich die Herausforderung an und machte Film zum Hauptberuf. Dabei habe ich nach dem gleichen malerischen Prinzip Formen, hell gegen dunkel, verschiedene Grautöne gegeneinander gestellt und filmisch, kontinuierlich bewegt. 1926 hatte ich in «Filmstudie» Naturobjekte neben und mit abstrakten Formen verwendet, und von 1927 an, zuerst in «Vormittagspuk», hauptsächlich Naturobjekte. Aber ob «natürlich» oder abstrakt, für den Maler ist es Material, das sich rhythmisch ordnen lässt. Auf diese Weise konnte ich banalen Gegenständen wie Hüten und Tassen und Handlungen, zum Beispiel Gehen und Springen, eine wirkliche Ausdruckskraft geben in einer Rebellion der Gegenstände gegen die Routine. (Auch wir hatten ja gegen den routinisierten Gegenstand rebelliert.)

B. Da spielt ja wohl auch Ihre Beteiligung an der Dada-Bewegung eine Rolle. Wie sehen sie Dada heute?

R. Dada ist so schwer zu erklären, weil es nicht im eigentlichen Sinne des Wortes eine Kunst-Bewegung war. Es war mehr eine geistige Affinität, ein Protest, der uns zusammenführte und zusammenhielt. Es gab daher keine einigende Aesthetik. Wir waren ja gegen die Kunst sowohl wie für die Kunst. Wir bekämpften allen Konformismus, ob er sich als Krieg oder als Kunst äusserte, und wir wussten, dass tabula rasa gemacht, von vorn angefangen werden musste. Aus dieser Gewissheit heraus rebellierten, provozierten wir. Und trotzdem war das Resultat Kunst! Wohl weil wir Künstler waren?

B. Und warum sind Sie nun im Film geblieben und haben ihm, obgleich Maler, so viel Zeit und Kraft gewidmet?

R. Malraux sagt: «Seit wir Film haben, braucht die Malerei keine Geschichten mehr zu erzählen.» Aber der Film «braucht». Doch was für Geschichten? Dem Film ist das Wunder zur Hand — und ein Wunder, das sich bewegt wie Sie und ich. Deshalb auch kann von ihm eine so intensive Magie ausgehen — zurzeit eine grössere als von einem Bild. Die Möglichkeit des Wunders faszinierte mich, und ich wollte es erforschen. Nicht die mechanische Dynamik, sondern innere und äussere Bewegung zugleich, plastisch-malerische und seelische. Die «Geschichten» meiner Filme — ich habe sie alle erdacht, obwohl ich kein Schriftsteller bin — sind visuelle Metaphern, gewissermassen graphische Realisationen für innere Vorgänge. Was sich ereignet, vollzieht sich auf einer doppelten Ebene: die Handlung hat einen Hintersinn, dessen volle Bedeutung mir manchmal erst klar geworden ist, wenn der Film fertig war. Mich interessieren die phantastischen Beziehungen zwischen den Dingen, den Formen und dem Menschlichen. Nur im Film sind sie plastisch darzustellen.

B. Sie haben aber doch Ihre Beziehung zur Malerei aufrechterhalten? Sind da einheitliche schöpferische Gesichtspunkte, die Sie in beiden geleitet haben?

R. Gewiss, bevor ich an einen Film gehe, habe ich einen Skript, einen genauen Plan. Doch wenn dann die Aufnahmen entstehen,



ist das dann nichts anderes als Rohmaterial, und manchmal erhält es im Prozess der Herstellung eine ganz andere Bedeutung als vorgesehen. Es unterliegt, wie ich es nenne, der «Sensitive Improvisation». Ich folge meiner Natur, manchmal der Stimme der Ordnung, struktureller Planung, geometrischer Form, aber dann auch der Stimme des Zufalls und der Unordnung, der freisten Improvisation und des Moments. Und schliesslich versuche ich, gar selbst das Chaos, eine unbegrenzte Form- und Farbgebung in diese Ordnung einzubeziehen. Bewusstes und Unbewusstes, Gewolltes und Ungewolltes sind im Spiel. (Das ist allerdings genau das Gegenteil von dem, was ich meine Schüler 35 Jahre lang gelehrt habe.) Aber ich mache keine kommerziellen Filme, in denen die Liebe oder das Gute siegt, sondern poetische. Sie sind beim Sehen Abenteuer wie schon beim Machen, bei dem sich Plan und Zufall, Absicht und Inspiration verbinden.

B. Ist da nicht ein essentieller Unterschied zwischen der Stellung und Freiheit des Malers, des individuellen Künstlers und dem des Filmproduzenten?

R. Der Filmdichter beansprucht die gleiche Integrität und Unabhängigkeit wie ein Maler, wie jeder individuelle Künstler. Denn er will ja seine eigenen Visionen, Ahnungen, Ueberzeugungen ausdrücken. Ich kam als Maler zum Film und bin Künstler geblieben. In jeder Beziehung. Und nach gelegentlichen Unterbrechungen (durch meine Filmarbeit) habe ich meine Malerei immer wieder aufgenommen. Stets mache ich, bevor ich an ein Bild gehe, hunderte von Zeichnungen, bis ich die Elemente, mit denen ich arbeiten will, fest in der Hand habe. Ich finde dann einen Augenblick, eine Phase, in der eine Folge enthalten ist — von «Gesten», die sprechen. Ich meine damit nicht die spontane Geste voll Impuls und Direktheit, wie sie häufig in der heutigen informellen und nach-informellen Malerei vorkommt. Ich suche mit und neben der grössten Spontaneität die vollste Bewusstheit. Beides zusammen gibt mir erst die künstlerische Freiheit. Die Geste hat also für mich nicht Ziel und Absicht im Momentan-Emotionellen, sondern kommuniziert mit einer allgemeinen Freiheit — der der andern.

B. Was verstehen Sie unter Gesten?

R. Die abstrakten Formen in ihrem Bei- und Nebeneinander entwickeln sich in Gesten, in einer Sprache der Gesten, die für mich

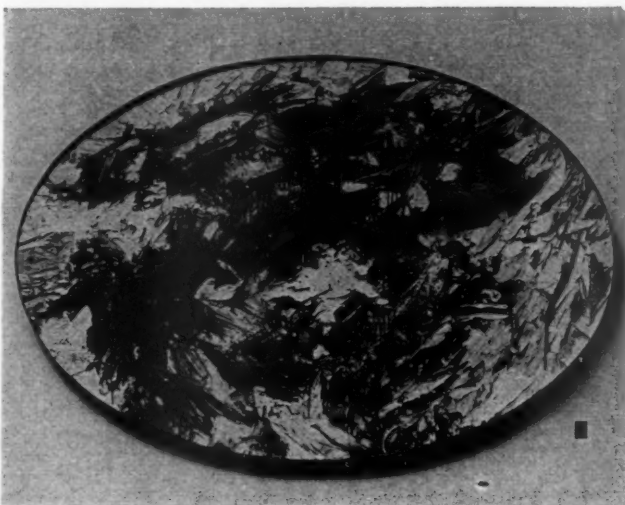
so wichtig und lebendig ist wie ein Baum, der sich im Winde bewegt. Die Ordnung, die Einheit, in der sich diese Gesten vollziehen, schwebt mir weder in geometrischer noch in organischer Gestalt vor. Aber mein zwingender Wunsch, die Mittel des Ausdrucks zu kontrollieren und Inspiration mit Bewusstsein zu paaren, führte mich zunächst zu einer geometrischen Skala als Ausgangspunkt. Objektiverte Gesten sind eine universelle Sprache. Die zuneigenden und abweisenden Bewegungen zweier Formen zueinander können gleichsam abgelesen werden, machen sich verständlich, geben einen Sinn, eine Kommunikation. Die Geste ist für mich nichts anderes als eine Vermenschlichung von Formen, ganz abstrakter Formen in meiner Malerei, wie natürlicher oder phantastisch un- oder halbwirklicher in meinen Filmen.

B. Betrachten Sie die Geste nun als das Charakteristische, den eigentlichen Nenner Ihrer Kunst?

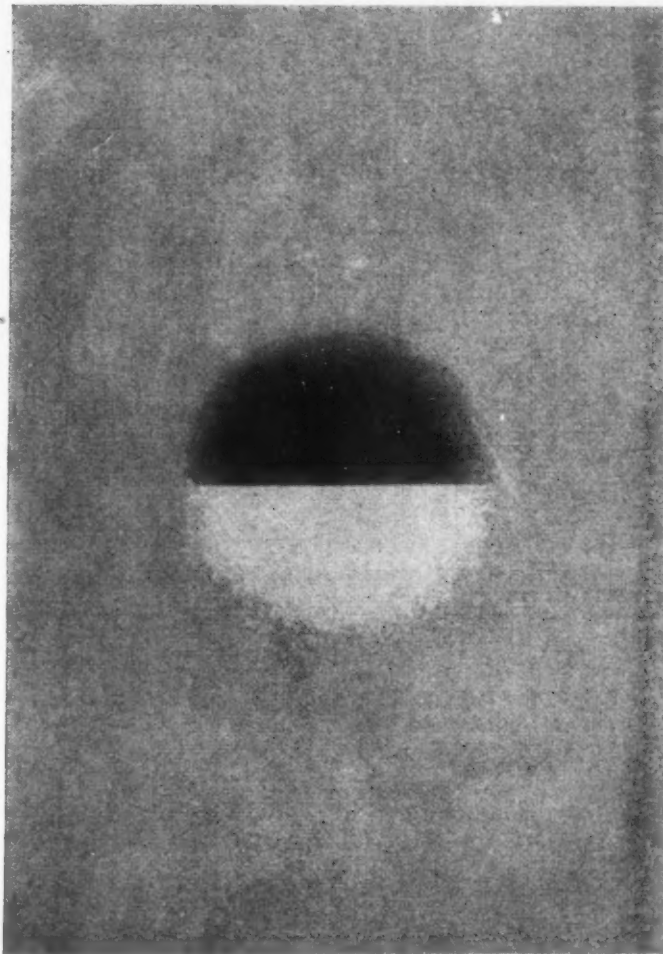
R. Ich glaube nicht, dass die Geste so etwas wie ein Generalnennen für meine Arbeit ist. Eher Rhythmus, in dem die Geste nur ein Exponent, der visuelle Faktor ist. Aber Rhythmus in einem ganz weiten Sinne: kontrapunktisch, d. h. auch musikalisch, psychisch und nicht zuletzt malerisch-plastisch des Hell-Dunkel, der Farben und Formen. Mein erster Film hatte ursprünglich den Titel «Film ist Rhythmus», und «Rhythmus war wiederum der Titel der folgenden Filme von mir, während ich meine Rollenbilder «Fugen» und «Orchestrationen» nannte — damals wie heute: musikalische Titel, die jene Verwandtschaft mit der Kunst andeuten, in der Zeit sinnvoll akzentuiert wird.

B. Betrachten Sie also diese «Artikulation der Zeit» als Ihr Thema, im Film wie in der Malerei und Ihren Bildrollen?

R. Die Bedeutung liegt im Rhythmus selbst, beim Film wie beim Bild. Er ist dem Beschauer überantwortet: Er braucht nur mitzuschwingen, intuitiv, sei es allgemein, sei es persönlich. Gewiss, dazu muss er sich frei machen, öffnen: Leute, die zuerst verblüfft vor einem Bild Picassos mit zwei Nasen und einem Auge stehen und sich damit ablagen, die Bedeutung des Bildes, die Meinung des Malers zu ergründen, werden bald erfahren, dass Meinung, Stimmung, Bedeutung in der Kunst etwas anderes sind als Börsenmeinung und Börsenstimmung.



MORENI: Nuvole piriche, 1957. 120 x 180 cm. Tavoni Collection, Bologna. Moreni's painting was one of 120 works by himself, Appel, Mathieu and Rloppelle which were exhibited between January 24 and March 1st at the Basel Kunsthalle and which will shortly go on exhibit at the Musée des Beaux-Arts of Neuchâtel.



MAX BILL: Zentrum durch verwandeltes Rosa, 1958. 42 x 60 cm. Courtesy Galerie Suzanne Bollag, Zürich, where a number of Max Bill's early and late paintings and sculptures were recently exhibited on the occasion of his 50th birthday.



Scenes from two of Ingmar Bergman's most complex, ironic and moving films. To the left, «Somnattens leende» («Smiles of a Summer Night»), a Svensk Filmindustri production, starring Gunnar Björnstrand, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck and Harriet Andersson.

Below, «Kvinnors vantan» («The Women Wait»), a Svensk Filmindustri production starring Anita Björk, Jari Kulle, Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand. All photographs courtesy SF Films, Stockholm.



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Ake Greenberg and Harriet Andersson in «Gycklarnas afton» («The Clown's Evening»), according to some critics one of the most powerfully charged films ever made. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman for Sandrew-Productions, Stockholm. Photograph courtesy Sandrew-Bauman Films, Stockholm.

Paul Davay

Il semble quelque peu étonnant qu'en une époque comme la nôtre, alors que les moyens de communication artistique sont poussés à un haut degré de perfection, l'on ait encore dans la plupart des pays la surprise de découvrir en bloc l'œuvre, pourtant considérable, d'un créateur important. Et cela d'autant plus qu'il s'agit de cinéma, moyen d'expression universel dont on peut croire qu'aucune manifestation significative n'échappe à l'attention. L'on admet à la rigueur que les barrières politiques empêchent de parvenir jusqu'à nous des films de grande classe réalisés dans les républiques communistes, et aussi que le peu de curiosité manifesté par le public occidental à l'égard des cultures extrêmes-orientales nous laisse assez ignorants des productions de cette provenance. Or, la Suède est célèbre non seulement par ses architectes et ses métiers d'art, mais elle possède une ancienne et illustre tradition cinématographique qui occupe de larges chapitres dans tous les livres consacrés au Septième Art.

Eh bien! il faut se rendre à l'évidence: il y a trois ans encore, Bergman était un vague nom parmi d'autres, alors que son premier film date de 1945 et qu'il avait réalisé *La soif* (*Torst* — 1949), qui

## Ingmar Bergman:

### Introduction à son œuvre

compte depuis *Citizen Kane* d'Orson Wells parmi les événements majeurs de l'histoire du cinéma. Il faut admettre que le phénomène souvent constaté dans le domaine des disciplines traditionnelles, tel qu'en France le brusque surgissement de Musil et de Trakl, si longtemps ignorés des lettrés de ce pays, lèse tout autant les cinéphilas. Il suffit qu'un auteur sorte des sentiers battus pour qu'autour de lui s'accumule une ombre épaisse, que seuls quelques curieux, guidés par l'instinct et servis par les circonstances, percent parfois. Grâce à eux, brusquement une personnalité quitte l'obscurité, et pour nous, qui ne connaissions rien, c'est alors une éblouissante révélation. C'est ainsi que la persévérante action de quelques découvreurs nous apporta la subite présence de Bergman. Ce fut pour tout le monde, à peu près, au lendemain d'un festival de Cannes où triompha *Sourires d'une nuit d'été* (*Sommarnattens leende* — 1955). Il était malaisé, en ce temps, de situer le cinéaste. Quelques-uns avaient vu de lui *Monika et le désir* (*Sommaren med Monnika* — 1952) qui, de tous ses films, se confond le plus avec le cinéma suédois moyen. Dès lors, on avait quelque peine à circonscrire avec précision un talent de prime abord inégal. Les

premiers échos à son sujet étaient comme ces articles, schématiques et trop brefs, qu'on lit dans les dictionnaires biographiques. Et encore, ils étaient dominés par une rumeur générale qui parlait surtout d'exercices formalistes, de naïveté intellectualisante et d'érotisme sophistiqué, car il suffit de rompre avec les habitudes esthétiques et éthiques, pour que l'on soit précédé d'une réputation péjorative et scandaleuse. Quoi qu'il en fût, on apprit aussi qu'il était un auteur complet, à la fois scénariste, dialogueur et réalisateur. Quant aux précisions matérielles, les voici en termes succincts.

Ingmar Bergman naquit à Stockholm en 1918. Il était le fils d'un des pasteurs les plus appréciés de la capitale suédoise, et enfant, il accompagnait parfois son père lorsqu'il allait prêcher dans les églises rurales. Ces menus voyages, qui lui permirent de voir de nombreuses fresques médiévales évoquant le ciel, l'enfer et la destinée humaine, marquèrent fortement son caractère. Adolescent, il eut d'abord la vocation du théâtre. Il dirigea une troupe estudiantine, puis, ses études (philosophie et lettres) terminées, il fit un stage à l'opéra de Stockholm, pour se parfaire dans la mise de scène. Devenu maître en ce domaine, il devint le directeur artistique des théâtres municipaux d'Helsingborg et de Göteborg, où il monta entre autres le *Caligula* d'Albert Camus. Enfin, il fut nommé metteur en scène au Théâtre Royal Dramatique de Stockholm, pépinière de comédiens réputés. Il écrivit à son tour des pièces, et aussi des romans. La rencontre d'Alf Sjöberg, homme de théâtre et cinéaste, avec qui il se lia d'amitié, l'orienta vers le cinéma, sans que pour autant il ait abandonné la scène. En cela il rejoignait une tradition typiquement nationale, puisque déjà au temps du cinéma muet Gosta Ekman, Victor Sjöström et Mauritz Stiller, pour ne citer que ceux-là, et depuis lors bien d'autres, ont ainsi réparti leurs activités entre la scène et le studio avec une parfaite autonomie créatrice. Bergman collabora, en qualité de scénariste, avec Sjöberg, Gustav Molander, Hampe Faustman et Lars-Eric Kjellgren, avant qu'il ne devint cinéaste à son tour. Il travaille pour l'instant à son vingtième film.

L'on savait donc, lorsque parut *Sourires d'une nuit d'été*, que Bergman était d'une activité débordante. A partir de là, et tenant compte de *Monika et le désir*, il était permis de douter qu'il y eut un univers bergmanien et l'on pouvait faire les suppositions qui surgiront inévitablement dans l'esprit de tout spectateur, au premier contact avec un film de ce réalisateur ambigu et déroutant.

Below, Harriet Andersson and Gunnar Björnstrand in «Woman's Dream». Photographs courtesy Sandrew-Bauman, Stockholm.



Eva Dahlbeck, Harriet Andersson and Benkt-Ake Benktson in the Sandrew film, «Kvinnodröm» («Woman's Dream»). Screenplay and direction by Ingmar Bergman.

En effet, qu'est-ce qui saute aux yeux de prime abord, au point d'égarer le jugement? De brillantes capacités, trop de facilité peut-être, et pour rançon, le voisinage du meilleur et du pire. L'on aperçoit ensuite les principales tendances du cinéma suédois contemporain dans leur ensemble: érotisme plus ou moins larvé s'exprimant par le truchement de réminiscences strindbergiennes et freudiennes, paganisme cérébral et fixation obsessionnelle, résurgence teintée de libido du vieux fonds romantico-fantastique scandinave, goût marqué pour la cruauté et le sadisme, mais aussi pour les sensuels frémissements de la nature, esthétisation à outrance. A ce composite amalgame viennent s'ajouter des notes personnelles, plus immédiatement perceptibles, qui sont le désabusement et le pessimisme, ainsi qu'une propension aux jeux formels compliqués.

Telles sont les premières apparences — trompeuses si l'on n'est pas convaincu aussitôt de leur nécessité interne — qui nous déconcertent et pourtant nous enchantent avec un léger sentiment d'insécurité, lorsqu'après bon nombre de divertissements de toute origine, parfois intelligents et ingénieux, nous abordons ex abrupto *Sourires d'une nuit d'été*. Cette légende diurne — car la nuit y est encore le jour — est bien, dans le genre amer, la comédie la plus cynique, la plus ricanante, la plus grinçante que l'on ait vue à l'écran. Et aussi la plus verte, car c'est, je pense, dans l'histoire du cinéma, le premier conte libertin de grand style. Intime combinaison de fausse candeur, de sensibilité aigue et de férocité satirique, ce film possède un ton qui rappelle de quelque façon le curieux roman, au titre interminable, du poète danois Jens-August Stæde, *Des êtres se rencontrent et une douce musique s'élève en leur cœur*. Même défi exacerbé des conventions morales, même amertume, même irrévérence totale, même tendresse cachée, même crudité verbale, et mêlé à tout cela, un étrange climat irréel.

Nous savons aujourd'hui que malgré la multiplicité des facettes, cette œuvre ne nous apportait qu'un aspect de Bergman, que celui-ci n'est pas l'auteur pessimiste, cynique, misogyne et sadique que nous avons entrevu après un trop superficiel examen. Depuis, nous avons reconnu un créateur véritable, un de ces artistes dans la pleine signification du mot dont le propre est de se mouvoir dans un univers, immuable en ce sens qu'il nous propose une évolution profonde qui est une suite de variations sur quelques thèmes essentiels, développés sous divers éclairages et dans des contextes variés. Il en est de même pour Chaplin, Eisenstein, Dreyer, Flaherty, Renoir ou Kurosawa. Univers irréductible où les épreuves personnelles et la maturation du caractère peuvent dessiner des tournants, de même qu'elles peuvent y apporter une tonalité ou une sonorité nouvelle, que marque une inspiration toujours identique, mais où se manifestent aussi la prodigieuse liberté et les constantes métamorphoses de style qui rendent semblables et pourtant différents *La soif*, *Jeux d'été* (*Sommarelek* — 1950), *La nuit des forains* (*Gycklarnas afton* — 1953), *Rêves de femmes* (*Kvinnodröm* — 1955) et *Le septième sceau* (*Det sjunde inseglet* — 1956).

Nous savons maintenant que l'œuvre de Bergman traduit les innombrables mouvements d'une même aspiration universelle, qui est l'accomplissement humain sur cette terre. Un titre, *La soif*, circonscrit cette constante avec précision: soif de bonheur, soif d'amour, soif d'admiration, soif de jouissance. C'est là que s'établit son univers avec plus ou moins de perfection. Et il est vrai que cet



univers — quoique laisse supposer la fin fallacieusement ou à peine optimiste de la plupart de ses films — est rigoureusement clos. De là à conclure au pessimisme, est un pas trop hâtivement franchi. Trop souvent ses personnages s'incrinvent en faux contre cette généralisation, trop de sympathie lie à eux un cinéaste que je vois, pour ma part, comme un esprit généreux qui, ayant fait le tour des possibilités humaines, mesurant leurs limites, voyant les hommes se débattre parmi des complications dont ils ne sont pas responsables et d'autres qu'ils se créent — celles-ci venant se greffer sur celles-là, ou plutôt, proliférant comme de vénéneux champignons —, les accepte comme ils sont. Cette attitude est, certes, informée au départ par des considérations religieuses et philosophiques. Le milieu familial et l'éducation ont modelé sa pensée. Et sans cesse, dans son œuvre, apparaît en filigrane la formation, propre à une certaine intelligencia scandinave, nourrie tout à la fois des écritures d'*Ou bien, ou bien...* de Kierkegaard, de Freud et de Heidegger — en d'autres mots, une formation où les préoccupations éthiques et morales demeurent prédominantes, quelles que soient les transformations psychologiques et esthétiques qu'elles subissent dans ses films, à travers les réfractations supplémentaires de Strindberg, Sartre et Camus, qu'il porta si souvent à la scène.

Mais à partir de là, Bergman nous dit à peu près ceci: voici des hommes emprisonnés dans leur terrestre débat; leurs malheurs naissent de leur désir d'absolu, quel qu'il soit, un absolu auquel ils sont impuissants d'accéder; les voici donc enfermés dans l'enfer de leurs inextricables rapports (et précisément, «L'enfer, c'est les autres» dit Sartre, mais Bergman sousentend ce correctif, et le montre: «Le ciel, c'est nous-mêmes, lorsque nous en sommes capables»). Et le cinéaste surprend alors ces hommes à l'instant où ils traversent une crise décisive, décrit leur combat et les abandonne à l'issue, plus que jamais incertaine. Et si, parfois, les propos des personnages sont métaphysiques, l'auteur ne l'est pas, de même que l'auteur ne les juge pas. Il observe et analyse, dans une rigoureuse volonté d'objectivité. Or, l'aboutissement de cette attitude est tout de même une sorte de lumière — fut-elle soufflée —, un refus de désespoir et de démission, et cela non seulement dans des films qui ne se terminent pas sur un avenir irrévocablement fermé, comme *Ville portuaire* (*Hamnstad* — 1948) ou *Vers la félicité* (*Till glädje* — 1949), mais encore partout ailleurs, par l'intermédiaire de personnages de premier plan ou épisodiques. Somme toute, l'œuvre de Bergman — un des plus pensés du cinéma mondial — en un langage qui est la synthèse de toutes les acquisitions cinématographiques — malgré son exceptionnelle maîtrise, qui touche la virtuosité, il n'est pas plus un inventeur de formes que Bach en son temps —, pose le problème de l'homme contemporain, qu'il éclaire chaque fois d'une façon nouvelle, quels que soient les moyens, les genres et les affabulations. S'il ne prend jamais le parti de ses personnages, s'il établit entre eux et lui-même une distance qu'il se garde de franchir, et enfin, s'il adopte à leur égard le comportement de l'observateur désintéressé qui fixe sur la pellicule avec une minutieuse précision les actes et les réactions, il est néanmoins de la catégorie des observateurs passionnés, étant entendu que cette passion s'entoure d'une réserve et d'une dignité exemplaires. Rien de l'âme humaine ne lui demeure étranger, ni des apparences du quotidien, mais noblesse et trivialité, cynisme et vulgarité, il nous les transmet décapées, saisis en l'instant de leur signification.

Les tentatives d'accomplissement, toujours tronquées, possibles parfois dans un certain état d'innocence — les baladins Jof et Mia dans *Le septième sceau* —, que les humains entreprennent sans relâche, chacun selon sa perspective propre, forment, comme je le disais plus haut, le centre de l'univers bergmanien. *La prison* (*Fängelse* — 1948) est caractéristique de cette hantise. C'est l'histoire d'un film que l'on veut réaliser et qui ne se réalisera pas, parce que celui qui a fourni l'idée du scénario n'accomplit pas le destin personnel qu'il s'était imaginé et en trouve un autre, tandis que le personnage réel qui lui avait inspiré l'idée se suicide. Le film est donc impossible, puisqu'il ne pourrait pas avoir de conclusion. (Voir, à ce propos, le très intéressant article de Jacques Siclier et André S. Labarthe, dans *Cahiers du Cinéma*, no 61.) Ce curieux sujet, qui n'est pas sans réminiscences pirandellennes, située avec acuité, me semble-t-il, les préoccupations majeures du cinéaste.

Dans *La soif*, nous voyons Ruth, sans cesse soucieuse d'être le centre de l'attention, névrotique et agaçante, essayant en vain d'avoir quelque importance à ses propres yeux, après avoir rêvé une carrière comme vedette de la danse. Dans *Vers la félicité*, le récit est axé sur Stig, violoniste velléitaire et démesurément am-

bitieux, ravagé par l'orgueil allant de pair avec un complexe d'infériorité. Il ne songe qu'à éblouir, et le chef d'orchestre Soderby, son ami, lui dira un jour: «Tu n'es que prétention. J'observe le démon de l'ambition dansant dans tes yeux. Tu n'as pas compris que la musique est un but, non un moyen.» A côté de ces illusionnistes, à la poursuite d'une supériorité fictive, il y a ceux qui s'accomplissent en faveur d'autrui dans la lucide acceptation de leur propre défaite. Tel est, dans *Jeux d'été*, le danseur vieillissant et angoissé, qui sous les oripeaux et le grime de l'homme-mannequin Coppélius, surgit devant le miroir de la loge où la prima ballerina Marie reflète ses propres traits désemparés. Lui, qui n'espère plus rien, met tout en œuvre pour qu'elle retrouve les gestes de la tendresse, puisqu'il se peut que la nuit ait une fin. Telle est aussi, dans *Rêves de femmes*, la brève apparition de l'épouse de Henrik, dessinée en quelques traits, avec une force et une vérité pénétrantes. Elle sait qu'en arrachant Henrik à sa maîtresse, elle n'aura rien regagné, sinon un père aimant ses enfants. Elle connaît la faiblesse de son mari, les limites de son amer triomphe, mais elle triomphe. Elle est «la plus forte», comme dans la pièce de Strindberg qui porte ce titre. Elle peut manifester de l'estime pour l'amour de sa rivale et sa dignité n'est pas d'emprunt.

Tel est enfin, dans *Le septième sceau*, le chevalier qui joue aux échecs avec la Mort, et qui par ruse, au prix de sa vie et surtout au prix d'une réponse qu'il attendait d'ailleurs vainement, lui arrache un couple de baladins, qui eux, jamais ne se posent des questions.

Si les personnages de Bergman s'accomplissent d'une manière précaire, c'est que la plupart se meuvent dans un simulacre de vie, dans un enfer dont ils finissent par prendre conscience. Après de longs déchirements, ils l'acceptent. Ainsi, dans *La soif*, l'époux est de l'espèce des hommes faibles qui vivent avec une femme ratée pour s'assurer un rôle de protecteur, pour se convaincre qu'ils sont forts. Dominé qui se croit dominateur, il se réfugie dans son métier d'historien-archéologue, partagé entre la peur que Ruth ne se suicide et le désir de l'assassiner pour en être quitte, et pourtant la traîne comme un boulet dont le poids est plus léger que la séparation. Il finit par s'écrier, dans un état de clairvoyant désespoir: «Je ne veux pas être libre. Notre vie est un enfer, mais demeurer seul est pire que l'enfer.» Invariablement, l'acceptation est une abdication devant l'angoisse de la solitude.

Dans *Vers la félicité*, Martha qui a beaucoup vécu, qui est déçue au surplus par un premier mariage, oscille entre le scepticisme et le rêve, qu'elle sait illusoire, d'un amour absolu. C'est lucidement, en désespoir de cause, qu'elle accepte Stig, qui croit l'avoir conquise avec un petit ours en peluche, et qui est un grand enfant cynique et égocentrique. Mais c'est aussi la faiblesse de Stig qui la lie à lui. Il y a, de même, dans *Jeux d'été*, une tante Elisabeth qui se sait épousée par dépit et éternellement trompée par un mari érotomane et alcoolique, mais qui, toute amertume bue, préfère cette cohabitation au néant.

Dans l'œuvre de Bergman, une comédienne et un comédien incarnent à merveille les représentants d'une certaine bourgeoisie cossue, où l'amour en particulier et la vie dans son ensemble sont une suite de jeux et de travestissements, de mécontentements cruels et d'éphémères reconciliations, et aussi de passions irrémédiables et de sarcastiques résignations. La comédienne est Eva Dahlbeck, dont Jacques Siclier dit qu'elle est «ironique, intelligente, un peu cynique, un peu rouée, lucide, cédant parce qu'elle le veut bien, tête froide et corps chaud». (Dans *Ingmar Bergman*, Bruxelles, Club du Livre de Cinéma, 1958.) Elle apparaît dans *L'attente des femmes* (*Kvinnors vantan* — 1952), *Une leçon d'amour* (*En lektion i kärlek* — 1954), *Rêves de femmes* et *Sourires d'une nuit d'été*. Le comédien est Gunnar Björnstrand, homme d'âge indéterminé, ni beau ni laid, et pourtant fascinant par ses prodigieuses facultés de transformation, qui ne tiennent pas tant dans le maquillage que dans une manière de situer les personnages avec une suprême élégance, quel que soit leur degré d'ironie, de tragique ou de ridicule. Il fut le partenaire d'Eva Dahlbeck dans les quatre films cités, mais aussi, dans un tout autre registre, l'étonnant écuyer de *Septième sceau*. Toutefois, la boursofflure d'une existence illusoire et vaine, toute entière livrée aux terrestres démons, Bergman l'exprime avec tout autant de force par l'intermédiaire d'autres tempéraments, tels que l'étonnant Ake Gromberg, homme laid et gras qui convient admirablement aux stylisations tragico-grotesques que le réalisateur adopte dans certains de ses films. Il fut un médium idéal, tant dans *Une leçon d'amour* que dans *La nuit des forains*.

Ce n'est pas que je veuille attacher aux interprètes plus d'importance qu'ils n'ont, surtout dans l'œuvre d'un cinéaste qui soumet

chaque élément de ses films à une vision sévèrement contrôlée et organisée. Il reste néanmoins que cette vision s'insère dans une structure formelle qui imbrique intimement, selon des moyens variables, la parole, les sons et les éléments visuels. Bergman réserve une très large place au dialogue. La gageure qu'il tient avec une infailible aisance, comme en ce jouant mais jamais d'une manière gratuite, est d'intégrer ce dialogue — aigu, intelligent, et même brillant — au contexte des images, et cela d'une manière si indissoluble qu'il n'est rien sans ce contexte comme celui-ci n'est rien sans ce dialogue. L'acteur devient de la sorte, entre ses mains, un instrument subtil et sensible, qui traduit chaque nuance de sa pensée, cesse d'être lui-même et n'est plus que le personnage. C'est par cette domination tyrannique qu'il a su se soumettre et transfigurer sans cesse Birger Malmsten, Hasse Ekman, Mai-Britt Nilsson, Stig Olin, Harriet et Bibi Andersson, pour citer quelques-uns de ses collaborateurs habituels. J'ajouterai que cela n'eût pas été possible sans l'exceptionnel métier et le sens cinématographique supérieur de ces comédiens suédois, qui pourtant tous sont pensionnaires des principaux théâtres.

J'ajouterai que de Bergman j'ai souligné quelques aspects seulement. Il m'eût fallu parler de l'importance du couple, de la constante intrusion du passé dans le présent (souvent par l'emploi de retours en arrière), du rôle de l'érotisme (quand même) et de la peur de vivre comme ressorts psychologiques, de l'obsédante intervention de personnages tentateurs qui sont la figuration moderne de Mephistopheles (le Diable perdu d'avance), de la fin ambiguë de tous les films bergmaniens, du lyrisme de cet auteur et de ses séquences parfois shakespeariennes, de l'incessante interrogation que l'on perçoit partout sur le pourquoi de la vie et de la mort. Aussi, ceci n'est-il qu'une première introduction.

Below, a scene from what is possibly Bergman's best known film till now, «Det sjunde inseglet» («The Seventh Seal»), a Svensk Filmindustri production with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Nils Poppe, Bibbi Anderson. Both photographs courtesy SF Films, Stockholm.



A scene from Ingmar Bergman's newest film, «Ansiktet» («The Face»), starring Max von Sydow, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, Naima Wifstrand, Bengt Ekerot and Bibi Andersson—an production which Paul Davay will presumably discuss in the second part of his introduction to Ingmar Bergman.





Scene from «The Seventh Seal».  
Courtesy SF Films, Stockholm.



Paul Davay

## Ingmar Bergman

### An Introduction to his work

(Freely translated and slightly abridged by J. S.)

It seems a little astonishing that in an epoch such as ours when the means of artistic communication have been raised to a high degree of perfection it should still have been possible in most countries to have the surprise of discovering en bloc a considerable body of work by an important creative artist.

Well then, consider the evidence. Just three years ago Ingmar Bergman was a vague name among others, even though his first film dates from 1945, and even though he had made "Thirst" ("Törst") in 1949, a film which counts among the major events in the history of the cinema since Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane". Let an author leave the beaten track and a thick shadow forms about him which only a few curious souls guided by instinct and served by circumstance occasionally penetrate.

Ingmar Bergman was born in Stockholm in 1918. He was the son of one of the most highly regarded pastors of the Swedish capital, and as a child sometimes accompanied his father when he went to preach in rural churches. These little trips, when he saw numerous mediaeval frescoes evoking heaven, hell and human destiny, strongly marked his character. As an adolescent he had from the start a vocation for the theatre. He directed a student group; then, his studies (in philosophy and literature) ended, he spent some time at the Stockholm Opera to perfect himself in stage set design. Having mastered that, he became art director of the municipal theatres of Helsingborg and Göteborg, where he presented among other works Albert Camus' "Caligula". Finally, he was appointed stage manager of the Royal Dramatic Theatre of Stockholm—nursery of well-known actors. He wrote several pieces himself and also some novels. A meeting with Alf Sjöberg, a man of the theatre and film-maker, with whom he became friendly led him to the cinema, without his giving up the stage however. In this he followed a typically national tradition, as already in the days of the silent film Gosta Ekman, Victor Sjöström and Mauritz Stiller, to name only a few, and since then many others, have divided their activity between stage and studio with complete creative autonomy. Bergman collaborated as a scenarist with Sjöberg, Gustav Molander, Hampe Faustman and Lars-Eric Kjellgren before becoming a film maker in his turn. At present he is working on his twentieth film.

One knew then, when "Smiles of a Summer Night" appeared, that Bergman was an immensely active man. From there on, and taking into account "Monika and Desire", it became permissible to suspect that there was a "Bergman universe", and one could make certain suppositions that inevitably rise in the mind of every spectator from his first contact with the work of this ambiguous and baffling film maker. In fact, what is it that immediately leaps to one's eyes, to the point of impairing one's judgement? The brilliance of his capacities, too much facility perhaps, and on the other hand, the close proximity of the best and the worst. Then one notes the principal tendencies of the contemporary Swedish cinema taken as a whole: a more or less larval eroticism expressing itself through the medium of Freudian and Strindbergian reminiscences, a cerebral paganism, obsessive fixation, a rising to the surface of the ancient romantic-fantastic Scandinavian depths tinted by libido, a marked taste for cruelty and sadism (but also for the sensual vibrations of nature), the outrageous estheticization. To this composite amalgam must be added the personal notes, more immediately perceptible: the disabused view of things, the pessimism, as well as a propensity for complicated formal games.

Such then are the first appearances—deceiving if one is not convinced of their internal necessity—which disconcert and yet enchant us with a faint feeling of insecurity when, after a good number of diversions of every origin, sometimes ingenious and intelligent, moreover, we suddenly encounter "Smiles of a Summer Night". This diurnal legend (because night there is still day) is certainly, in the bitter genre, the most cynical, mocking, grating comedy ever seen on the screen. And also the freshest, because it is, I believe, the first libertine tale in the grand manner in the history of the cinema. An intimate combination of false candor, of keen sensibility and satirical ferocity, this film has a flavour which in some way recalls that curious novel with the endless title by the Danish poet Jens-August Stade, "Beings encounter and a gentle music rises in their hearts". The same exacerbated defiance of moral conventions, the same bitterness, the same total irreverence, hidden tenderness, verbal crudity, and mingled with all this, a strange unreal atmosphere.

We know today that despite the multiplicity of its facets this work brought us only one aspect of Bergman: that he is not the pessimistic, cynical, sadistic, misogynist author that we confusedly imagined on a too superficial examination. Since then we have recognized in him an authentic creator, one of those artists in the full meaning of the word whose nature is to move in a universe that is unalterable, in the sense that he sets before us a profound evolution which is a succession of variations on a few basic themes, developed under various lights and in varying contexts. So it is with Chaplin, Eisenstein, Dreyer, Flaherty, Renoir or Kurosawa. An irreducible universe—where personal trials and the maturing of character can indicate the turn of events, just as they can contribute a new tonality or sonority—which shows an always identical inspiration, but where is displayed, too, that prodigious liberty and constant metamorphosis of style which make "Thirst", "Summer Games" (1950), "The Clown's Afternoon" (1953), "Woman's Dream" (1955) and "The Seventh Seal" (1956) alike and yet different. We know now that Bergman's work translates the innumerable mutations of a single universal aspiration, which is human fulfillment on this earth. A title, "Thirst", defines this constant precisely: thirst for success, for love, for admiration, for pleasure and possession. That is where his world is set, with more or less perfection. And it is true that this world—whatever the fallaciously or barely optimistic ending of most of his films may lead one to suppose—is rigorously closed. From that to draw the conclusion of pessimism is too hasty a step. Too often his characters give the lie to such a generalization; too much sympathy binds the film maker to them, whom I for my part see as a generous spirit who, having surveyed the range of human possibilities, having measured their limits, and watched men debating with themselves amid complications for which they are not responsible and others for which they are—the latter grafting themselves onto the former, or rather, proliferating like toadstools—accepts them as they are. This attitude is, to be sure, informed from the outset by religious and philosophical considerations. Family milieu and education have shaped his thinking. And constantly there appears in his work like a filigree a pattern of thought proper to a certain Scandinavian intelligentsia, nourished simultaneously on the writings of "Either/Or" ... of Kierkegaard, Freud and Heidegger—a pattern, in other words, in which ethical and moral considerations remain predominant whatever the psychological and esthetic transformations they undergo in his films, through the additional refractions of Strindberg, Sartre and Camus whom he brought so often to the stage.

But from there on Bergman says more or less this to us: here are men caught in their earthly debate; their misfortunes are born from their desire for an absolute, whatever it may be, an absolute to which they are incapable of acceding; here they are therefore shut up in the hell of their inextricable relationships. (And precisely, "Hell is the others", says Sartre; but Bergman implies this corrective and substantiates it: "Heaven is ourselves, when we are equal to it.") And he then surprises these men at the moment when they pass through some decisive crisis, describes their conduct, and leaves them to their fate more uncertain than ever. And if sometimes the words (or resolutions) of his characters are metaphysical, the author himself is not, just as the author does not judge his characters. He observes and analyses, rigorously committed to objectivity. And yet, the upshot of this attitude is nevertheless a kind of light—however sulphurous—a rejection of despair and surrender, and that not only in the films which do not end with the future irrevocably closed, like "Port City" ("Hamnstad", 1948) or "Toward Happiness" ("Till glädje", 1949), but also everywhere else through the intermediacy of the characters, leading or secondary. In short, Bergman's work—one of the most thought in the cinema—in a language which is a synthesis of all cinematographic acquisitions—for despite his exceptional mastery touching on virtuosity he is no more an inventor of forms than Bach in his time—poses the problem of contemporary man, which he illuminates each time in a new way, whatever the means, genre and moral. If he never takes the part of his characters, if he establishes a remove between them and himself and maintains it, and finally if he adopts toward them the demeanour of the disinterested observer who, with scrupulous exactitude, fixes their actions and reactions on film, he is nonetheless of the class of passionate observers. Nothing in the human soul remains foreign to him, neither do the appearances of daily life; but nobility and triviality, cynicism and vulgarity, he transmits them to us decanted, seized at the moment of meaning.

The attempts toward fulfillment, always abortive, sometimes possible in a certain state of innocence (vide, the troupers Jof and Mia in "The Seventh Seal") that human beings tirelessly make, each according to his perspective, form as I have already indicated the centre of the Bergman universe. "The Prison" ("Fängelse", 1948) is characteristic of this obsession. It is the story of a film that someone wanted to make and that was never completed, because the man who furnished the idea for the scenario did not fulfill the personal destiny he had imagined for himself and found his destiny in another, while the real person who inspired him with the idea committed suicide. The film was therefore impossible—because it could have no ending. (See in this connection the very interesting article by Jacques Siclier and André Labarthe in "Cahiers du Cinéma", no. 61.) This curious subject, which is not without Pirandellian reminiscences, nicely defines, or so it seems to me, the major preoccupations of this cineast.

In "Thirst" we see Ruth, always anxious to be the centre of attention, neurotic and exasperating, trying in vain to have some importance in her own eyes after having dreamed of a career as a star of the dance. In "Toward Happiness", the story centres on Stig, a weak and inordinately ambitious violinist, ravaged by pride which goes hand in hand with an inferiority complex. He dreams only of dazzling, and the leader of the orchestra, his friend Soderby, says to him one day: "You are nothing but pretension. I see the demon of ambition dancing in your eyes. You haven't understood that music is an end, not a means." Together with these self-deluded people in pursuit of a fictive superiority, there are those who fulfill themselves through others, in the lucid acceptance of their own defeat. Such is (in "Summer Games") the aging and agonized dancer who, in the tawdry finery and grease paint of the Hofmannesque Coppélius, rises before the mirror of the loge where the prima ballerina Marie reflects his own distressed features. He who hopes for nothing more in life makes a supreme effort, so that she may discover the gestures of tenderness—for it could happen that the night will have an end.

So too, in "Woman's Dream", is the brief appearance of Henrik's wife, sketched in a few lines with penetrating force and verity. She knows that in taking Henrik from his mistress she will have regained nothing, other than a father who loves his children. She knows her husband's weakness, the limits of her bitter triumph, but she triumphs. She is "the stronger one", as in the piece by Strindberg. She is able to show respect for her rival's love, and her dignity is not assumed.

If Bergman's characters fulfill themselves in precarious ways it is because most of them move about in a simulacrum of life, in a hell which they end up by acknowledging. After long torments they accept it. So, in "Thirst", the husband is one of those weaklings who live with a wife who is a failure in order to assure themselves of the role of protector, to convince themselves that they are strong. A slave who thinks himself a master, he takes refuge in his profession of historian-archaeologist, torn between his fear that Ruth may commit suicide and the desire to murder her to be rid of her, yet dragging her around like a ball-and-chain whose weight is lighter than separation. He ends by crying out in clairvoyant despair: "I don't want to be free. Our life is hell, but to be alone is worse than hell". Invariably the acceptance is an abdication before the anguish of solitude.

In "Toward Happiness", Martha, who has seen a lot and who is utterly disillusioned by her first marriage, oscillates between skepticism and the dream she knows to be illusory of an absolute love. It is with open eyes and out of despair that she accepts Stig, who fancies that he has won her with a little teddybear and who is an overgrown child, cynical and egocentric. But it is also Stig's weakness that binds her to him. Similarly, in "Summer Games" there is Aunt Elizabeth who knows she was married out of spite, and that her alcoholic and sex-crazy husband constantly deceives her, but who, having drunk her bitterness to the dregs, prefers this cohabitation to nothingness.

In Bergman's films there are an actor and an actress who incarnate to perfection the representatives of a certain well-to-do bourgeoisie where love in particular and life as a whole are a succession of games and travesties, of cruel misunderstandings and sarcastic resignations. The actress is Eva Dahlbeck, of whom Jacques Siclier says that she is "Ironic, intelligent, a little cynical, a little profligate, lucid, giving in because she enjoys it, cold mind, warm body." (In "Ingmar Bergman", Club du Livre de Cinéma, Brussels 1958.) The actor is Gunnar Björnstrand, a man of uncertain age, neither handsome nor ugly, yet fascinating because of his

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# ART BOOKS

Catalogues, Periodicals, Miscellaneous Publications

**Aguilera-Cerni, Vicente:** *Arte Norteamericano del siglo XX.* Demy octavo. 131 pp., 105 monochrome and 5 colour plates. Valencia: Fomento de Cultura. About \$6.50

**Aguilera-Cerni, Vicente:** *La aventura creadora.* Demy octavo. 147 pp. Valencia: Fomento de Cultura. About \$2.00

**Alfieri, Vittorio Enzo:** *L'estetica dall'Illuminismo al Romanticismo.* 8vo. 292 pp. Milan 1957: Garzanti.

**Anno Amiel.** Exhibition catalogue, on the artist's 90th birthday. Bern Kunsthalle, 29/3—4/58. 8vo. 17 page text, 1 plate, 16 pages illustrations.

**Apollonio, Umbro:** Antonio Sant'Elia. Documenti e note a cura di Leonardo Mariani. Demy 8vo. 150 pp., 45 monochrome plates. Milan 1958: Il Balcone. L. 650.—

**Apollonio, Umbro (Ed.):** XXIX Biennale Internazionale d'Arte. Preface by Giovanni Ponti. Introduction by G. A. Dell'Acqua. Demy 8vo. 17 pp., 199 monochrome plates. Venice 1958: la Biennale. L. 1,200.—

**Art Institute of Chicago Quarterly.** Annual Report 1957-1958. Acquisitions, attendance, contributions, etc. 8vo. 80 pp., illustrated.

**Artistas Italianos de Hoy.** Catalogue of an exhibition of 20 contemporary Italian artists organized by the Galeria Bonino and held at the Museo Nacional de Bellas Artes of Buenos Aires. Foreword by Jorge Romero Brest. Brief biographical notes, list of works shown, 20 large and small plate illustrations including cover in colour. Published by the Museo Nacional. No date (1958).

**Auctions Prices. Jahrbuch der Auktionspreise** für Bücher, Handschriften und Autographen. Ergebnisse der Versteigerungen in Deutschland, Holland, Oesterreich und der Schweiz. Volume VIII (1957). 8vo. 384 pp. Hamburg 1958: Hauswedell. DM 48.—

**Aulmann, Hans:** *Gemäldeuntersuchungen mit Röntgen-, Ultraviolett- und Infrarotstrahlen zum Werk des Konrad Witz.* 36 pp., 40 plates with explanations. Basel 1958: Holbein Verlag. sfrs. 88.—

**Ballo, Guido:** *Gentilini.* 4to. 21 pp., 29 colour plates. Venice 1958: Cavallino. L. 6,000.—

**Ballo, Guido:** *Italianische Malerei vom Futurismus bis Heute.* German translation by Rolf Schroers. 4to. 238 pp., illustrated. S. Casciano Val di Pesa 1958: Sifanti.

**Barlach, Ernst Barlach.** *Das graphische Werk.* Catalogue edited by Friedrich Schult. Volume II. 4to. 192 pp. with 310 illustrations. 600 numbered copies.

(Volume I, *Das Graphische Werk*, will probably appear late in the year. Volume III, *Handzeichnungen*, about a year later.) Hamburg 1958: Hauswedell. DM 150.—

**Baronio, A.:** *Proporzioni degli ordini toscana, dorico, jonico, corinzio e composto secondo Sebastiano Serlio bolognese.* With 5 facsimile plates. Biella 1958: Ramelli.

**Baltimore Museum of Art News.** April 1958. Devoted to an essay by James D. Breckinridge on Three Signed Pieces of Louis XVI Furniture. 16 pp. with text illustrations.

**Bazaine.** Exhibition Catalogue. Stedelijk Van Abbe Museum, Eindhoven, 6/12/58—19/1/59. Brief Foreword (in Dutch and French), biobibliographical data, list of 94 paintings and 124 watercolours, gouaches and drawings, with 30 plate illustrations including 2 in colour.

**Bellonzi, Fortunato:** *L'Arte nel secolo della tecnica.* 8vo. 126 pp., 73 monochrome plates. Rome 1958: De Luca. L. 2,000.—

**Benesch, Otto, and Auer, Erwin:** *Die Historia Friderici et Maximiliani.* 142 pp., with 86 illustrations and 48 facsimile plates. Berlin 1957: Deutscher Verein für Kunstwissenschaft. DM 48.—

**Beny, Roloff:** *Wiege unserer Welt. Stätten alter Kulturen am Mittelmeer.* 182 (superb—Ed.) photographs with accompanying text by R.B. Foreword by Herbert Read. Contributions by Peter Bamm, Bernard Berenson, Jean Cocteau, Rose Macaulay and Freya Stark. Translation by Carmen Huebner. 4to. 136 pp. ill. plus 56 pp. text with diagrams. Zürich: Droemersch Verlagsgesellschaft. sfrs. 32.45

**Max Bill.** (Zum 50. Geburtstag am 22. Dez. 1958.) With contributions by Max Bense and others. 8vo. 84 pp. Illustrated. Teufen 1958: Niggli. sfrs. 9.50

**Bissier.** Exhibition catalogue. Kestner-Gesellschaft, Hannover, 24/10—30/11/58. Introduction by Werner Schmalenbach. Biographical data, list of 175 paintings, tusche drawings, prints. Cover and 7 illustrations.

**Croft-Murray, E. Blunt:** *Venetian Drawings at Windsor Castle.* 8vo. 212 pp., 220 plates. London 1957: Phaidon.

**Bober, Phillis Pray:** *Drawings after the antique by Amico Aspertini.* 8vo. 122 pp., 44 plates and 148 illustrations. London 1957: The Warburg Institute, University of London.

**Boerner, C. G.:** *Ein Hundert Kupferstiche, Holzschnitte, Radierungen, Lithographien.* Autumn exhibition catalogue of C. G. Boerner, Düsseldorf, 1958. With 36 pages of descriptive text listing prints of old and modern masters, 39 plates and cover illustration.

**Galeria Bonino, Buenos Aires.** Exhibition catalogues published during 1958 were devoted to: Kazuya Sakai (paintings), Aldemir Martins (drawings), H. Butler (paintings), Fernandez Muro (paintings), Seoane (paintings), Fayga Ostrower (prints), Forner (paintings), and Miguel Ocampo (paintings). Each catalogue contains biographical data, list of works shown, and one or more illustrations. Some contain prefaces. (These are colourful publications, above average in design and printing.—Ed.)

**Borda, Maurizio:** *La pittura romana.* 4to. 436 pages, 739 monochrome and 22 colour plates. Milan 1958: Società Editrice Libreria.

**Borghi, Mino:** *Baccio M. Bacchi.* 8vo. 128 pp., 25 monochrome and 2 colour plates. Rome 1958: *Arte Contemporanea* No. 7. L. 2,000.—

**Bucarelli, Palma, and Carandente, Giovanni:** *Kandinsky.* Demy 8vo. 96 pp., 45 monochrome illustrations. Rome 1958: Editalia. L. 900.—

**Bührle, Sammlung Emil G. Bührle.** "Festschrift" in honour of the late Emil G. Bührle on the opening of the splendid new Zürich Kunsthau Annex and catalogue of the Bührle Collection. June through September, 1958. 4to. 255 pages of illustrations and 20 plates. Zürich 1958: Buchverlag Neue Zürcher Zeitung. sfrs. 18.—

**Busch, Karl, and Reuther, Hans:** "Welcher Stil ist das?" Stuttgart: W. Spemann Verlag. DM 14.80

**Bushart, Bruno:** *Meisterwerke der Stuttgarter Staatsgalerie.* With photographs by Elisabeth Held. 43 pages with 1 plate and 102 pages of plate illustrations, some in colour. Honnef/Rhine: Dr. Hans Peters Verlag. DM 38.—

**Carluccio, Luigi (Ed.):** *Felice Casorati.* Exhibition catalogue, Ivrea, Centro Culturale Olivetti, 1958. 8vo. 112 pages, 42 monochrome and 5 colour plates. L. 1,200.—

**Castelfranco, Giorgio:** *La XXIX Biennale d'Arte a Venezia.* *Conversazione sull'Astrattismo.* 8vo. 24 pages. Rome 1958: Istituto Grafico Tiberino.

**Castelnovi, Gian Vittorio:** *La raccolta di Rambaldi a Col di Rodi.* Con una appendice di N. Calvini. Demy 8vo. 135 pages, 40 plates. Genoa 1958: "Sigla Effe".

**Cavellini.** *Sammlung Cavellini.* Exhibition catalogue of modern Italian and Ecole de Paris painters. Basel Kunsthalle, 13/3—17/4/1958. 8vo. 12 page text and 32 pages of illustrations.

**Celebonovic, Stevan, and Sauter, Marc-Rodolphe:** *Am Ursprung der Kunst. (Art of the late Stone Age.)* Translated from the French. 4to. 96 pp. Cologne 1958: Du Mont Schauberg. DM 19.—

**Chiesa, Virgilio:** *La chiesa di Sant'Antonio in Lugano.* 8vo. 63 pp. Illustrated. Lugano 1958: Banca unione di credito.

**Clark, Kenneth:** *Florentiner Meister des fünfzehnten Jahrhunderts.* 11 reproductions with an Introduction and Elucidation by Sir K. C. Translation by Edzard Schaper. 4to. 24 pages. Lucerne 1958: Schweizer Volks-Buchgemeinde. For members only. sfrs. 6.75

**Coghuf, Ernst Stocker, and Moilliet, P.** Exhibition catalogue. Lucerne Kunstmuseum, 15/3—20/4/1958. 8vo. 16 pages of illustrations.

**Crispolli, Enrico:** *Appunti per due Tele di Gioacchino Toma.* Essay by the Editor of *Notizie*, an extract from the review *Emporium*, February 1958. Pages 55—63. With 4 illustrations and extensive scientific apparatus. Bergamo 1958: Istituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche.

**Cuatro Pintores Españoles.** Exhibition catalogue. Grupo El Paso, Madrid, March 1958. Text (in Spanish and French) comprises biographical data and credos of Millares, Canogar, Saura and Feito, together with photographs of the artists and 8 plate illustrations.

**Dada.** Exhibition catalogue No. 199, Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, 23/12/58—2/2/59. Foreword. Statements by Arp, Tzara, Man Ray, Ribemont-Dessaignes, Raoul Hausmann, Hannah Höch (concerning a trip with Schwitters), Hülsmbeck, Hans Richter, and an interview between Max Ernst and Patrick Waldberg. List of 450 dadaworks, dadamades, dadadocuments and dadanumens. Some illustrations.

**De Micheli, Mario:** *Scultura italiana del dopoguerra.* 8vo. 332 pp., 188 monochrome plates. Milan 1958: Schwarz. L. 5,500.—

**Dangers, Robert:** *Pablo Picasso, Darstellung und Deutung.* 40 page text with 5 drawings and 37 pages of plate illustrations. Munich: F. Bruckmann. DM 8.50

**Dhanens, Elisabeth:** *Jean Boulogne-Giovanni Bologna Fiammingo. (Dauai 1529—Florence 1608.)* Bijdrage tot de Studie van de Kunstbetrekkingen tussen het Graafschap Vlaanderen en Italië. One plate, 420 pages, 213 plate

illustrations. Brussels 1956: Palais de l'Académie, Klasse der Schönen Künste, publication No. 11.

**Doede, Werner:** Bibliographie deutscher Schreibmeisterbücher von Neudörffer bis 1800. 4to. 164 pp. with 78 photographic illustrations. 600 numbered copies. Hamburg 1958: Hauswedell. DM 150.—

**Dolinar.** Exhibition catalogue. Moderna Galerija, Ljubljana, May—June 1958. Preface (with French résumé) by Viril Velep. Bio-bibliographical data. List of about 200 sculptures and graphic works of 1911—1958. Cover and 34 plates.

**Dorflès, Gillo:** Le oscillazioni del gusto. 8vo. 193 pages, 55 monochrome plates. Milan 1958: Lerici.

**Drayer, W., and Winzinger, F.:** Il Portale di S. Zeno a Verona. Demy 8vo. 15 pages, 48 monochrome plates. Munich 1958: R. Piper Verlag.

**Dunkel, Renate:** Nikolaus Geissler. Ein süd-deutscher Bildhauer des siebzehnten Jahrhunderts. 4to. V, 387. Dissertation. Bonn 1955.

**Dutch Drawings. Masterpieces from Five Centuries.** Catalogue of exhibition organized by the Smithsonian Institution and circulated in the United States under the auspices of the Netherlands Ambassador. Acknowledgements by Annemarie H. Pope. Introduction by J. Q. van Regteren Altena. 7 1/2 x 10 inches. 108 pages with 54 plates. Washington 1958: Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service. \$1.75 plus postage.

**Edda.** Number 1, Summer 1958. Cahier international de documentation sur la poésie et l'art d'avant-garde. Edited by Jacques Lacomblez, with contributions from national correspondents. Criticism, poems, numerous black and white illustrations. Published by J. L. at 6, rue de Naples, Brussels.

**Ehmke, Ruth:** Der Freskenzyklus in Idensen. Publication of the Niedersächsischen Amtes für Landesplanung und Statistik, edited by Kurt Brüning. Series A: Forschungen zur Landes- und Volkskunde. II. Volkstum und Kultur. New series, Volume 34. 114 pages, 54 plate illustrations. Bremen-Horn 1958: Walter Dorn Verlag. DM 12.—

**Elles, Iris.** Das Stilleben in der französischen Malerei des 19. Jahrhunderts. Diss. phil. I. 8vo. 157 pages, 6 plates. Zürich 1958. (Filed with the Landesbibliothek.)

**L'Esperienza Moderna.** (Avant-garde publication devoted to contemporary cultural manifestations.) No. I contains essay on The Sign in Japanese Writing, Paul Klee, cellular structure, new forms in paintings, etc., together with poems, text illustrations and photographs. No. II is devoted to the work and opinions of Kurt Schwitters, Chlebnikov (Russian "cubofuturist" poet, 1885—1922), Boille, Dova, Turcato, Wols, Scialoja, Novelli, Alechinsky, Perilli, Twombly, Colvino. No. III—IV contains statements and examples of Arp, an excellent essay by Pierre Restany on "Les Espaces imaginaires de la peinture d'aujourd'hui", contributions by Nello Ponente, Man Ray, Viseux, Bertini, Vandercam, Lacomblez, Berio, a.o., together with numerous illustrations. Editor and address: Paola Volta, San Nicola da Tolentino 13, Rome.

**Felletti-Maj, Bianca Maria:** Iconografia romana imperiale da Severo Alessandro e M. Aurelio Carino. 312 pp., 60 plates and 209 illustrations in monochrome. Rome 1958: L'Erma. L. 11,000.—

**Fernau, Joachim:** Knaurs Lexikon alter Malerei. 8vo. 336 pages, illustrated. Zürich 1958: Droemersch Verlag. sfrs. 18.75

**Flora, Paul:** Trauerflora. Idyllen. Karikaturen. Introduction by Friedrich Dürrenmatt. Small 8vo. 72 pp., illustrated. Zürich 1958: Diogenes. sfrs. 4.80

**Festschrift für Erich Meyer.** Studies of the works in the collections of the Hamburg Museum für

Kunst und Gewerbe and on Hamburg art history. 4to. Circa 300 pages with over 300 illustrations. Hamburg 1958: Hauswedell. DM 45.—

**Formaggio, Dino:** Basiliche di Assisi. 8vo. 124 pages, 30 plates. Novara 1958: De Agostini. L. 6,000.—

**Fosca, François:** Corol. 4to. 223 pages, 109 monochrome and 8 colour plates. Brussels 1958: Elsevier. About \$13.50

**Piero della Francesca.** Die Fresken von Arezzo. Text by Alberto Sartoris, translated by Curt Schweicher. Small 8vo. 17 page text plus 15 plates. Gütersloh 1957: Bertelsman. About DM 2.— Spanish edition, translated by Juan-Eduardo Cirlo. (Los Frescos de Arezzo.) Barcelona 1957: Gili. Ptas 16.—

**Führer durch die Gemäldegalerie.** 3-part guide to the picture collection of the Akademie der bildenden Künste, Vienna. Edited by Ludwig Münz. Part I: 48 pp. text describing 88 works, with 8 plate illustrations. Part II: 38 pp. text describing 66 works, with 8 plates. Part III: 40 pp. text describing 59 works, with 8 plates. Vienna 1958: Brüder Rosenbaum.

**Galerie Pierre,** catalogue-monographs. **Arp** Szenes. Introduction by Guy Weelen. Biographical notes. 8 plates and coloured cover illustration. **La Bourdonnaye.** Introduction by Arpad Szenes. Biographical notes. 8 plates and coloured cover illustration. **Garbell.** Introduction by Guy Weelen. Biographical notes. 8 plates and coloured cover. Paris 1958.

**Garroni, Maria Luisa:** Annuario biografico di storia dell'arte. Vol. IV. Demy 8vo. 544 pp. Modena 1958: Soc. Tip. Ed. Modenese. L. 5,000.—

**George, Waldemar:** Utrillo. 4to. 23 pages with 32 colour plates. Milan 1958: Silvana. L. 9,500.—

**Il Gesto.** 3. Rassegna internazionale delle forme libere. Edited by Enrico Baj, Sergio Dangelo, and Piero Manzoni. Short critical texts and poems by various hands. Notable for distinguished printing and for large number of high quality illustrations of works by leading European artists. Milan, September 1958: Via Teulière 1.

**Giani, Giampiero:** Lucio Fontana. Demy 8vo. 15 pages, 12 colour plates. Venice 1958: Cavallino. L. 1,500.—

**Giedion-Welcker, Carola:** Constantin Brancusi 1876—1957. 240 pages with 157 illustrations including 74 full-page and 1 colour plates. Reproductions for the most part from Brancusi's own photographs. 22.6 x 29.8 cm. Basel 1958: Benno Schwabe. sfrs. 48.—

**Girard, Joseph:** Evocation du Vieil Avignon. 445 pages, with numerous illustrations. Paris 1958: Édit. de Minuit. frs. 1,800.—

**Goethe. Zwölf Aquarelle.** With introduction by Gerhard Fennel. 43 pp., 12 colour plates. Weimar 1958: Hermann Böhlau Nachfolger. DM 22.50

**Urs Graf.** Federzeichnungen. Text by Margarete Pfister-Burkhalter, with 36 pages of plates. Wiesbaden, n. d.: Insel Verlag. DM 2.50

**Grand, Roger:** L'Art roman en Bretagne. 494 pages, with numerous text illustrations and 24 plates. Paris 1958: A. and J. Picard et Cie. frs. 1,700

**Grafik des Expressionismus.** Aus der Sammlung der Albertina Wien und österreichischem Privatbesitz. Exhibition catalogue. Kunsthaus, Zürich, 25/10—30/11/58. 55 page text comprising a brief foreword by René Wehrli, an essay on expressionism by Otto Benesch, selective bibliography, and a catalogue of 362 prints and drawings with brief biographies of the artists represented.

**Grassi, Luigi:** Tutta la scultura di Donatello. Demy 8vo. 118 pages, 216 plates. Milan 1958: Rizzoli. L. 1,700.—

**Grayson, C.:** An Autograph Letter from Leon Battista Alberti to Matteo de' Pasti. New York 1957: Morgan Library.

**Grigson, Geoffrey, and Smith, Edwin:** Kunstschätze im Britischen Museum. Selection and

Introduction by G.G. with photos by E.S. Introduction by Thomas Kendrick. Translated from the English by Alfred P. Zeller. 4to. 71 pages of text with illustrations and 132 pages of pictures. Zürich 1958: Droemersch Verlag. sfrs. 48.40

**Grünwald, Matthias:** Le rétable de Isenheim, with 19 colour illustrations, and text by Pierre Schmidt. 8vo. 48 pages. Illustrated. Orbis pictus, 26. Lausanne 1958: Payot. sfrs. 5.—

**Gukei, Hirozumi Sumiyoshi:** Rikkas du Japon. Colour reproductions after a makemono painted by H.S.G. Six pages text and 18 pages illustrations. 8vo. Lausanne 1958: Payot. sfrs. 5.—

**Jahresbuch der deutschen Museen und kunsthistorischen Institute.** 8vo. About 240 pages. Hamburg 1958: Hauswedell. DM 24.—

**Jahrbuch der Hamburger Kunstsammlungen.** Published for the Hamburg Kunsthalle and Museum für Kunst und Gewerbe. Vol. III (1951 to 1957). Large 8vo. 272 pages with 251 partly coloured illustrations. Hamburg 1958: Hauswedell. DM 30.—

**Harlaub, G. F., and Weissenfeld, Felix:** Gestalt und Gestaltung. Large format. 144 pages, 5 picture plates and many illustrations. Krefeld: Agis Verlag. DM 27.80

**Hess, Walter:** I problemi della pittura moderna. Demy 8vo. 179 pages, 26 plates. Milan 1958: Garzanti. L. 450.—

**Hans Holbein der Jüngere.** Text by Wilhelm Waetzoldt. Selection, commentary and editing by Stephan Waetzoldt. 4to. 80 pp., illustrated. Königstein im Taunus 1958: Köster. sfrs. 6.20

**Hoolz, Reinhard (Ed.):** Deutsche Kunstdenkmäler. Niederrhein. A picture handbook. xix + 387 pages, with 352 illustrations and 2 maps. Darmstadt 1958: Hermann Gentner. sfrs. 27.35

**Ingres.** Rome vue par Ingres. Italian landscapes and scenes from the Musée Ingres in Montauban. Exhibition catalogue, Zürich Kunsthaus, 5/3—13/4/58. Montauban. 8vo. 44 pages, 12 plates.

**Isaac Israëls.** Exhibition catalogue 196a, Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, 13/12/58—20/1/59; Gemeente Museum, The Hague, 29/1—14/3; Stedelijk van Abbe Museum, Eindhoven, 21/3—30/4. Introduction by Ch. Wentinck. Biographical summary. Bibliography. List of 104 paintings, pastels, watercolours and drawings. Photograph of the artist, reproduction of a letter, 12 plate illustrations including 4 in colour.

**Katalog der Bildwerke in der Niedersächsischen Landesgalerie Hannover.** Edited by Gert von der Osten. 327 pages with 403 illustrations. Munich: F. Bruckmann. DM 42.—

**Théo Kerg et son œuvre** vus par Hans Padberg, Harald Seiler, Hans-Friedrich Geist, Robert Vrinat. 8vo. 49 pages, illustrated. Neuchâtel 1956: Éd. du Griffon. sfrs. 7.—

**Kunsten Idag.** Vol. 43/Nr. I - 1958. Devoted to the Drawings of Edvard Munch, with commentary by Reidar Revold and Johan H. Langaard. Text and captions in Norwegian and English. 56 pages and 51 plate illustrations (mostly large) including several in colour of the highest quality. Vol. 44/Nr. II - 1958. Devoted to the work of J. F. Willumsen and Palle Nielsen. Text by Odd Hoelass and Rolf Rude. English translation and captions. 56 pages with numerous text and plate illustrations including one in colour. Vol. 45/Nr. 3 - 1958. Devoted to studies of Bissière (by Ruth Jorgensen), Corneille and Barré (by Ole Henrik Moe), and Evert Lundquist (by Erik Blomberg). English translation and captions. 59 pages. Numerous text and plate illustrations including one in colour.

**Kunstgeschichtliche Anzeigen.** New Series, Volume 2, 1957. Issued by Karl Swoboda with the collaboration of Liselotte Popelka. Brochure. 120 pages. Cologne 1958: Böhlau-Verlag. DM 12.—



Kürschner's Graphiker-Handbuch. 53rd volume. vii + 192 pages. 180 pages illustrations. Berlin: Walter de Gruyter & Co. DM 36.—

Landmann, Georg Peter: Stefan Georg und sein Kreis. Large 8vo. About 240 pages with numerous illustrations. Hamburg 1958: Hauswedell. DM 60.—

Lassaigne, Jacques, and Delavoy, Robert L.: Die flämische Malerei. Translated from the French by K. G. Hemmerich. 2 Volumes. 4to. Volume I: The Century of Van Eyck. Text by J. L. 112 coloured illustrations. 184 pages (1957). sfrs. 98.50. Volume II: Von Bosch bis Rubens. Text by J. L. and R. L. Delavoy. 204 pages + 112 colour illustrations. Geneva 1958: Skira. sfrs. 102.—

Leicester Museums and Art Gallery. Catalogue of the Painting Collection. Edited by Peter Bird, Keeper of Art, assisted by Michael O. Patterson, Assistant Keeper. Preface by T. A. Walden, Director. 80 pages text comprising a detailed descriptive catalogue of 177 old and modern works and an appendix listing 196 others. 20 pages of illustrations each containing 6—9 small but excellent reproductions.

Jacques Lipchitz. Exhibition catalogue. Basel Kunsthalle, 9/8—7/9/58. 4to. 8 pages text. Letter facsimiles. 28 pages picture section.

Livinus. Fotopointure. Exhibition catalogue, 200. Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, 19/12/58—19/1/59. Introduction by Hans Rodeker. Brief statement on the technique of fotopointure by the artist 5 colour plates and several in black and white.

Löffler, Peter: Jacques Cellot. Versuch einer Deutung. 8vo. 60 pages, 4 plates. Winterthur 1958: Keller. sfrs. 10.—

Loosli, Max. Aquarellieren (Both text and Pictures by M. L.) Small 8vo. 78 pages illustrated. Bern 1958: Hallweg. sfrs. 3.80

Magagnato, Licio (Ed.): Da Altichiero a Pisanello. Introduction by G. Fiocco. 8vo. 119 pages, 120 monochrome plates. Venice 1958: Neri Pozza. L. 1,500.—

Maltese, Corrado: Questione di Metodo. Terminologia e Principi Critici: Le Condizioni di una "Storia dell'Arte come Scienza". Annals of the Faculty of Letters and Philosophy of the University of Cagliari. Extract from Vol. XXV of 1957. Reprinted in 1958. 51 pages.

Manessier. Exhibition catalogue. Kestner-Gesellschaft, Hannover, 17/12/58—25/1/59. Introduction by Werner Schmalenbach, chronology, catalogue of 66 paintings, 17 reproductions.

Mannoni. Text by Robert Vrinat. Photographs by Gilles Ehrmann. Foreword by Jamil Hamoudi. Biographical notes. 14 pages and 22 plate illustrations. Paris 1958: Ishtar. sfrs. 650.—

Mansuelli, Guido Achille: Le Ville del mondo romano. Demy 8vo. 120 pages, 10 plates in colour. Milan 1958: Pleion. L. 1,200.—

Marini, Remigio: Sebastiano Florigerio. 8vo. 90 pages. 26 plates. Udine 1958: Del Bianco.

Masereel. L'œuvre gravé. Exhibition catalogue. Maison de la Pensée Française. Texts by Francis Jourdain, Georges Besson, Jean Picart le Doux. 18 plates. Paris 1958.

Maywald, Wilhelm: Portrait + Atelier. Arp, Braque, Chagall. ... photos. With drawings and texts (in French and German) by the artists. 8vo. 108 pages. Illustrated. Zürich 1958: Die Arche. sfrs. 16.80

Medri, Gualtiero: La scultura a Ferrara. 8vo. 158 pages. 58 plates. Rovigo 1958: Tipografica Editrice Rodigiana.

Mehring, Walter: Verrufene Malerei. Von Malern, Kennern und Sammlern. Reports from Paris, Berlin, New York, Florence, Zürich. 8vo. 206 pages, illustrated. Zürich 1958: Diogenes. sfrs. 18.90

Meister, Peter W., and Jedding, Hermann: Das schöne Möbel im Laufe der Jahrhunderte. Heidelberg 1958: Keyser'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung. DM 29.80

Menegazzi, Luigi: Il Pozzoserato. Preface by Luigi Colelli. 4to. 63 pages, illustrations and 48 plates. Venice 1958: Pozza.

Mesuret, Robert: L'Ouvre peint de Nicolas Tournier. Extract from the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts". A critical and descriptive catalogue of 64 works, with extensive notes. Pages 327—350. 12 text and plate illustrations.

Minneapolis Institute of Arts Bulletin. Volume XLVII/2. Spring 1958. Exhibition catalogue devoted to the extraordinary collection of French paintings and sculptures (notably by Corot, Delacroix, Courbet, Daumier and Troyon) formed by James J. Hill between 1881 and 1916. Introduction and commentary by Richard S. Davis. 27 pages and 14 illustrations.

Modesti, Renzo: Pittura italiana contemporanea. 4to. 193 pages, 100 colour plates. Milan 1958: Vallardi. L. 10,000.—

Modigliani, Jeanne: Modigliani senza leggenda. 8vo. 137 pp. 16 colour and 84 monochrome plates. Milan 1958: Vallardi. L. 4,500.—

Modigliani. Exhibition catalogue edited and written by Franco Russoli. 8vo. 50 pp. 4 colour and 64 monochrome plates. Milan 1958: Ente Manifestazioni Milanese. L. 1,000.—

Amedeo Modigliani. Selbstzeugnisse, Photos, Zeichnungen, Bibliographie. Edited by Giovanni Scheiwiller. Translated by Sonja Büller. 8vo. 96 pages, facsimile and 18 plates. Zürich 1958: Verlag der Arche. sfrs. 9.40

Monuments et Mémoires, published by the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, Volume L. 4to. Illustrations, text figures and 10 hors-text plates. Paris 1958: Published for Fondation Eugène Piot by the Presses Universitaires de France. frs. 2,400.—

Morselli, Paola: Ragioni di un pittore fiorentino, Piero di Cosimo. 8vo. 82 pages, 29 illustrations. Milan 1958: L'Arte. L. 1,500.—

Mrozinska, Maria: Disegni Veneti in Polonia. Exhibition catalogue. Introduction by G. Fiocco. 8vo. 96 pages, 97 plates. Venice 1958: Pozza. L. 2,000.—

Edvard Munch. Exhibition catalogue. Bern Kunstmuseum, 7/10—30/11/58. 38 page text comprising a preface by Max Huggler, biographical summary and list of 228 works including 86 paintings, 23 plates.

Neppl, Alberto: Gli affreschi del Domenichino a Roma. 8vo. 63 pages, 39 plates. Rome 1958: Istituto di Studi Romani. L. 900.—

The Nierches Collection. Exhibition catalogue. The Tate Gallery, London, 23/5—29/6/58. Exhibition organized by The Arts Council. Foreword by Philip James. 15 page descriptive listing and 67 excellent plates including 14 in colour.

Ben Nicholson. An exceptionally handsome large-format catalogue published for the inaugural exhibition of the Galerie Lienhard, Zürich. 32 pages, comprising a preface by Dr. Franz Meyer, excerpts from statements by the artist, biographical summary, bibliography, list of exhibitions, two photographs of the artist and 28 plate illustrations including 10 in colour of the highest quality. sfrs. 6.— or \$2.00

Benedict Nicolson: Hendrick Terbrugghen. 138 pages, 112 plate illustrations, 1 colour plate. London 1958: Lund Humphries.

Emil Nolde, 1867—1956. Exhibition catalogue, Zürich Kunsthaus, 11/10—9/11/58. 29 page text comprising foreword by René Wehrli, introduction by Alfred Hentzen, excerpts from Nolde's autobiography, biographical synopsis and bibliography, together with list of 207 oils, watercolours, drawings and prints, and 10 plates including 6 in colour.

Nolde. Arte Figurativa. Published in Turin. 6 numbers yearly. Edited by Elio Benoldi, Enrico Crispolti, and Luciano Pistoletti. The December 1958 number contains articles on Vacchi, Renato Barisani, Gregori, modern Swiss sculpture, "informel" painting in Barcelona; colour reproductions of works by Vacchi, Carena,

Fontana, Rambaudi and Leo Goldin together with numerous black and white illustrations.

Olivar, Daydi, Marcel: Das europäische Porzellan von den Anfängen bis zum Beginn des 19. Jahrhunderts. Translation by Mercedes Vincent-Heymann and Karl Dürr. (Original title "La porcelana en Europa, desde sus orígenes hasta principios del siglo XIX.") 4to. 383 pages, illustrated. Barcelona 1957: Barral; Freiburg i. Breisgau and Bern: Dürr. sfrs. 62.—

Orlando, F. S.: Il tesoro di S. Pietro. Demy 8vo. 287 pages, 197 illustrations. Milan 1958: Rizzoli. L. 1,800.—

Otro Arte. Loose-leaf portfolio catalogue of an exhibition sponsored by the Museo de Arte Contemporáneo, Madrid, and held in the Sala Negra, Calle de Recoletos 2, from 25/4—15/5/1957. Contains excerpts from statements by critics and artists and several illustrations of works by American and European artists, associated with the Galerías Stadler and Rive Droite, the Sala Gaspar, Grupo El Paso, and from various private collections.

Officina della Chiesa, Angela: Brera. 8vo. 165 pages, 30 plates. Novara 1958: De Agostini. L. 6,000.—

Paci, A.: Architettura funeraria moderna: cappelle, edicole ecc. 8vo. 128 pages, 61 plates. Turin 1958: Lavagnolo. L. 850.—

Papi, Roberto: Una visita a Berenson. Demy 8vo. 84 pp. Florence 1958: Sansoni. L. 900.—

Peintres belges d'aujourd'hui / Belgische schilders van nu. Exhibition catalogue. Stedelijk Museum, Dier (Belgium), 14—27/4/1958. Exhibition organized and presented by Philippe d'Arsohof. Foreword (in Flemish) by Jan Walravens. Introduction and acknowledgements (in French) by Ph. d'A. Biographical data, checklist, and 10 large plates.

A. H. Pellegrini. Das figürliche Werk. Text by Peter Meyer. 8vo. 23 pages, illustrations and 24 plates. (Künstler unserer Zeit 5.) Amriswil 1958: Bodensee Verlag. sfrs. 3.65

Perocco, Guido (Ed.). Primi Espositori di Ca' Pesaro. 8vo. 266 pages. 98 monochrome plates. Venice 1958: Comune di Venezia. L. 400.—

Mosa Pijade. Exhibition catalogue. Moderna Galerija, Ljubljana, February, 1958. Foreword by Zoran Krizanik. Preface (with French résumé) by Veljko Petrovic. Biographical data, checklist of 64 works, cover and 19 other illustrations including one in colour.

Pisani, Nicolò: Barocco in Sicilia. 8vo. 99 pp., illustrated. Siracusa 1958: Ed. Isola d'oro. L. 2,000.—

Pobé, Marcel, and Roubier, Jean: Kelten — Römer. 1000 Jahre Kunst und Kultur in Gallien. (Text by M. P.; photos by J. R.) 4to. Text: 99 pages. Pictures: 206 pages. Offen 1958: Walter. sfrs. 64.—

Poste, Marcel: Introduzione all'urbanistica, la città antica. 8vo. 412 pages, 62 plates. Turin 1958: Einaudi. L. 7,500.—

Popham, A. E.: Correggio's Drawings. 4to. 218 pages, 72 illustrations and 110 monochrome plates. London 1957: Oxford University Press.

Réau, Louis: Iconographie de l'art chrétien. Volume III: Iconographie des saints. Part 2: G—O. Crown 4to. With 32 hors-texte helio-gravure plates. Volume IV: Iconographie des saints: A—F. 552 pages. 32 plates. Paris 1958: Presses universitaires de France. Each, frs. 3000

Recupero, Jacopo (Ed.): Georges Braque. Catalogue with foreword by Rodolfo Pallucchini. 8vo. 43 pages and 30 monochrome plates. Rome 1958: De Luca.

Renold. Aquarelle, Pastelle und Zeichnungen. Selection, introduction and commentary by Françoise Daulte. Translation from the French. 4to. 24 pages and 32 plates. Basel 1958: Phœbus Verlag. sfrs. 26.40

Restany, Pierre: Gino Meloni von 1925 bis heute. Catalogue published by the Galleria Apollinaire, Milan, to accompany Meloni's ex-



hibition at the Städtisches Museum, Leverkusen. With critical preface (in German and French), bio-bibliographical data, 3 black and white and 3 tipped-in colour reproductions and a coloured cover.

**Elotti, Arturo:** Pensieri sull'arte. 8vo. 10 pages and 2 illustrations. Milan 1958: L'Arte. L. 300.—

**Robinson, B.W.:** A Descriptive Catalogue of the Persian Paintings in the Bodleian Library. xxv. + 219 pages, with 40 pages of illustrations. Oxford University Press 1958. 55/—

**Rode, Herbert:** Führer zum alten und neuen Köln. 120 pages with two city plans on the jacket, 12 diagrams and 72 drawings. Cologne 1958: J. P. Bachem. DM 4.80

**Rohan, Karl Anton:** Besuch in Ronchamp. 8vo. 35 pages, illustrated. Nürnberg 1958: Glock and Lutz. DM 4.80

**Ronchamp.** 136 pages with many illustrations. "Les carnets de la recherche patiente." Carnet No. 2. Published for Le Corbusier by Girsberger, Zürich 1957. sfrs. 16.70

**Reuert, Denis:** Claude Monet. A Critical and Historical Study, with Introduction and Conclusion by Léon Degand. 8vo. 132 pages. Illustrated. (The Taste of our Time, 25.) Geneva 1958: Skira. sfrs. 26.—

**Russell, Franco:** Modigliani. With an introduction by Jean Cocteau. 4to. 43 pages. 36 colour and 10 monochrome plates. Milan 1958: Silvana. L. 6,000.—

**Saadi.** Le Jardin des Roses. Limited Edition. With hand-made reproductions involving 15 or more wood engravings (by Gérard Anglini) of marginal designs and of 6 miniatures after a 17th century Persian manuscript. 20 copies on vellum at 50,000 frs., 180 on Rives at 20,000 frs., and 600 copies on Lana vellum at 12,000 frs. Paris 1958: Editions Lids.

**Sacchetti Sasseti, Angelo:** Antonio Sangallo e i lavori della Marmora. 8vo. 53 pages. Rome 1958: Biblioteca d'arte. L. 2,000.—

**Schaub-Koch, Emil:** La fleur vivante dans l'art d'Occident et l'œuvre de Anastasie Jung. 4to. 113 pages. 13 plates. Lisbon 1958: International Institute of Arts and Letters.

**Scheffold, Karl:** Basler Antiken im Bild. 8vo. 60 pages text with 1 plate and 40 additional pages of illustrations. (Text appeared first in 1955-57 in the "Basler Zeitschrift für Geschichte und Altertumskunde.") Basel 1958: Universitätsbibliothek, Verlag der Historischen und Antiquarischen Gesellschaft. sfrs. 4.85

**Schmid, Ernst:** Pavia und Umgebung. 8vo. 132 pages. Illustrated. Frauenfeld 1958: Huber. sfrs. 9.—

**Schmidt, Ernst Walter:** Die moderne Kunst in theologischer und psychologischer Sicht. Eine Diskussion. 34 pages brochure. Bremerhaven 1958: Verlag Ditzel & Co. DM 1.90

**Max Slevogt.** Exhibition catalogue. Haus am Waldsee, Berlin, 27/9—26/10/58. With Foreword by Adolf Jannasch, Essay on Slevogt's Berlin days by Wilhelm Weber, 18 illustrations, and list of 335 drawings and watercolours.

**Slaring, A.:** Jacob de Wit (1695—1754). 197 pages and 126 plates illustrations. Amsterdam 1958: P. N. van Kampen en Zoon. fl. 45.—

**Steinitz, Kate Trauman:** Leonardo da Vinci's Trattato della Pittura. A bibliography of the printed editions 1651—1956. Based on the complete collection in The Elmer Bell Library of Vinciana, preceded by a study of its sources and illustrations. Foreword by Dr. Elmer Bell. (Library Research Monographs, Vol. 5.) 244 pages with 58 illustrations. Copenhagen 1958: Munksgaard.

**Stükelberg, Ernst (Basel, 1831—1903).** Exhibition catalogue. Galerie Neuperl, Zürich, 20/3—25/4/1958. 8vo. 31 pages. Illustrated.

**Tadini, Emilio:** Chighina. 8vo. 30 pages and 12 colour plates. Milan 1958: Il Milione. L. 1,200.—

**Talbot Rice, Tamara:** Les Scythes. Translated from the English version published by Thames & Hudson, London 1957. 251 pages. 62 illus-

trations and 65 line drawings. Paris 1958: Arthaud. frs. 1,700.—

**Torni di Gregory, W.:** Vecchi nobili italiani. 3rd ed. 8vo. 212 pages. Illustrated. Milan 1957: Vallardi.

**Tilone, Renzo:** Edoardo Claparède. Psicologo e pedagogista del funzionalismo. 8vo. 216 pages. Brescia 1958: La Scuola. L. 600.—

**21 Etchings and Poems.** A portfolio of original etchings ornamented or accompanied by holograph poems. Edited by Peter Grippe and Morris Weisenthal. Introduction by James Johnson Sweeney. Format 16 1/2 x 20 in. Edition of 50 numbered copies. New York 1958: The Morris Gallery. \$350.—

**Valsecchi, Marco:** Pulga. 8vo. 28 pages and 12 colour plates. Milan 1958: Il Milione. L. 1,200.—

**Valsecchi, Marco:** Trentaquattro opere della giovane pittura italiana. 8vo. 114 pages, 34 colour plates. Milan 1958: Il Milione. L. 3,000.—

**Gaston Vaudou.** With contributions by Raymond Vincent, Gustave Roud, Maurice Fombeure, J.-M. Campagne, G. Peillex, Romain Goldron. 4to. 33 pages text with 4 plates and 29 pages of illustrations. Lausanne 1958: Payot. sfrs. 24.—

**Verdet, André:** Le Donne di Meloni. Exhibition catalogue. Galleria Apollinaire, Milan, December 1958. Contains Foreword by Guido Le Noci, text (in French and Italian) by A. V., excerpts from press notices, bio-bibliographical data, photograph of the artist, 23 large and small plate illustrations including a coloured cover.

**Mathieu Verdilhan.** Exhibition catalogue. Musée Cantini, Marseille, November—December, 1958. Acknowledgements, notes, biographical summary and 12 plates including one in colour.

**Il Verri.** Rivista di letteratura. Director: Luciano Anceschi. Vol. II/3 (October 1958) is devoted principally to contemporary Spanish poetry and thought and contains an anthology of modern Spanish poetry compiled by Roberto Paoli. Other features include essays on the 3rd International Congress of Esthetics and the 29th Venice Biennale (by Renato Barilli), on the Pollock exhibition organized by the International Program of the Museum of Modern Art (by Enrico Crispolti), and 7 reproductions of works by Pollock, Wols and Chillida. Milan: Rusconi e Paolazzi. Annual subscriptions: In Italy, L. 2,700.—, other countries, L. 3,800.—

**Vöge, Wilhelm:** Bildhauer des Mittelalters. Gesammelte Studien. Vorwort von Erwin Panofsky. 254 pages with 125 illustrations. Berlin 1958: Gebr. Mann.

**Wadsworth Athenaeum Bulletin.** Hartford, Spring 1958. Contains essays on the Badalocchio Holy Family formerly attributed to Lodovico Carracci, Ribera's Philosophers, Some Portraits by Pissarro and Carrière, and Delacroix' Drawings for the Shipwreck of Don Juan. 20 pages. Cover and 6 plate illustrations.

**Wentzel, Hans:** Die Glasmalereien in Schwaben von 1200—1350. (Corpus Vitrearum Medii Aevi Deutschland, Vol. I.) 280 pages with 57 illustrations, 646 plate illustrations, three monochrome and 12 colour plates. Berlin 1958: Deutscher Verein für Kunstwissenschaft. DM 80.—

**Wescher, Herta:** Capello. 8vo. 78 pages and 26 monochrome plates. Milan: 1958: Schwarz. L. 2,000.—

**Yashiro, Yukio, and Swann, Peter C.:** Japanese Kunst. Translated from the English ("2000 Years of Japanese Art") by Roger Goepfer. 4to. 264 pages. Illustrations. Munich and Zürich 1958: Droemersch Verlagsgesellschaft. sfrs. 89.25

**Zamecki, George:** The Early Sculpture of Ely Cathedral. 52 pages. 101 plate illustrations. London 1958: Alec Tiranti. 18s.

**Zeri, Federico:** Pittura e Controriforma. 8vo. 147 pages. 96 monochrome plates. Turin 1957: Einaudi.

## Rassegna bibliografica di Umro Apollonio

**Terisio PIGNATTI.** Il quaderno di disegni del Canaletto alle Gallerie di Venezia. 2 volumi 17 x 23, uno di testo con 64 pagine e 54 ill., uno di 148 tavole, su carta a mano appositamente fabbricata, legati all'antica, Lire 8000.—. Edizioni Doria Guarati, Milano, 1958.

Chi abbia presente *Le acqueforti del Canaletto* pubblicate nel 1944 da Rodolfo Pallucchini, che ha curato poi, nel 1946, *I disegni del Guardi al Museo Correr di Venezia*, e, dello stesso anno, *Il quaderno dei disegni del Tiepolo al Museo Correr di Venezia*, dovuto a Giulio Lorenzetti, potrà facilmente immaginare la qualità della riproduzione in facsimile di questo album veneziano del Canaletto. La fedeltà all'originale è talmente perfetta che in pochissimi casi i mezzi meccanici hanno fornito una resa di così eccezionale bellezza: in questo caso l'arte della stampa ha conseguito un risultato che si può considerare con minimissimo scarto alla pari del modello.

Sfogliare questo quaderno, quotidiano album di appunti del Canaletto, vuol dire non solo cogliere all'origine l'atto poetico che l'artista poi svolse per realizzare molti suoi dipinti, ed in più godere d'alcuni disegni come d'opere in sé compiute, ma anche ripercorrere un itinerario lungo i luoghi che il Canaletto osservò con particolare amore e dai quali fu attratto con maggiore interesse: la meravigliosa Venezia settecentesca rivive non nei suoi aspetti documentari, ma nella sua immagine poetica.

Il quaderno, la cui esistenza in Venezia è accertata tra il 1840 e il 1844, passò agli ultimi proprietari nel 1895 e Don Guido Cagnola ne fece dono nel 1949 alle Gallerie Veneziane. Restò del tutto inedito fino a tale data, quando ne riferirono il Pallucchini ed il Moschini. Oggi Terisio Pignatti l'ha accuratamente studiato, penetrando nei suoi particolari e ricercandone i riferimenti strumentali non meno che quelli di trasfigurazione. Ha potuto così dimostrare che questi disegni non sono stati eseguiti mediante la «camera ottica», ma soltanto derivati da essa, usata per lo più allo scopo di controllare la prospettiva e dalla quale trasse schizzi poi distrutti quando aveva riportato la veduta nel foglio del quaderno. Pur vissuto nel tempo del «prospettico», il Canaletto eseguì la «veduta» con maggiore libertà creativa, evocando i luoghi più che darne una trascrizione puntuale, benché tratti sempre dal vero, di fronte al quale usava appunto lavorare, almeno inizialmente.

Secondo il Moschini il quaderno comprenderebbe un'attività tra il 1734 ed il 1744, mentre il Pallucchini ne pone l'inizio «anche prima del '30» facendolo pure lui «terminato dopo il '40». Il Pignatti data tali disegni, in base alla valutazione di taluni argomenti e di talune circostanze, sul 1730 e li ritiene «suppergiù tutti dello stesso periodo, con qualche ragionevole margine di tempo, dovuto alle necessità della ripresa dei luoghi».

Il volume del testo si completa con un particolareggiato catalogo descrittivo di ogni singolo disegno, di cui vengono elencati i caratteri tecnici, il riferimento al luogo, la relazione con altri disegni e dipinti dell'artista.

Un'opera, questa del Pignatti, che rappresenta un contributo di assai rilevante importanza nel campo degli studi sul Canaletto, di cui esalta le qualità fantastiche colte sul vero attraverso l'analisi del suo processo creativo.



# AUCTIONS

## PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, New York

Some of the prices realized in the January 1 sale of modern paintings, drawings and sculptures from the collections of Ralph N. Coe of Cleveland, Ohio, F. W. Burmann of London, England, and others:

**SGNAC:** Harbor Scene. Pencil and watercolour, 12 × 18 1/2 inches. \$2,800

**MOLDE:** Matterhorn, about 1920. Watercolour, 13 1/2 × 18 1/2 inches. \$2,100

**SCIN:** Raymonde. Pastel and charcoal, 1 × 13 1/2 inches. \$3,250

**CASSO:** Two Dancers, about 1920-21. Seated drawing, 24 × 18 1/4 inches. \$2,200

**ELBE:** Nereide, about 1923. Bronze, 12 3/4 inches high. \$1,600

**STEIN:** Annabella. Bronze on marble scale, 8 1/4 inches high. \$1,650

**UMIER:** Le Stupide. Bronze, with initials M.G., 7 3/4 inches high. \$1,800

**UMIER:** L'Orateur. Bronze, with initials M.G., 5 3/4 inches high. \$1,800

**UMIER:** Triste jusqu'à la mort. Bronze, with initials MLG, 6 1/2 inches high. \$1,800

**ANISLAS LEPIN:** Pont St-Michel, Paris. Painting, 7 × 9 1/2 inches. \$2,100

**UDIN:** Petite Marine. Painting on panel, 11 × 8 3/4 inches. \$3,800

**PASCIN:** Two English Girls. Painting, 22 × 17 inches. (Purchased by Mrs. H. J. Heinz, Jr., New York.) \$7,750

**BONNARD:** Baigneuse. Painting, 15 × 12 1/2 inches. \$4,000

**CHILDE HASSAM, N. A.:** A Brittany Cottage, about 1897. Painting, 21 1/2 × 18 inches. \$8,750

**ANNA MOSES:** Horses, Horses, about 1953. Painting, 17 1/2 × 23 1/2 inches. \$3,400

**VIVIN:** Le Panthéon et St-Etienne du Mont, Paris. Painting, 23 3/4 × 28 3/4 inches. \$2,700

**GUILLAUMIN:** Chemin à Crosant, about 1898. Pastel, 19 × 21 1/2 inches. \$3,500

**BERTHE MORISOT:** Jeanne Foumanoir, with the little dog Colas, about 1892. Painting, 25 3/4 × 32 inches. (Purchased by Milch Galleries, New York.) \$25,000

**REDON:** Pot of Geraniums. Painting, 25 1/2 × 19 3/4 inches. (Purchased by Rosenberg & Stiebel, New York.) \$15,000

**PISSARRO:** Charing Cross Bridge, London, about 1891. Painting, 23 1/2 × 28 3/4 inches. (Purchased by Hammer Galleries, New York.) \$40,000

**VALLOTTON:** La Jetée de Honfleur, about 1920. Painting, 21 1/2 × 25 3/4 inches. \$3,100

**KIRCHNER:** Maler und Modell, about 1921. Painting, 29 1/2 × 23 1/2 inches. \$4,000

**VAN GOGH:** Parc de l'Hôpital à Saint-Rémy, about 1889-90. Painting, 25 × 19 1/2 inches. (Purchased by Kurt Stern, Agent for Priv. Coll.) \$74,000

**JEAN GUILLAUMIN:** The Bay of Agay (Alpes-Maritimes), about 1920-21. Painting, 29 × 39 1/2 inches. \$5,250

**FLAMINCK:** Outgoing Fishing Fleet. Painting, 25 3/4 × 32 inches. \$8,500

**MONET:** Coastal Scene, Etretat, about 1881. Painting, 23 1/2 × 29 inches. \$16,000

**FLAMINCK:** Le Potager. Painting, 32 × 39 inches. \$15,000

**COURBET:** Château de Chillon, about 1875-77. Painting, 35 × 45 1/4 inches. (Purchased by Huntington Hartford, New York.) \$19,000

**RENOIR:** Au Bord de la Mer, about 1905. Painting, 21 1/4 × 25 1/2 inches. (Purchased by Earl T. Risser, New York.) \$28,000

**VUILLARD:** Le Pagode, about 1923. Painting, 34 3/4 × 27 1/4 inches. (Purchased by Erich Klein, South American Dealer.) \$19,000

**GUILLAUMIN:** Agay, Le Ressac (Alpes-Maritimes). Painting, 26 × 32 inches. \$8,500

**KISLING:** Reclining Nude. Painting, 32 × 53 3/4 inches. \$3,750

## GALERIE CHARPENTIER, Paris

Sale of December 11th conducted by Maître Etienne Ader:

**UTRILLO:** Rue Saint-Vincent, October 1922. Watercolour, 36.5 × 26.5 cm. frs. 1,500,000

**UTRILLO:** La route montante, 1929. Watercolour, 49 × 30 cm. frs. 1,100,000

**BOUDIN:** Le Bassin de Deauville. Painting, 31 × 46 cm. frs. 2,500,000

**BOUDIN:** Vue de Rotterdam prise du côté opposé à la ville. Painting, 31 × 46 cm. frs. 2,000,000

**DUFY (R.):** Le Jardin. Painting, 89 × 116 cm. frs. 4,500,000

**UTRILLO:** L'Eglise de Saint-Bernard. Painting, 1931. 38 × 46 cm. frs. 2,300,000

**UTRILLO:** Le village sur la colline. Painting, 33 × 48 cm. frs. 1,500,000

**VAN DONGEN:** La garçonne, avenue du Bois de Boulogne, 1917. Painting, 65 × 54 cm. frs. 1,050,000

**VLAMINCK:** Coquelicots et marguerites. Painting, 65 × 50 cm. frs. 3,400,000

**DUFY (R.):** L'orchestre. Painting, 73 × 92 cm. frs. 5,350,000

**DUFY (R.):** La plage de Saint-Adresse (about 1904). Painting, 65 × 81 cm. frs. 5,000,000

**FRIESZ:** Paysage de Midi. Painting, 65 × 52 cm. frs. 1,000,000

**VLAMINCK:** Banlieue. Painting, 54 × 65 cm. frs. 3,100,000

**METZINGER:** Nature morte, 1918. Painting, 73 × 60 cm. frs. 620,000

**GUILLAUMIN:** La Calanque. Painting, 60 × 73 cm. frs. 650,000

Sales of December 16th conducted by Maître Maurice Rheims:

**DAUMIER:** Au marché. Wash Drawing, 25 × 17 cm. frs. 700,000

**BOUCHER:** La Terre — L'Air. Drawing, 76 × 56 cm. frs. 800,000

**WATTEAU:** Vue d'un lac avec une colline au fond. Sanguine, 24 × 31.5 cm. frs. 850,000

**DUPLESSIS (J. S.):** Portrait de Gluck. Painting, 85 × 70 cm. frs. 4,600,000

**RUBENS:** Portrait de Louis de Gonzague. Portrait, 61 × 50 cm. frs. 2,800,000

**BRUEGHEL, P. (the Younger):** La Kermesse. Tondo, diameter 24.5 cm. frs. 1,720,000

**UTRILLO:** Ferme laiterie de la Voie Dieu à Borgneuf, 1937. Watercolour, 47 × 63 cm. frs. 1,900,000

**MIRO:** Composition sur fond rouge. Drawing, India ink and watercolour, 63 × 46 cm. frs. 600,000

**CASSATT:** Portrait de femme de profil. Pastel, 61 × 49 cm. frs. 1,750,000

**BONNARD:** Intérieur. Painting, 63 × 48 cm. frs. 7,900,000

**CÉZANNE:** Portrait de la tante Marie, about 1866. Painting, 28.5 × 20.5 cm. frs. 2,400,000

**DERAIN:** Seated Woman. Painting, 85 × 73 cm. frs. 1,100,000

**GAUGUIN:** Le petit ruisseau, Brittany 1883. Painting, 38 × 46 cm. frs. 6,500,000

**VAN GOGH:** Deux harengs sur une table. Painting, 33 × 43 cm. frs. 7,900,000

**JONGKIND:** Laveuses au bord de la rivière. Painting, 27 × 41 cm. frs. 1,450,000

**STAEEL (N. de):** Composition. Painting, 65 × 46 cm. frs. 1,600,000

**UTRILLO:** L'Eglise de Perreux. Painting, 61 × 40 cm. frs. 1,800,000

**DUFY (R.):** La Queue les Yvelines. Watercolour, 46 × 60 cm. frs. 1,700,000

## HOTEL DROUOT, Paris

December 3rd sale of Modern Prints, the last sale conducted by Maître Alphonse Bellier who retires after 38 years in the field:

**BONNARD:** Some Aspects of Parisian Life, complete set of 13 proofs. Vollard 1899. frs. 1,350,000

**DUFY (R.):** The Sea, 1925. Set of 6 lithographs. frs. 410,000

**VUILLARD:** Landscapes and Interiors, complete set of 13 proofs. Vollard 1899. frs. 1,526,000

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December 15th sale of Modern Paintings conducted by Maître R. P. Oury, successor to Maître A. Bellier:

**DUFY (R.):** Atelier à la nature morte, 38 × 46 cm. frs. 4,000,000

**LÉGER:** L'homme au melon, 1938. 54 × 65 cm. frs. 2,700,000

## SOTHEBY'S, London

A sampling of some prices realized at Sotheby's recently:

**COROT:** La Ferme au Grand Chaume Etretat. £9,000

**SISLEY:** Le Long du Chemin de Fer. £7,000

**TURNER:** Spiez on the Lake of Brienz. £3,400

**TURNER:** Tell's Chapel, Flüelen, Lake of Lucerne. £2,000

**ROMNEY:** Portrait Group of the Leigh Family. £3,400

**SHAKESPEARE:** Comedies, Histories and Tragedies. First Edition. Published according to the true original copies. £8,500

**JOHN CHALKHILL:** A group of 8 autograph mss. £14,000

**BEETHOVEN:** Auto. music. Four leaves of his sketch books containing sketches for the last movement of the Pianoforte Sonata in B Flat Major, Opus 106. £3,700

**A rare Queen Anne walnut games table.** £1,050

**F. W. WATTS:** Milking Time at Dedham. £560

**An extremely rare Crich Stoneware Mont-eith after a silver model.** £410

this cosmic vision of pictorial space, this lyrical pantheism which leads to a total interpenetration of elements. And here are apparent the profound ties which bind this artist to the old cosmic tradition of landscape, that of the Chinese painters of the Sung epoch, of the English romantics, and the Monet of the "Nymphéas".—And at the same time here are revealed the transcendental gestures of a new spatiality from which tachism and the non-formal were born.

For the great ones of painting there is only one title to glory: their unity of being, their self-consistency, acquired, imposed, maintained throughout the course of a life of work. It is these fundamental and rigorously individual states of equilibrium which give the resonance of great works. What does it matter if these rare beasts are hard to live with, and if they destroy one another like male purebloods? This is the very rhythm of the progress of art. If in the contemporary context Fautrier is one of the rare painters whose work reassures us, he reassures us in fact just as Cézanne must reassure the post-cubists, that is to say by the unitary coherence of his approach. And if Fautrier shoves Cézanne aside, it is because he has the right to, having gained the necessary altitude. The grandeur of Fautrier is that of the conquering rebel. His struggle? The insurrection against form.

That began very early—together with the deepening of his pictorial vision—with the slow elaboration of a new technique. If Fautrier plants himself from the outset in the grand tradition of cosmic painting, it is because he is the first of our contemporaries (this generation of 1945) to have rejected the neo-Cézannian and cubist order of objective representation. The position is taken immediately, with the first expressionist canvases of 1923. We have already shown the logical links up until 1930 and after. But all that was not enough to satisfy this enraged man. To cry out all the more strongly, he wanted to have a new language at his disposal. From 1930 on he directed all his efforts to this end and in 1932 he abandoned painting on canvas for good.

Fautrier has expressed himself very clearly on this matter: "I wanted to compose for myself a palette completely my own, a system where drawing would have its place—and an important place—without colour or the paint substance deranging its sense; and then there was another thing: oil painting disgusted me. It is a process that has been employed for 400 years in which just about everything has been tried."

There it all is: Fautrier's spatiality, his original conception of space, resides in the balance attained between these three technical constants: paint-substance, drawing, colour. Their combination may be complex, and the intricacies of each varied, but no one of these essential elements is sacrificed to another. The technique inaugurated by Fautrier has enabled him to carry on this triple game without cheating, realizing in the heart of a unitary work the free autonomy of these three pictorial means. This technique is painting on paper with a mixture of paste and plaster and the use of thicknesses of oil. Over this "pâte", which is sometimes thick as a bas-relief, runs a light linear element, superposed with ink or watercolour. From the substance itself rapid, cursive lines jut forth, lines which come and go raising contours and at once destroying them, asserting and contradicting themselves—in short, giving free rein to all the antinomies of instinct. Colour is reintroduced as a dust of crushed pastel which, sprinkled over the whole, incorporates itself into the paste-plaster mixture when this is warmed up. It took the artist ten years of work and experiment to perfect this revolutionary technique which was to serve so perfectly a transcendental vision of matter. The fulfillment is in 1942 with the first "Hostages", exhibited in 1945 at René Drouin's.

That, then, is what the "Hostages" are, technically—like all the subsequent series: the Nudes, the Objects, the Partisans. A language so perfectly mastered is a perfect tool for communication in depth. Before a work by Fautrier we feel a profound, lasting, elemental emotion. Before the "Hostages", or the "Partisans of Budapest", we sense the poet's horror and convulsions of disgust. The Nudes give us a quasi-physical perception of eroticism. Fautrier's landscapes are fragments of infinity torn from the nothingness of appearances and restored in their quintessential nature. There resides the overwhelming grandeur of this work—but also its difficulty of understanding for well-meaning little minds.

At the level of primordial life where the creative adventure of Fautrier is located, the humanism of fine feelings and the clear logic of things are radically excluded. There is in horror an in-

effable tenderness for the object of repulsion. Why pass this by in silence in the name of undistinguished good taste? There are very pretty greens, very pretty roses in the "Hostages". These chromatic values contrast strangely with the toughness of the paint substance, its crushed, torn aspect. The secret of Fautrier's ambivalence rests no doubt in a more profound, more essential verity.

In 1945 these thick omelettes with their tender tragic colours surprised and displeased a public avid for simple reassuring joys, and which tolerated ill the essential anguish of being that this painting was understood to assume.

And over and beyond this importunate torment people capable of seeing further, they too were disconcerted. They sensed implicitly all that these pictures brought that was new, strange explosive, all the underlying virtualities they held. Yes, something had happened; the anti-formalist rebellion was unleashed. The steady and till then ignored struggle led by this man alone continued from that point on in full daylight.

The "Hostages" affirmed the existence of a painting delivered forever from form in itself, in which form, maltreated, exploded, transcended, is no more than a pretext for its own negation. It is in this sense, and with all the precautions that are demanded, that we may use the notion of the "informel".

In creating his synthetic spatiality Fautrier has annihilated the classic notion of Form. A work by Fautrier is a synthetic space where, at the end of independent roads, the various pictorial means, now autonomous and freed of their traditional interdependence, come together again. Matter, line, colour operate on an equal footing. No hierarchy of values, no dominant preference as the base of this original spatiality. Such is the troubling, perilous inimitable synthetic balance that Fautrier imposes on his reader. The notion of Form always appears as the product of a system radically contrary [to this] in its aims. Form is born precisely from the strict dependance of pictorial means, from the superiority of line over colour, from the total submission of the paint substance to the graphic contour.

Before Wols or Pollock, the non-formal was born the day this concomitant liberation of colour, of matter and of line was achieved. The victory over Form gives us the exact measure of a work and its author. Fautrier's rage is unique. He is one of the catalysers of history who accelerate its course and pay off its mortgages.

Ingmar Bergman, continued from page 62

prodigious faculties of transformation, which have less to do with make-up than with a way of defining a personality with supreme elegance, whatever the degree of irony, of tragedy, or of the ridiculous. Not that I wish to attach more importance to the interpreters than they have, especially in the work of a film-maker who submits each element of his films to a severely controlled and organized conception. It nevertheless remains that this conception is wedged in a formal structure which intimately interweaves by varying means words, sounds and visual elements. Bergman gives dialogue a very large place in his films. The wager he makes with infallible ease, as if playing, but never in a gratuitous way, is to integrate dialogue—pointed, intelligent, even brilliant—into the context of images, and this so indissolubly that it is nothing without the context, as the latter is nothing without the dialogue. The actor becomes in his hands some sort of subtle, sensitive instrument who translates each nuance of his thought, ceases to be himself, and is no longer anything other than a persona. It is by this tyrannical domination that he has been able to subject and transfigure Birger Malmsten, Hasse Ekman, May-Britt Nilsson, Stig Olin, Harriet and Bibi Andersson—to name some of his regular collaborators. I will add that this would have been impossible but for the exceptional skill and superior film sense of these Swedish film actors, all of whom are at the same time affiliated with the principal theatres.

I have stressed only certain aspects of Bergman's art. I should have spoken of the importance of the couple, of the steady intrusion of the past in the present (often through the use of flashback), of the role of eroticism and of the fear of living as psychological springs of the obsessive intervention of tempter personalities who are the modern equivalent of Mephistopheles (the Devil lost in advance) of the ambiguous ending of all Bergman films, of the lyricism of this author and of his sometimes Shakespearian sequences, of the incessant interrogation throughout his work on the why and wherefore of life and death. But this is only a first introduction.



# INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION CALENDAR

## AUSTRIA

**LINZ**  
Neue Galerie Wolfgang Carlitz Museum: «Kunst am Bau», the MAERZ Artists' Association, till 8/2

**VIENNA**  
Künstlerhaus: Scandinavian graphic works and sculptures, till 15/3; Student Exhibition, till 5/4; Young Sculptors, and Modern Painting from Israel, till 23/3  
Galerie St. Stephan: Josef Mikl, oils and graphic works, from 12/2  
Kunstverlag Wolftrum: Horst Herant and Wilhelm Slezacek, till 7/3

## BELGIUM

**ANTWERP**  
Musée Royal des Beaux-Arts: Permeke Retrospective, 27/4—31/8

C. A. W.: Théo Mariens, sculpture and drawings, till 29/1  
Hessenhuls: Bury, till 5/2

## BRUGES

Raaklits: Plaubert, till 25/1

## BRUSSELS

Musée d'Art Moderne: Frits Van den Berghe, works from the Van Geluwe Collection, till 8/2  
Palais des Beaux-Arts: Works acquired by the Belgian State in 1958, till 25/1; Lipchitz, sculpture, till 28/2; Scheik, till 4/2; Amitage, Hayter and Scott, 6—30/3  
Galerie Aujourd'hui: Dahmen and Gaul, paintings, till 24/1

Galerie Albert Ier: John Cluysenaar, till 29/1  
Astrid: Gallery artists  
Brughel: Marie-Elisabeth d'Ursel, till 30/1  
Cheval de Verris: Jean Triffex, till 4/2  
La Concorde: Gallery artists, till 30/1  
Contemporains: J.-H. Boudon, architect, Ch. Dagonnier, decorator, J.-M. de Busscher, painter, till 31/1  
Egmont: Thissens, paintings and ceramics, till 5/2  
Espace: Modern furnishings, till 31/1  
Kleiber: Vnasche, from 24/1  
Lautrec: Gallery artists, till 31/1  
Maison des Architectes: Claes et Saey, till 6/2  
De la Madeleine: J. Dobbeleir, P.-W. De Muylder, M. Jamart, A. Keunen and F. Lambrechts, till 5/2  
Mistral: Lattanzi and Wilatch, from 24/1  
Monique de Groot: School of Paris 1945—1958, till 31/1

Mont des Arts: Verhaeghe and Compionne, till 29/1  
Office National pour la Promotion de l'Exportation: Wood objects, till 31/1

Petite Galerie: Animals in Art, till 19/2  
Portonart: Clément Sielens, till 29/1  
La Proue: Sep. Broes, paintings and engravings, till 29/1

Le Régent: 7th Salon «Billet de Millie», till 29/1  
Smith: Opening show, till 27/1  
St-Laurent: Versteck, till 14/2; Van Hoeydonck, till 28/2

Studio Rik Wouters: M. Gezel, till 29/1  
Thurg-Tovar: Hélène Marso, and a group of Belgian and French painters  
Van Lee: Animals in Art (16th—19th centuries), till 19/2

Vieille Galerie: Belgian artists, «Belgique 1958», and ceramics from the Dour Atelier, through January

## CHARLEROI

Palais des Beaux-Arts: The Van Geluwe Collection (new selection), till 1/2; 1957 State Acquisitions, February; Charleroi Salon, March

## COURTRAI

Atelier Veranemans: New forms (architecture, graphic art, furnishings, objects), till 26/1

## DEURNE

Het Atelier: Jos Hendrickx, drawings and painted glass, till 7/2

## GAND

Galerie Vyacko-Van Eyck: Luc Deels, paintings, and Walter De Buck, sculpture, till 30/1

## LIEGE

A. P. I. A. W.: Fernand Velcour, till 29/1  
Cercle Royal des Beaux-Arts: Lucien Hock  
Musée de la Vie Wallonne: Temporary exhibition of the Musée de la Paille collections

## LA LOUVIERE

Galerie du Palais: Paintings by H. Locoge, P. Assez, F. Plongin, J. Hayez, till 31/1

## LOUVAIN

Musée Communal: Selected works of the «Concours Delaunais», till 25/1

## FRANCE

### AX-EN-PROVENCE

Galerie Sources: Seyssaud and Picabia, paintings; Turcat, tapestries; contemporary master prints

## ALBI

Musée Toulouse-Lautrec: 14th—18th century master-works from the Jacquemart-André Museum in Paris, Easter

## AVIGNON

La Calade: Emile Mangelot, paintings

## BORDEAUX

Georges Faure: Despiere, paintings, till 16/2

## LE BOURGET

Hôtel de Ville: 4th Annual Salon, «Arts, Formes et Couleurs», till 15/2

## CAEN

Ménard: Jacques Chesnel, till 31/1

## CAGNEY-SUR-MER

Galerie des Arts: Emile Marzé, paintings and drawings, till 15/1

## CANNES

Galerie Cézanne: Pierre Michel, paintings; Yana le Gitan, paintings, till 21/2

## DIJON

Musée: Prud'hon et la Bourgogne

## LE HAVRE

Galerie Giotto: Barnabé, Buffet, Dany, Goerg, Guerrier, Marchand, Priking, a. o.  
Jacques Hamon: Bernard Buffet

## LYON

Musée des Beaux-Arts: Zadkine, 15/3—30/4; Contemporary Italian Painting, May  
Bellocour: Noël Pichot, till 20/2  
Grange: Pierre Jacquemon, paintings, till 5/2  
Malaval: Atlan, paintings and pastels  
Marcel Michaud-Pollière: J. L. J. Berlin, paintings; Ant. Charles, paintings, till 7/3

## MARSEILLE

Alain Capellieres: Ambrogiani, M. Berle, J.-M. Goutlin, J. Hurard and Irène Pages, paintings  
L'Encadreur: H. Autran, paintings and drawings, till 17/2

Journes: Yvette Bonté, paintings, till 11/2  
Morenciano: A. Chabaud, till 15/2

Musée Cantini: Verdilhan Retrospective

## MARTIGUES

Hôtel Sainte-Anne: Verdilhan, Seyssaud, Chabaud

## MONTPELLIER

Mirage: J.-M. Heraut

## NANTES

Musée: Camille Bryen, from 28/2

## NICE

Boutique d'Art: Seyssaud, Derain, Collomb, J.-M. Goutlin, Simon Auguste, Verdier, Welsbuch, Zutter, till 15/12

Franceny: Derain and Luc Tullet, till 28/2

Palais de la Méditerranée: The Fleet, seen by 60 contemporary painters

## PARIS

Bibliothèque Nationale: Francis Jammes, manuscripts, postcards, souvenirs

Louvre: Italian sites and monuments as seen by French draftsmen from Callot to Degas

Musée d'Art Moderne: Jackson Pollock Retrospective, and The New American Painting; Lazar Segall, March; Bissière, April

Musée des Arts Décoratifs: Scandinavian Forms, through January; The Century of Elegance in England, the 18th Century, 25/2—18/5

Musée Cornuschi: Orient—Occident, till 23/2

Musée Galliera: Salon des Tuileries; «Peintres témoins de leur temps, Spring

Musée Guimet: The Art of Gandhara and Central Asia

Musée de l'Homme: Pre-Columbian Costa Rican pottery

Musée Jacquemart-André: Toulouse-Lautrec, Master-works from the Toulouse-Lautrec Museum in Albi, till 15/3

Musée Rodin: Contemporary French sculpture

Orangerie: Masterworks of early religious art from the Champagne, April

Petit Palais: 19th and 20th century French paintings from museum and private collections in Switzerland, beginning 3/3

Galerie A. G.: Altmann, Sam Andel, Baroukh, Kito, Pierrakos, Baran, a. o.; Fernandez Diaz, till 4/3

Colette Allendy: Georges Breuil

Atelier Szabo (Académie du Feu): Exhibition of Eskimo sculpture; Paintings by Altai, Tabouchi, Tanaka; Sculpture by Stahly, Cordier, Bihar, Cardenas, Etienne Martin and Szabo

L'Antipode: Eric Bohbot, till 20/1; Fraenedi

Ardail-Castor: Yves Loyer, till 31/1; J. Dutil

Ariel: Gootz, recent paintings and pastels, till 14/2

Arnaud: Fichel, till 3/2; Tanaka, till 3/3

Alex Maguy: Modern masters, including sculpture by Lipchitz, Brancusi, Degas, Daumier

Art du Faubourg: Renoir to Lorjou

Art Vivant: Asso, Bolin, Cottavox, Fusaro, Kimoura, Lan-Bar

S. Badier: Contemporary paintings and drawings  
Balcon: Bertram, Friesz, Gen Paul, Laprade, Valtat, Vuillard, a. o.

Bellechasse: Riccardo Licata, till 20/3

H. Benoit: Modern paintings

Berggruen: The Miró-André Breton book «Constellations»; works by Picasso, Klee, Miró, Léger, a. o.

Claude Bernard: Paintings and sculpture by Appel, Arp, Calder, César, Chadwick, Roel d'Haese, Dodeigne, Dubuffet, Giacometti, Gillioi, Hajdu, Hartung, Laurens, Maryan, Marfaing, Miró, Noguchi, Picasso, Penalba, Wols and Kandinsky

Bernheim Jeune-Dauberville: Wesche, Laffont, Schmitz-Lancenberg, a. o.

Marcel Bernheim: Eleonore Frey, till 29/1; Netty de Montalembert, till 28/2, also Suzanne Nabonne

Bernier: Calliard and other modern painters and sculptors; Monique Atali, till 28/2

Berri-Lardy: Mouly, Hilaire, Laloe, F. Bret

Bing: Contemporary masters

Bourgogne: Carnival and other popular celebrations, till 9/2; A. de Marzi, till 24/2

Breilau: Igon, Lindstrom, Jousselin, Pellotier, till 9/2; Fontené, Gilliet, Klapach-Moses, Karskaya, Marez Darley, Poliakoff, Zack

Bucher: Agusyo, Matto, Chelimsky, Louitre, Moser, Hallard

Cambacères: R. Vandenbulcke, Hugues, Bonte, Maraguisse, Gerny, till 13/2; Juliane Ossip, till 16/3

Carlier: Papart, Zondel, Jacus, Rodde, Lelong, a. o.

Louis Carré: Contemporary masters

Castel: Ruiz Pipo and Marie Vassilief

Centre Culturel Américain: Three Recent

Skyscrapers

Cézanne: Robert Rocca; Marcel Basler, till 21/2; 100 poems illustrated by 100 painters

Chapellin: 19th and 20th century masters

Cherid: Kurt Hinrichsen and P. Florès, till 12/2

Charpentier: Utrillo, 100 works

Chauden: Lafapie, Charchoune, Souverbie, a. o.

Clerf: Brö; Krick, sculpture

Cordier: Dubuffet, Michaux, Chadwick, Dado, Gootz, D'Orgeix, Réquichol, Viseux

Cour d'Ingres: Allan, Brauner, Dominguez, Herold, Ino, Lam, E. L. T. Mesens, Paalen, a. o.

Crouzevau: Modern masters and young artists

Crouze (Salle Balzac): 30 Painters from the Salon de l'Art Libre, till 31/1

La Demure: Claude Bleyne, tapestries, till 8/2

Dragon: Jean Doussot, drawings, till 10/2

Duncan: Kim Gaul Kwan, till 3/2; Douwes Dekker, Poesani, till 7/2; 1939 Prix de New York, till 21/2

Drouant: Mac Avoy, paintings; Colgnard, paintings; Ubeda, paintings; Ganne, paintings

Durand-Ruel: Bertram, January; Valtat, April; Monel, 60 works from private collections, June

Facchetti: Heims, recent paintings, from 6/2

Fels: Gilliet, Hartung, Lansky, Vieira da Silva, de Sisti

France: Gilliet, paintings, February; Consagra, sculpture, March; Singier, paintings, April

Francis Ier: Mangin, oils

Fricker: Glizes, Gromaire, Herbin, Jawlensky, a. o.

Furstenberg: Balint, till 17/2; Della Nimo, February; Rupert Stöckel, paintings, from 5/3

Granoff: P. Jouffroy; Dan Solojoff

Marcel Guisl: Desnoyer, Lhoie, Sarthou, Despiere, Bardone, paintings; Corot, Daumier, Bonnard, Utrillo, Vlaminck, prints

La Hune: Max Ernst, on the publication of Patrick Waldberg's book devoted to his life and work; Monory, collages

L'Institut: Alfred Kremer

Internationale: Mathieu, Moreni, Pomodoro, Guette, a. o.

Krogh: M. Guiberteau, till 12/2; H.-J. Masson, till 7/3

Legendre: Kantor, contemporary Polish painter

Leiris: Braque, Gris, Léger, Picasso, Klee, Manolo, Beaudin, Kermadec, Lascaux, Masson, Roger, Rouvre, Laurens

Maeght: Braque, Léger, Chagall, Kandinsky, Miró, Bazaine, Tal Coat, Ubac, Palazuelo, Childe

Maison des Beaux-Arts: Cattin, Hollan, Pigeon, Serreau, till 16/2

Maison de la Pensée Française: «100 Years of Chinese Painting, 1850—1950», from the museums of the Chinese People's Republic

Marlat: Spiro, Coutaud, Charles Picard-Ledoux, Wierick—an permanence; Morris, one-man show

J. Massol: Mogens Andersen, recent work, till 5/2; Lagage, recent work

A. Maurice: Georges Frosot, till 14/2

95: Vincent Roux, February

Philadelphie: H. Beer, R. Barr, Jacquemon, Rey, Grandmason, Le Normand, a. o.

Pierre: 8 painters of 30, till 13/2

**Paul des Arts:** Cocteau, Picasso, Deraun, Warquier  
**Pre-Artes:** Patriconne, till 3/3  
**C. Renauld:** Léger, Crotti, Desnoyer, Goerg, Gro-  
 maire, Villon, Lhoté, Severini, Veyssat  
**Denise René:** Picot and Smec, paintings, Bakic,  
 sculpture  
**Rive Drotte:** Jasper Johns, January; Gottlieb  
 Rive Gauche: Arnel, Baj, Bogart, Duncan, Jom, MI-  
 hallovitch, Panafieu  
**La Rose:** Aeschbacher, till 26/2  
**Jeune de Raux:** M.-L. Clrée  
**Saint-Germain:** Guy de Vogüe, till 21/3  
**Saint-Placide:** Le Dall and Raquin, till 20/2; Ké-  
 rouadan  
**André Schoeller, Jr.:** Abidine  
**Seder:** Modern original lithographs and engravings  
**Seul Hreli:** Gitterman, paintings, till 24/2  
**Soleil dans la Tête:** Guillaume Leunens, paintings,  
 till 15/2  
**Stadler:** Saura, February  
**Sullerot:** Saint-Cricq, till 24/2  
**Synthèse:** E. Leroy, till 18/2  
**Tedesco:** Delplanque; Bruno Pasquier de Sulgnes  
**Vareme:** Jacques Villon, the religious work, till 7/2  
**Dina Vleray:** André Sauchant  
**Villaud et Galanet:** The Gallery painters  
**Lara Vinc:** Allio, Kito, Munford, Wostan, Raza,  
 gouaches  
**Michel Warren:** Alechinsky, Charchoune, Messagier,  
 Debré, Bram Van Velde, Aase, Lardera, Germain,  
 and others  
**André Well:** M. Bordet; M.-L. Carré

**REIMS**  
**André Droulez:** Springer, till 7/2

**STRASSBOURG**  
**Octave Landwerlin:** Max Cousin, watercolours, till  
 15/2

**VENCE**  
**Alphonse Chave:** Michel Couchat, paintings, till 6/2

## GERMANY

**AACHEN**  
**Suermondt-Museum:** Radziwill, February; Limburg  
 artists, March

**BERLIN**  
**Staatl. Museum:** Berlin Museum Treasures, returned  
 from the Soviet Union, till April  
**Charlottenburger Schloss:** Religious art, till April  
**Haus am Waldsee:** Rolf Nesch, till 1/3  
**Hochschule für bildende Künste:** Max Pechstein,  
 February  
**Maison de France:** New Churches in France  
**Meta Hierender:** Siegfried Kuhl, oils, gouaches,  
 drawings, prints, 26/1-19/3  
**Schiller:** Hann Trier, oils, till 7/3  
**Springer:** Hans Uhlmann, till 13/2  
**Gerd Reesen:** Hector Trotlin; Karl Oppermann

**BIELEFELD**  
**Kunsthause:** Horst Stempel, paintings, drawings,  
 prints, till 1/3  
**Otto Fischer:** Paul Kamper, Dietrich Mohr, February

**BOCHUM**  
**Bergbau-Museum:** Ignatius Gellert and Wolfgang  
 Kreuter, paintings, windows and sculpture, till 15/3

**BRAUNSCHWEIG**  
**Museum:** Vincent Weber and Emy Roeder, till 8/2;  
 Hilmar Pabel, till 15/2; Karl Wollermann, till 15/3;  
 Kurt Edzard, sculpture, 22/3-12/4  
**Kunstverein:** Young Braunschweig artists, February  
 and March; Artists of Lower Saxony, April and  
 May; Art Posters, June

**BREMEN**  
**Kunsthalle:** Barlach, sculpture and graphic work,  
 till 8/3; Paul Flora, drawings, till 5/4; Blasler, 24/3-  
 26/4  
**Graphisches Kabinett:** Günter Grass, till 18/2

**COLOGNE**  
**Wallraf-Richartz-Museum:** Arncliffe, Hayter and  
 Scott, till 8/2  
**Kunstverein (Museum):** Mathieu retrospective,  
 also Burri and Tobey, till 22/2; Peter Herken-  
 rath, 28/2-5/4; Arnold d'Altri, 28/2-5/4; Max Beck-  
 mann, paintings and prints from the collection of  
 Günther Franke, arranged with the Wallraf-Richartz  
 Museum, 21/3-3/5; Paintings by Appel, Brooks,  
 Bryen, Damian, Domoto, Jenkins, Serpan and Ta-  
 piés, arranged in collaboration with the Galerie  
 Stadler, Paris, 11/4-24/5  
**Kunstgewerbemuseum:** Art Treasures of the Musée  
 des Augustins in Toulouse, till 30/3  
**Lempertz:** East Asiatic Art, 16/2-7/3  
**Hilt:** German Expressionist prints, till 15/2

**DARMSTADT**  
**Kunsthalle:** Karl Kunz, paintings and prints, till  
 15/3; Else Schwarze v. Arnim, paintings and draw-  
 ings, also Georg Möller (1784-1852), architectural  
 drawings, 21/3-19/4

**DORTMUND**  
**Museum am Ostwall:** Building and Design in Hol-  
 land from 1920 till today, till 22/2

**DRESDEN**  
**Staatl. Kunstsammlungen:** Dresden art treasures  
 returned from the Soviet Union, till 31/3

**DUISBURG**  
**Kunstmuseum:** Ivo Hauptmann, till 1/3; Emy Roeder,  
 Marg Moll and Johanna Schütz-Wolff, 7/3-5/4; Ger-  
 hard Wendland, 11/4-13/5

**DÜREN**  
**Leopold-Hoesch-Museum:** Rolf Curt, paintings and

coloured prints, till 15/2; Hubert Werden, paintings,  
 till 22/2

**DUISELDORF**  
**Kunstverein:** E.W. Nay, till 15/2; Rolf Nesch, till  
 March  
**Hella Nebelung:** Serpan and Domoto, till 15/3  
**Groschenhüll:** French abstract painting and German  
 expressionism, February  
**Schmela:** Tinguely, February  
**Trejanek:** Otto Eglau, paintings and watercolours,  
 till 15/2; Walter Ophrey, coloured drawings, till 15/3  
**Twenty-Two (J. P. Wilhelm):** Bram Bogart, February  
**Alex Vémol:** Campendonk and his Circle, February;  
 Jawlonsky, March

**ESSEN**  
**Schaumann:** F. M. Jansen and Arvid Mether, colour  
 woodcuts and lithographs, till 14/2, also Rothe  
 Edition prints; Johannes Geccall and Wilfrid  
 Reckwitz, paintings, March

**FRANKFURT**  
**Kunstkabinett:** Guido La Regine, paintings and  
 watercolours, till 10/2  
**Daniel Cordier:** Henri Michaux, from 3/2  
**Göppinger:** Primitive Australian animal and rock  
 paintings  
**Olaf Nordwaikner:** Rolf Nesch, till 4/3  
**Vanderbank:** Manessier and Théo Eble, graphic  
 works

**GEISENKIRCHEN**  
**Kunstsammlung:** Anthony Underhill, oils, water-  
 colours and drawings, till 15/2

**HAGEN**  
**Karl-Ernest-Osthaus-Museum:** Martin Seltz, till 8/2;  
 Max Kaus, till 15/3; Julius Blasler, till 15/3

**HAMBURG**  
**Kunstverein:** Marc Chagall, his life's work, till 22/3

**HANNOVER**  
**Galerie für moderne Kunst:** Geyger, till 22/2

**HEIDELBERG**  
**Kunstverein:** Karl Rödel, prints, till 15/2

**KARL-MARK-STADT (CHEMNITZ)**  
**Städt. Kunstsammlung:** Lovis Corinth, graphic works,  
 till 6/3

**KARLSRUHE**  
**Kunsthalle:** Dieter Stein, oils, watercolours, prints,  
 till 8/3  
**Gallwitz:** H. A. P. Grieshaber

**KASSEL**  
**Galerie Weiss:** Jürg Spiller, oils of 1957-58, till 21/2

**KIEL**  
**Kunsthalle:** Chagall, original prints, till 22/2

**KREFELD**  
**Hans Jaeger:** H. Henrich and H. Petschnigg, archi-  
 tecture exhibition, till 28/2  
**Kaiser-Wilhelm-Museum:** Matisse, prints, January-  
 February; Pauckstadt, sculpture and drawings, till  
 22/3

**LEIPZIG**  
**Museum der Bildenden Künste:** New acquisitions  
 of the Print Cabinet, till mid-February; Herbert  
 Sandberg, prints and satire, till 22/3; Max Lindner,  
 5/4-10/5

**LEYERKUSEN**  
**Schloss Morsbroich:** Ernst Well, paintings and  
 prints, till 1/3

**LÜNECKE**  
**Overbeck-Gesellschaft:** Albert Aereboe, paintings  
 and prints, till 1/3

**MAHNHEIM**  
**Kunsthalle:** Rolf Müller-Landau, paintings and  
 prints, till 22/2; Emilio Greco, sculpture, 6/3-5/4;  
 Ben Nicholson, paintings, 12/4-10/5  
**Inge Ahlers:** Six European Women Painters (Dumi-  
 treaco, Freist, Karakaya, Raimond, Pink, Staritzky),  
 till 10/3

**MÜNCHEN-GLADBACH**  
**Museum:** Paul Kuhn, watercolours, February

**MÜNICH**  
**Städt. Galerie:** Emilio Greco, sculpture and draw-  
 ings, February  
**Haus der Kunst:** 180 works from the Bührle Col-  
 lection (Zürich), till 1/3; Marzotto Prize Exhibition,  
 13/3-5/4; Chagall Retrospective, 7/4-31/5; Munich  
 1959 Art Exhibition, 19/6-4/10  
**Günther Franke:** Knut Schnurer, oils, temperas,  
 graphic works, till 3/3  
**Wolfgang Gurlitt:** Anna Thorwest, sculpture, Hanna  
 Nagel, watercolours and drawings, Peppino Wie-  
 ternik, oils, from 12/2  
**Van der Lee:** Anja Decker and Rupert Stöckl, till  
 16/2  
**Schöniger:** Toni Roth, oils, watercolours, pastels,  
 till 28/2  
**Stenzel:** Jean Remlinger, watercolours, drawings,  
 till 28/2

**MÜNSTER**  
**Landesmuseum:** Josef Albers, till 8/2

**OFFENBACH**  
**Klingspor-Museum:** Hans Schmidt and the Egge-  
 brecht Press, typography and book design, Feb-  
 ruary-March; International exhibition of contem-  
 porary book-binding, May-June

**RECKLINGHAUSEN**  
**Kunsthalle:** 100 woodcuts by Hap Grieshaber, and  
 works by his friends and students, till 15/2; Darm-  
 stadt Secession, 28/2-5/4

## REUTLINGEN

**Spendhaus:** 100 woodcuts by Hap Grieshaber, and  
 works of his friends and students, 22/2-15/3

## SOLINGEN

**Klingensmusem:** Karo Bergmann, paintings; Siegf-  
 ried Dorschel, drawings; Kuo Ta-Wel, coloured  
 tusche drawings, till 15/3

## STUTTGART

**Kunsthause:** Maria Caspar-Filser, paintings, till 15/2  
**Staatgalerie:** Rolf Nesch, April-May  
**Kunstkabinett (Roman Norbert Ketterer):** 1959 Spring  
 Auction of 20th Century Paintings, drawings, water-  
 colours, sculpture and prints, May 28-30  
**Schaller:** Gerhard Pallauch, watercolours and draw-  
 ings, till 11/2  
**Valentin:** R. Grossmann, portraits of personalities  
 of 1930

## ULM

**Museum:** Pictures by the «Brücke», till 8/3; Ulm Art  
 of 1959, 15/3-19/4; Julius Blasler, 10/5-7/6

## WEIMAR

**Kunsthalle:** Young Dresden Artists (Dolinski, Diet-  
 rich, Förster, Paris, Reinhardt, Rommel, Vent), paint-  
 ings, sculptures, drawings, till 22/5

## WIESENBADEM

**Renate Roskes:** Constructive Paintings by Jochen  
 Albrecht, Günter Fröhtrunk, Max Mahmann, Gudrun  
 Piper, Günter Rie and Hildegard Stromberger,  
 January; Hans Bischoffshausen, «Structural Paint-  
 ings», February

## WITTEN

**Märkisches Museum:** Jaap Wagemaker, paintings,  
 H. Hajek, sculpture, 1-22/3; Franz Versemann and  
 A. Weiskl, paintings and drawings, 5-26/4

## WUPPERTAL

**Kunstverein:** Baumeister, till 15/2

## GREAT BRITAIN

(Exhibitions marked with an asterisk are circulated  
 by the Arts Council.)

## BANGOR

**University College:** \*Six 19th and early 20th cen-  
 tury French landscape paintings from the R. Peto  
 Collection, till 7/2

## BIRMINGHAM

**City Museum and Art Gallery:** \*John Minton (1917-  
 1957), paintings, drawings and graphic works, till 7/2

## BRISTOL

**City Art Gallery:** \*John Minton (1917-1957), paint-  
 ings, drawings and graphic works, till 7/3

## CAMBRIDGE

**Arts Council Gallery:** \*Modern Israeli Painting, till  
 28/2

**Fitzwilliam Museum:** 19th Century English Drawings,  
 till 28/2; «Monument du Costume», till 31/3

**Heffer Gallery:** Gladys and Reginald Grimshaw,  
 Dorothy McInness

**Ernest Hilton:** Jeanette Jackson, till 12/2

## CARDIFF

**Turner House Museum:** \*Japanese Ceramics and  
 Prints, till 21/2

**Howard Roberts Studio:** Ru van Rossem, till 28/2

## COLCHESTER

**The Minories:** \*Arts Council Collection, Part II, After  
 Impressionism, till 28/2

## COVENTRY

**Elizabeth Art Gallery:** Peter Downing, till 28/2

## DERBY

**Art Gallery:** \*Barnett Freedman, 14/3-4/4

## EASTBOURNE

**Towner Art Gallery:** Czechoslovak Folk Art, till 22/2

## EDINBURGH

**Arts Council Gallery:** \*Sculpture in the Home, 14/  
 3-4/4

## EXETER

**The University:** \*New University Architecture, till 7/3

## GLASGOW

**Art Gallery & Museum, Kelvingrove:** Joseph Craw-  
 hall (1861-1913), drawings and paintings, till 25/1;  
 Early Chinese to 18th Century Meissen, Chelsea  
 and Staffordshire pottery from the Victoria & Albert  
 Museum, till 9/5

## HALIFAX

**Bankfield Museum:** \*Arts Council Collection, Part IV,  
 Since the War, till 14/3

## LINCOLN

**Museum & Art Gallery:** \*Barnett Freedman (1901-  
 1958), paintings, drawings and graphic art, till 7/2

## LONDON

**Yate Gallery:** \*Lovis Corinth, paintings, till 15/2; The  
 New American Painting, 24/2-22/3  
**Royal Academy:** \*13th-20th Century Russian Paint-  
 ing, till 1/3

**Arts Council Gallery:** \*Evel Hone, stained glass,  
 paintings, drawings, till 15/2

**Agnew:** 86th Annual Watercolour Exhibition, till 28/2

**A. I. A.:** Primitive African Art, till 28/2

**A. Brod:** Dutch and Flemish Masters

**Beaux-Arts:** John Bratby, till 26/3

**Berkley Galleries:** Far Eastern and Primitive Art

**Building Centre:** Le Corbusier, till 6/3

**Commonwealth Institute:** Sybil Atteck, paintings,  
 till 1/3; «Character of the Commonwealth», paint-  
 ings, 7-29/3

**Crafts Centre:** Eric Gill, till 21/2

**Crane Kalmar:** Gerard Singer, paintings, Norman  
 Aspinall, sculpture, till 7/2



**Brian Gallery:** Laubies, till 9/2; Gwan Barnard and Douglas Portway, till 27/2; Suzanne Rodillon, 3-23/3; Piliot, 23/5-12/4

**French Institute:** Bourdelle, till 14/2

**Gallery One:** Group, including Souza, Baj, Kameny, Scottie Wilson, a.o., till 5/3

**Glasgow Fine:** A. Roth, till 28/2

**Harvey Gallery:** Adrian Heath and Hans Reichel, till 15/2; Isabel Lambert, paintings, till 13/3

**I.C.A.:** Crippa, Dova, Fontana, Clemente, from the Damiano Collection, till 7/2; 8 German painters (Brüning, Gaul, Götz, Hoehne, Dahmen, Schultze, Schumacher, Platschek), till 14/3

**Jeffries:** Simbari, paintings, till 13/3; Philippe Augé, paintings

**Kaplan:** 20th Century Paintings

**Leicester:** E. Bellingham-Smith and Michael Michaeilides, till 24/2

**Leleux:** 19th and 20th Century Paintings, till 28/2

**Lords:** 19th and 20th Century Artists, notably Schwitters

**Marlborough:** Theodor Werner, paintings, Woty Werner, tapestries, till 14/2; Bardone and Gulrmand, paintings

**New Vision Centre:** Diana Madgett and Joseph Pendle, paintings, till 7/3

**O'Hara:** Olive Busquets, till 21/2

**Obelisk:** Kikolne, till 28/2

**Redfern:** Nicholas Georgiadis and Mary Fedden, till 6/2; Stragiotti, paintings, till 28/2

**Reiland, Browne & Delbanco:** Ballard, Burr, Daniels, Davison, Mason, Whishaw, till 14/2

**R. B. A.:** Alina Slesinska, till 13/2

**R. W. S.:** The Martell Exhibition, till 14/2

**St. George's Gallery Prints:** Peter Thompson, drawings

**Tooth:** «Actualités», till 14/2 (Appel, Bluhm, Davie, Dubuffet, Francis, Jörn, Mathieu, Michaux, Riopelle, Stubbings, Wemaere, Wols, Wolvencamp)

**U.S.I.S.:** Stefan Knapp mural for Seagram Building, New York; 10 New England Area Artists, till 28/2

**Waddington:** Henri Hayden, till 7/3

**Woodstock:** South African Painters and Andrzej Kuhn, till 21/2

**Zimmer:** Nigel Lambourne and Margaret Souttar, till 27/2

**MANCHESTER**

**City Art Gallery:** Centenary Exhibition, till 8/3

**Central Library:** Peterloo Group

**MANSFIELD**

**Museum & Art Gallery:** «Japanese Ceramics and Prints», till 24/2

**NOTTINGHAM**

**Midland Group Gallery:** «Sculpture in the Home», till 7/3

**Victoria Street Art Gallery:** «John Minton, 14/3-4/4

**OXFORD**

**Boar Lane Gallery:** R. J. Hitchcock, Patrick Humble, Paula Vezel, till 28/3

**PLYMOUTH**

**City Art Gallery:** «Six French Landscapes from the R. Peto Collection», till 28/2

**SHEFFIELD**

**Graves Art Gallery:** Derrick Greaves and Jack Smith, paintings, till 15/2; «New University Architecture, from 24/2

**SOUTHAMPTON**

**Art Gallery:** «Barnett Freedman, till 7/3

**SWANSEA**

**Glynn Vivian Art Gallery:** «Trends in Contemporary Dutch Art, till 7/3

**WINCHESTER**

**The College:** «100 Years of American Architecture», till 28/2

**YORK**

**City Art Gallery:** African Paintings from Northern Rhodesia, 11/3-4/4

**HOLLAND**

**AMERSFOORT**

**A. G. Huis:** Dirk Harting, till 23/3

**AMSTERDAM**

**Stedelijk Museum:** Bazaine, till 26/2; Fayga Ostrower, till 25/2; St. Lucas, till 2/3

**Tonzaal Kunstentakt:** Frits Cramberg and Fon Klement, till 7/3

**ARNHEM**

**Gemeentemuseum:** Neolithic Netherlands Pottery, notably beakers of 2200-1500 B.C., till 15/3

**DELFT**

**Ethnographic Museum:** Surinam, Land on the Rise, till April

**Stedelijk Museum Het Prinsenhof:** Art Treasures of the Old Catholic Church of Delft, till 16/3

**DORDRECHT**

**Museum:** Watercolours and drawings by local masters of 1750 to 1850

**EINDHOVEN**

**Stedelijk Van Abbe Museum:** Lurcat, till 30/3; The Disaster of War, from Callot to Moore, etchings and drawings, till 2/3; Isaac Israels, paintings, till 30/4; La Fauconnier, 18/4-19/5

**THE HAGUE**

**Gemeentemuseum:** Isaac Israels, till 16/3; 8 Contemporary South African Painters, till 6/4

**Museum voor het Onderwijs:** From Sundial to Electric Clock, till July; The Automobile, through 1959

**Galerie Laujitzky:** Moshe Bornstein, till 21/2

**Marinus Liermer:** R. Verspyck, till 20/2

**«HERT»-BOENBOSCH**

**Centraal Museum:** Netherlands Expressionists, till 15/3

**Peepstokelder:** Daan Gielen, Jan Franken, Cees Nouwens, till 18/3

**LAREN**

**Singer Memorial Museum:** Drawings and Graphic Works of G. V. A. Röling, till 9/3

**ROTTERDAM**

**Boymans Museum:** Harry Dieberg, M. C. Escher, Wout van Heusden and Harry van Kruiningen, graphic works, till 15/3

**Museum voor Land- en Volkenkunde:** African, Tibetan and New Guinean exhibitions, till August

**«Van der»:** L. P. J. Braat, sculpture, and Maaike Braat, prints, till 20/2

**UTRECHT**

**Centraal Museum:** Netherlands Ceramics, till 15/2

## ITALY

**BARI**

**Castello Svevo:** 1st Provincial Exhibition of Figurative Painting and Sculpture, till 10/1

**BIELLA**

**Galleria Colongo:** Lorenzo Delleani, paintings, till 10/1; Felice Casorati, paintings, till 1/2

**BOLOGNA**

**Galleria La Loggia:** Fautrier, «30 Years of Art Informel», February

**BRESCIA**

**Galleria Aliberti:** Emilio Vitali, paintings, till 5/2

**Perfice:** Romolo Romani, painting retrospective, till 4/1

**CAGLIARI**

**Studio 55 (Gabinetto delle Stampe dell'Università):** Gaetano Brundu, paintings and drawings, till 14/2

**CHIETI**

**Bottega d'Arte:** Contemporary group, till 31/1

**FLORENCE**

**Luigi Bollini:** Lazzaro Donati, paintings, till 28/1

**Il Fiere:** Adriano Pincherle, paintings, till 29/1

**Vigna Nuova:** Terry Haass, etchings, till 30/1

**Numero:** Hideo Chin and Angelo Colangelo, till 17/2

**GENOA**

**Rotta:** Franco Gentilini, paintings, till 21/1

**LEGHANO**

**Grattacielo:** Enrico Bordon, paintings, till 4/1

**LIVORNO**

**Casa Comunale della Cultura:** Sironi, drawings, from 24/1

**Centro Artistico Livornese:** Uccini, paintings, till 14/12/58; Bruno Saetti, paintings, till 5/2

**MILAN**

**Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Moderna:** 2nd Salon of Italian Etchers, till 15/2

**Salone Annunciate:** Rodolfo Arico, till 23/1

**Galleria dell'Annunciate:** Franco Rognoni, paintings, till 29/1

**Apollinaire:** Stacha Halpern, February

**Bagutline:** Gianpaolo, paintings, till 21/1

**Barbaroux:** Mario Benvenuti, paintings and etchings, till 22/1; Bruno Furlotti, paintings, till 5/2

**Bergamini:** Cesarina Seppi, paintings, till 23/1

**Blu:** Canonico, paintings, February

**Calzola:** Ugo Celada, paintings, till 23/1

**La Colonna:** Anzil, paintings, till 14/12/58; Giulio Hincz, paintings, till 16/1; Gabriella Mucchi, watercolours and lithographs, till 30/1

**Del Disegno:** E. Treccani, drawings, till 6/2

**Montenapoleone:** Spazzapan and Cappello, till 28/1

**Del Naviglio:** Crippa, paintings, till 13/1; Hans Bischoffshausen, paintings, till 23/1; Scanavino, paintings, from 24/1

**Delle Ore:** Mauro Chessa, paintings, from 22/1

**Pater:** Guido Chilli, paintings, from 17/1; Altilio Vella, paintings, from 31/1; Spinelli, from 12/2

**Ranzini:** Dino Zampogna, paintings, till 6/2

**Del Re Magli:** Paolo Buttini, drawings, till 31/1

**San Fedele:** Carlo Caroli, paintings, till 16/1; Giuseppe Guerreschi, paintings, from 17/1

**Totti:** Lino Bianchi Barriviera and Valeria Vecchia, etchings, till 5/2

**Vianciani:** Jack Frilling, paintings, till 8/2

**NAPLES**

**Medea:** Vincenzo Ciardo, paintings, till 19/1

**San Carlo:** Baj and Group 58, paintings, till 20/1; Vespiagnani, etchings, from 21/1

**ROME**

**Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Moderna:** Hans Richter, paintings and films, till 10/1; Modigliani, February; Le Corbusier, May

**Galleria Aliberti:** Failla, Ludovisi, Montanarini, Monti, Omiccioli, Purificato, Quaglia, Stradone, Tomea, Vangelii, till 8/1

**L'Altico:** Fautrier, paintings, till 30/1

**La Cassapanca:** S. Arò, paintings, till 19/1

**La Fontanella:** Guido Soden, paintings, till 5/2

**Pogliani:** Spazzapan, painting retrospective, from 21/1

**La Saffia:** Alberto Sartoris, paintings, till 20/1

**Il Segno:** Domoto, till 4/3

**Selesia:** Iona, paintings, till 16/1; Roberto Ruta, sculpture, till 27/1

**RAVENNA**

**Corriere della Liguria:** Albisolesi artists, till 23/1

## TREISO

**Scaletti:** Bruno Saetti, paintings and lithographs, till 12/1

**TURIN**

**La Biennale:** «Tavolozza romana», painting group show, till 2/2

**Galleria:** Clerici, paintings, till 26/1

**Il Grifo:** Capogrossi, Crippa, Fontana, Scanavino, till 12/2; Grandjean, Jacquemon, Janoir, Monthelliet, Roy, paintings, presented by René Deroudille, till 24/2

**Notizie:** Fautrier, «30 Years of Art Informel», March

**UDINE**

**Del Girasole:** Spacal, paintings and woodcuts, from 5/1; Enrico Paulucci, paintings, till 30/1

**VENICE**

**Cavallini:** Mario Nigro, paintings, till 2/2

**Sesto Stefano:** Virgilio Guidi, paintings, till 5/2

**San Vidal:** Felice Carena, paintings, till 4/2

## SWITZERLAND

### BASEL

**Kunstmuseum:** The Monogrammist DS, Urs Graf, Niklaus Manuel Deutsch, till 9/3; Arp, graphic work, 4/4-3/5

**Kunsthalle:** Appel, Mathieu, Moreni, Riopelle, till 1/3; Aeschbacher, Bill, Linck, Müller, sculpture, 12/3-19/4

**Galerie d'Art Moderne:** Burri, till 19/3

**Richter:** Appel, Riopelle, Mathieu, watercolours and gouaches, till 19/2

**Bettie Thommen:** Raederscheidt, till 22/2

**BERN**

**Kunstmuseum:** French 17th Century Painting, till April; Max Fueter, till 17/3

**Kunsthalle:** Malewitsch, drawings and graphic works, 21/2-29/3

**Bretschger:** French 19th Century (notably Barbizon School) paintings, Old Masters, Contemporary Paintings

**Kilpstein & Kornfeld:** Sam Francis, till 14/2; Hans Arp, graphic work of 1912-1958, from 20/2

**Verena Müller:** Adrien Holy, till 22/3

**Spitteler:** Charles Barraud, till 12/2; Georges Girard, till 12/3

### BIEL

**Socrate:** Ernst Luschinger, till 20/2

**LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS**

**Numaga:** Kolos-Vary, till 12/2; Jean Coulot, till 15/3

**CHUR**

**Kunsthau:** Teo Otto, till 15/2

**FRIBOURG**

**Musée d'Art et d'Histoire:** Alice Bailly, till 8/2; Jules Schmid, till 8/3

### GENEVA

**Musée d'Art et d'Histoire:** Contemporary Swiss Ceramics, till 1/3; Contemporary Polish Graphic Artists, till 8/3

**Musée de l'Athénée:** Michel Ciry, till 9/4; Barnabé, 11/4-7/5

**Musée Rath:** Contemporary Canadian Art, till 1/3

**Georges Moes:** From Cross to Schneider, till 28/2

**LAUSANNE**

**Galerie Maurice Bridel:** «Forcole», forms in wood, till 28/2

**L'Entracte:** Luigi Bollini, till 13/2; Jacques Duthoo, till 27/2; Marcel Brazzola, 28/2-13/3

**La Gravure:** Books illustrated by Louis Broder of Paris, till 24/2

**Nouveaux Grands Magasins:** Marguerite Seippel, till 18/2; Guy Beer, till 11/3

**Paul Vallois:** Paul Mathey and Claire-Lise Monnier, paintings, till 21/2

### LE LOCLE

**Musée des Beaux-Arts:** Albert Fehrny, 28/2-15/3

### LUCERNE

**Kunstmuseum:** Art of the South Seas, till 8/3; Robert Zünd (1827-1909), till 26/4; Sport in Art, 17/5-28/6

### ST. GALL

**Kunstverein:** New American Painting (works by Sam Francis, Rothko, Still, Kline, Kimber Smith, Barnett Newman, Joan Mitchell, Alfred Leslie, Alfred Held, Jensen—in part from private Swiss collections and in part purchased by Dr. Arnold Rüdlinger with funds contributed by the Schweizerische National Versicherungsgesellschaft), 14/3-26/4

**Gelbes Haus:** W. Burger, F. Gehr, K. Lämmler, H. Steltbacher, W. Thaler, till 28/2

### SCHAFFHAUSEN

**Museum zu Allerheiligen:** Contest entries for murals in school buildings, till 22/2

### THUN

**Kunstsammlung:** Arnold Brügger, till 15/3

**Galerie Aarequal:** Tonio Cloline, till 4/3

### WINTERTHUR

**Gewerbemuseum:** Ikon Exhibition, till 1/3

**Galerie ABC:** Rosina Viva, till 28/2

### ZÜRICH

**Kunsthau:** The Niarchos Collection, till 1/3; Mexican and Pre-Columbian Central American Art, till 15/3; Armitage, Hayler, Scott and Zoltan Kameny, April

**Kunstgewerbemuseum:** Hans Richter, «A Life for Pictures and the Film», 7/3-19/4; Ceramics by the Nazis, April

**Heimhaus:** Tapestries by Egyptian Children (organized by the Kunstgewerbemuseum), till 1/3

**Beckberg:** Fossil, unknown and newly attributed drawings from collections in Great Britain, Ireland, Sweden and Switzerland, till 31/3  
**Stadthaus:** City Art Acquisitions for 1958, till 31/3  
**Straub:** Otto Meister, till 8/3  
**Galerie Bone:** Louis-Paul Favre, till 17/2; Ludwig Demarmels, till 10/3  
**Max Baillat (Modern Art Centre):** Old and modern masters and young painters  
**Suzanne Baillat:** Derain, drawings, watercolours, oils, till 14/2; Zürich Concrete Art, 23/2-14/3  
**Umbel:** Olga and Hans Fischli, till 24/2  
**Charles Liebhard:** Ben Nicholson, January-February; Jankel Adler, 14/2-21/3  
**Neapost:** French and German Masters, 19th and 20th century Swiss painters  
**Paletti:** Baier, Philippe and Terbois, 'geometric' paintings, till 3/3  
**Henri Wenger:** Lithographs and etchings, till 28/2  
**Wolfsberg:** Georges Han and Emile Chambon, till 28/2

## THE UNITED STATES

(Note: Exhibitions marked with an asterisk are circulated by The Smithsonian Institution.)

### BALTIMORE, Md.

**Museum of Art:** 'Misère et Guerre', prints by Callot, Goya, Rouault, Kollwitz, a.o., till March; Landscape in Prints, till 15/4; Mallase, prints, till 15/4

### BOSTON, Mass.

**Museum:** Five Centuries of Dutch Prints, through March

### CHICAGO, Ill.

**Art Institute:** 'Dutch Master Drawings'  
**The Arts Club:** Modigliani, 40 paintings, drawings and sculptures, presented by William S. Lieberman of the Museum of Modern Art, New York, till 28/2

### CINCINNATI, Ohio

**Art Museum:** 20th Century Biblical and Religious Prints, from the Ross Stoniker Collection, till 23/2; Modigliani, 40 works presented by William S. Lieberman, 10/4-20/5

### CLEVELAND, Ohio

**Museum of Art:** 'Dutch Master Drawings', till 22/3; 150 lithographs by Picasso, 31/3-28/4; 41st Cleveland artists' and craftsmen's Annual, 6/5-14/6  
**Howard Wise Gallery:** Selections from the 1958-59 Whitney Annual, till 22/3; Adja Jankers, paintings and prints, 22/3-19/4; Edmund Casarella, prints, from 5/4

### DAYTON, Ohio

**Art Institute:** Aboriginal Pacific Northwest works, till 18/2; Dayton Artists Annual, till 22/3; Ohio Printmakers Annual, 28/3-24/4

### DETROIT, Mich.

**Institute of Arts:** The Art of the Ancient Maya, till 1/3; Paintings by the Guatemalan Primitive Curuchich, till 1/3; Japanese Prints, till 22/3; 49th Michigan Artists' Annual, 17/3-12/4

### HARTFORD, Conn.

**Wadsworth Atheneum:** Forms from Israel (contemporary crafts exhibition arranged by the A.F.A.), till 6/2; 20th Century American and European Painting from the Museum Collection, till 15/3

### LA JOLLA, Cal.

**Art Center:** Paul Ungren, paintings, till 22/3; Bill Reid, photographs, 25/3-10/5; German Art Today, 4-26/5

### LEXINGTON, Va.

**Washington & Lee University:** Painters of the American South, March; 14th-18th Century Manuscripts and Incunabula, April

### LOS ANGELES, Cal.

**County Museum:** Masterpieces of Korean Art, till 1/3; 'Image of America', till 15/3; June Wayne, prints, 25/3-22/4  
**Edgarde Acosta:** Schuyler Standish, paintings, till 28/2

**Cowles:** Leonard Kester, till 28/2

**Falk-Reboff:** William Rubenkamp, till 14/2

**Peres:** Sonia Gechtoff, paintings, till 14/2

**Detzall Hatfield:** Pierre Sicard, paintings, tapestries, watercolours, till 12/2

**Martin Jankel:** Contemporary American and European

**Paul Kanter:** Pollakoff, gouaches, till 6/2

**Landau:** Ernest Freed, paintings, till 21/2

**Levinson:** Morton Dimondstein, paintings, till 21/2

**Mason:** Dimitri, paintings, till 1/3

**Frank Peris:** James Strombotne, paintings, till 28/2

**Ether Robles:** John von Wicht, paintings, till 31/1

**Jan Stussy:** paintings, till 28/2

**Simone:** John Leeper, paintings, till 19/2

**Jack Seles:** Patricia Rosenkranz, paintings, till 28/2

**Steadahl:** Pre-Columbian and Modern Art

### MILWAUKEE

**Art Center:** Modigliani, 40 paintings, drawings and sculptures, presented by William S. Lieberman of the Museum of Modern Art, New York, 5/3-1/4

### MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

**Walker Art Center:** Byron Bradley, oils, watercolours and drawings, till 22/2; Attilio Saleme, paintings and drawings, 22/2-29/3; 'Swedish Textiles Today', 22/2-15/3

**University Gallery:** Marc Chagall, prints, 4-31/3

### NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

**Douglass College:** Joan Milo, paintings on rice paper, till 30/1; Michael Loew and George McNeil,

paintings, February; Prints from the Edwin Biss Collection, March; Theodore Branson, recent paintings, April

### NEW YORK

**Brooklyn Museum:** U.S. Prints from the Mexican Biennial, till 11/1; Designs by Elias Peltreanu, all-veramith, till 15/3; Carl Erickson Memorial Exhibition, drawings, till 19/4

**Guggenheim Museum:** European Painting, from 21/1  
**Metropolitan Museum:** International Ceramics Exhibition, till 8/3; Winslow Homer, till 8/3; French Drawings from American Collections, till 15/3

**Museum of Modern Art:** 20th Century Design, till 22/2; Print Acquisitions-10 Europeans, till 15/3; Four New Buildings (Notre Dame de Royen, France; First Presbyterian Church, Stamford, Conn.; TWA Terminal, Idlewild; Opera House, Sidney, Australia), till 9/4

**Museum of Primitive Art:** Metal sculpture, till 8/2; Sculpture from 3 African Tribes, from 18/2  
**Riverside Museum:** Contemporary Danish Art, till 25/1

**Museum of Contemporary Crafts:** Wharton Esherick, till 15/2  
**Whitney Museum:** 4 American Expressionists (Doris Caesar, Chalm Gross, Karl Knaths, Abraham Rattner), till 1/3

**A.C.A. Gallery:** Harry Sternberg, paintings, till 7/3  
**Alas:** Conner, Lawrence, King, Ohasi, till 5/3  
**Area:** John Collins, till 12/2

**Argento:** Irene Aronson, prints  
**Arkap:** 11 painters and sculptors (K. Adam, D. Atkins, J. Comins, I. Eichen, I. Friedman, P. Gamberstone, H. Kallweit, H. Mathes, J. Prezant, M. Ries, C. B. Ross), February

**Artists:** Ben Myers, till 29/1  
**Abba Art:** Gallery group  
**Avant-Garde:** Minda Hess, oils and watercolours, till 14/3

**Babcock:** Marsden Hartley, drawings, till 24/1  
**Barone:** Geoffrey Holder, paintings, till 28/3  
**Berry-Hill:** American artists

**Blanchini:** Claude Venot, till 11/3  
**Bodley:** Grete Rikko, till 7/3  
**Bergonicht:** Stephen Greene, paintings and drawings, till 14/2; Giuseppe Ajmone, paintings, till 7/3; Corbett, till 28/3

**Brata:** Knute Stiles, paintings, till 12/3  
**Burr:** C. Livingston, watercolours, and Paul Marco, sculpture, till 28/2

**Camler:** Jean Clad, J. Goya-Lukich, Sam G. Weiner, paintings, till 3/3  
**Carlsback:** Primitive, Oriental and Modern art

**Carstairs:** Contemporary American and French Group Show, February  
**Carus:** Herbert Danaka, watercolours and gouaches, till 2/3

**Castelli:** Scarpitta, 'Extremurals', till 14/2; Al Newbill, paintings, till 7/3  
**Cecile:** Castiglioni, Marmelstein, Rasmussen, till 28/2

**Chalette:** Laurens, sculpture, drawings, collages, watercolours  
**Collectors:** Lynne Flexner, 23/2-14/3

**Comerford:** Liang Peiling, scroll paintings, Peggy Gerry, sumi drawings, till 28/2

**Contemporaries:** Roy Moyer, paintings, till 28/2  
**Contemporary Arts:** Emma Ehrenreich, oils, till 15/3  
**D'Arcy:** Jade, gold, stone, wood and clay sculpture of Pre-Columbian America, February

**Davis:** Everett Shinn, watercolours and drawings, till 7/3  
**De Assis:** Fernando Salein

**Doltsch:** Fifty Great Original Prints, including Picasso's 'Minotaur', February  
**Desarte:** Ancient Egyptian and Peruvian mummy masks, till 7/3

**De Nagy:** Ralph Humphrey, paintings, till 21/2; Edward Avedisian, paintings, till 14/3  
**Dewetown:** John Marin, oils, watercolours and drawings to 1920, February

**Duncan:** Bernice Carmichael, oils, and 'Salon of the 49 States', from 14/2  
**Durlacher:** Helen Marshall, 24/2-21/3

**Durven:** 'The Three Marys', a Gothic Tapestry, February  
**Eggleson:** Jane G. Peaslee, paintings, till 28/2

**Emmerich:** Gottlieb, January; Stamos, February  
**Est:** Drawings and watercolours, February  
**F.A.E.:** William Sommerfeld, oils, till 14/2

**Fine Arts Associates:** Picasso, new sculptures  
**Fleischman:** James Clark, paintings, till 23/2  
**French & Co.:** Barnett Newman, paintings, presented by Clement Greenberg, 10/3-11/4

**Rose Fried:** Arnel, recent paintings; Landes Lewittin  
**Aaron Furman:** Ancient North Peruvian Art, till 28/2  
**G. Gallery:** Henry Niese, January

**Gallery 16:** Carol Friedman and Ruth W. Vietor, paintings, till 24/2  
**Graham:** Contemporary Indian Painting, till 26/2  
**Grand Central:** Stanley Woodward, watercolours, till 28/2

**Grand Central Moderns:** Byron Browne, till 14/3  
**Grimaud:** Peter Agostini, sculpture, and younger European graphic works, February  
**Heller:** Edward Betts, paintings, till 21/2  
**Hewitt:** Alvin Ross, till 14/3

**Hirsch & Adler:** Eugene Higgins (1874-1958), till 20/2  
**Marta Jackson:** Fritz Bultman, recent oils; Antonio Tapia, till 21/3; Scott, till 18/4  
**James:** Stan Freborg, till 13/2

**Jankel:** 8 Americans, January; Schwitters, February; Motherwell, March

**Jansen:** European master graphic works, February  
**Juster:** Olivia Kahn, paintings, till 7/3  
**Kennedy:** Trafford Klotz, February

**Kleemann:** Morris Davidson, recent paintings, February; Modern Masters  
**Kneeder:** Raphaelle Peale, 3-28/5  
**Krasner:** William Pachner, paintings, till 28/2

**Koots:** Marla Reil, paintings, presented by William Rubin, till 20/2  
**Kraushaar:** Cecil Bell, paintings, till 7/3  
**Albert Loeb:** Bernard Dufour

**Levico:** 9 contemporary American painters, till 28/2  
**March:** Richard Ireland, Boris Luitre, Tom Young, till 12/2

**Marino:** Alan Becker, paintings, till 17/2; Simon B. Outlaw, paintings, till 17/3  
**Mallase:** Reg Butler, sculpture and drawings, February; The Miró-André Breton 'Constellations', March

**Meltzer:** Kay Christensen, paintings, till 7/2; Rodin, drawings, till 28/2; Swedish graphic art, till 4/4; Pagava, paintings, 4/4-2/5  
**Mi Chou:** Mong Q. Lee, watercolours, till 7/3

**Midtown:** Jason Schooner, till 14/3  
**Milch:** Hilde S. Kayn, paintings, till 28/2  
**MondArt:** Stephen Bartell, till 28/2

**Morris:** Robert Amft, till 14/2  
**New:** Modern European Art  
**Nonagon:** William Littlefield, recent paintings, till 7/3

**Nordness:** Edward Milman, new drawings, 24/2-14/3  
**Parma:** Felrath Hines, paintings, 24/2-14/3  
**Parsons:** Ad Reinhardt, till 24/1; Thomas Silis, till 14/2; Richard Lindner, till 7/3

**Parsons-Secton 11:** Judith Godwin, paintings, till 21/2  
**Passedelt:** Ralph Rosenberg-A Selection 1936-1958-, till 28/2

**Peridot:** Philip Pearlstein, paintings, till 28/2  
**Peris:** Pascin, till 7/2; Modern Masters, till 14/3  
**Pettie:** Robert J. Lee, paintings, till 28/2

**Phoenix:** Michael Donohue, paintings, till 26/2  
**Piotrantonio:** Le Gacy, till 28/2  
**Polendexter:** Yektal, till 28/2

**Pullitzer:** Mordachai Aniel, till 7/3  
**Reha:** Georgina Klitgaard, till 4/3  
**Condon Riley:** Sacha Kolin, till 7/3

**Saldenberg:** Syd Solomon, till 21/2  
**Schofer:** John Grillo, new oils, till 28/2  
**Seligmann:** Cleva Gray, till 31/1

**Charles E. Slatkin:** French Master Drawings from the Renaissance till Today, till 7/3  
**Silberman:** Old Masters, modern paintings and sculpture

**Stable:** James Brooks, till 21/2; George Cavallon, till 14/3  
**St. Elenns:** Gustav Klimt, from mid-February

**Stutman:** Jean Woodham, sculpture, till 28/2  
**Terrale:** Malcolm Anderson and Paul Kennedy, paintings and drawings, till 28/2

**Van Diemen-Hilfenfeld:** Madeleine Rupert, till 2/3  
**Viviano:** Modern American and European  
**Washington-Irving:** Emil Ganso, drawings, till 7/3

**Waybe:** Edward John Stevens, paintings, till 14/3  
**White:** Dubuis and Selim, paintings, till 14/2; Group show; Sylvia Bernstein, till 28/3

**Widdfield:** Contemporary and Pre-Columbian Art, till 28/2  
**Wildenstein:** Masterworks from the Corcoran Gallery, till 7/3

**Willard:** Tadaashi Sato, till 31/1; Dorothy Dehner; Lee Mullican, March; Munakata, April

**Wittenborn:** Leonard Kest, till 26/1  
**Workshop:** Wolfgang Roth, collages, drawings and stage designs, till 7/3

**World House:** Bernard Roder, recent sculpture, till 21/2; 'From Daumier to Picasso', 25/2-28/3  
**Zabriskie:** Bud Hopkins, paintings, till 21/2

### OAKLAND, Cal.

**Art Museum:** African sculpture lent by the Segy Gallery, New York; 1959 California Painters' Annual  
**PHILADELPHIA, Pa.**

**Museum:** Philadelphia Arts Festival, till 15/2  
**Art Alliance:** John Brantley Wilder, till 22/2  
**Print Club:** A. Magalhães, graphic works

### SAN FRANCISCO

**M. H. De Young Museum:** 100 rare Renaissance jewels from the Martin Desmond Collection; Contemporary Prints from Great Britain, April

**Achenbach Foundation:** Three Spanish Printmakers, Goya, Fortuny and Picasso, 28/3-26/4  
**Locke Galleries:** Successive exhibitions of leading printmakers including Johnny Friedlaender, Fayga Ostrower, Tchakalian, a.o.

### SEATTLE

**Art Museum:** Northwest Printmakers' 30th International Exhibition, till 1/3  
**Zoe Dussanne:** John Erickson, paintings, till 21/2; William Hixson, paintings, 4-21/3; Sam Francis, 7-25/4

### WASHINGTON, D. C.

**Library of Congress:** 'Portraits of 19th Century Americans', till 26/4; Charles Fenderich, lithographs, till 15/4  
**Smithsonian Institution:** Fulbright Painters, till 22/3  
**WORCESTER, Mass.**

**Art Museum:** Jacques Villon, prints from the Albert H. Wiggin Collection of the Boston Public Library, till 8/3; Collectors' Choice, a sales exhibition, 6/3-5/4



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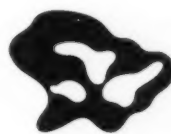
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